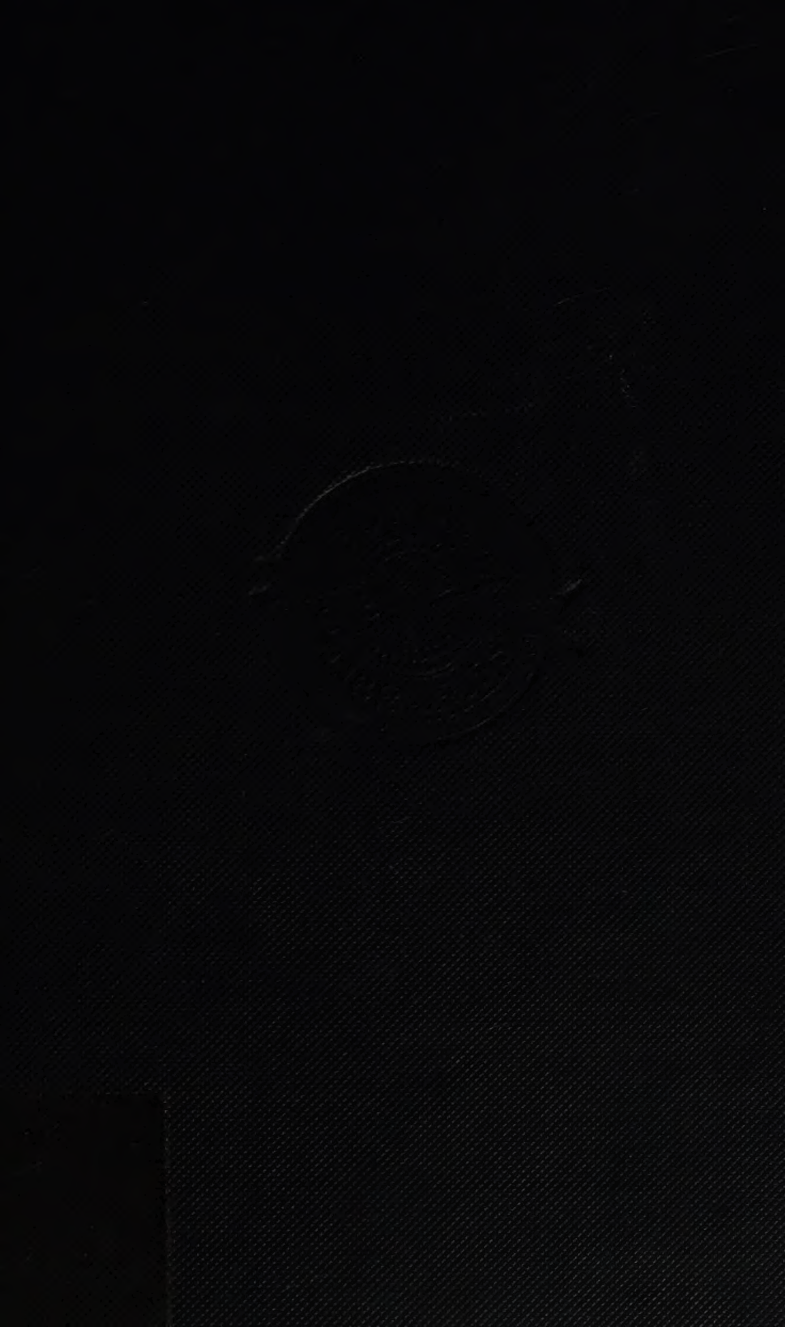

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AND

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THE WORKS

OF

HESIOD, CALLIMACHUS

AND

THEOGNIS

A LITERAL PROSE TRANSLATION WITH NOTES

BY

THE REV. J. BANKS, M.A.

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED

THE METRICAL TRANSLATIONS OF ELTON, TYTLER, AND FRERE.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF HESIOD.

"Hesiod and Homer," writes the father of history, (Herod. ii. 53,) "lived, as I consider, not more than four hundred years before my time." It has been argued that this statement must be taken as relating only to the author of the Theogony, while to the author of the Works and Days, (see Pausan. ix. 31, § 4,) belongs a date perhaps not less than one hundred and twenty years later. It is therefore inexplicable how Herodotus can have spoken of the Hesiod of the Works and Days (on whose non-identity with the author of the Theogony modern writers of weight are agreed with the Bœotians of old) as contemporary with Homer. But even the Theogony is nowise to be deemed of the same age with the Iliad or Odyssey, whether we consider its more advanced and systematized mythology, (an argument strongly urged by Mr. Grote, in his History of Greece,) its extended geography, or the general testimony of ancient authors. Amidst great uncertainty, it is perhaps safe to assign the date of the Theogony to the same period as the Works and Days; leaving the question open whether the author was the same Hesiod, or some composer of the Hesiodic school, a mode of solving the difficulty which has been suggested by the German commentators. In what way to reconcile the statement of Herodotus with all that is ascertained with reference to Hesiod's age, it is difficult to determine: for by his computation Homer and Hesiod must have contemporaneously flourished 884 years before Christ: whereas, as has been observed, the difference of date between the two may be easily detected from an ordinary examination of their poems. Perhaps it may be assumed that Herodotus is speaking of Homer generally as representing the beginning, and Hesiod as the close, of

a period; and that in an uncertainty as to the real chronology of the two poets, which the very words of the historian manifest to have been rife, he notes down the proximate date of the former as standing for that of both. Mr. Grote places the author of the Theogony, as well as of the Works and Days, in the period between 750—700 B. C., and this will square with the computation of Velleius Paterculus, who makes Hesiod one hundred and twenty years later than Homer, as well as with the statements of ancient writers that he flourished about the 11th Olympiad.

From the consideration of Hesiod's age we pass on to one concerning which we have clearer data,—his birthplace and his family.

It is stated by the poet himself (Op. et D. 636—640) that his father migrated across the Ægean from Cumæ in Æolia, so that he, as well as the Mæonian bard, derived their origin from that colony of Hellas which was so prolific in minstrelsy, so rich in the Muses of history, song, and science. One or two modern writers have attempted, perhaps from a natural wish to connect Hesiod more closely with Homer, to make out that Hesiod was himself born at Cumæ, and emigrated with his father when grown up. But this theory is upset by the poet's own statement, that his father crossed the sea and settled at Ascra, a village of Bœotia, at the foot of Mount Helicon, in pursuit of gain, and that he never trusted himself to the waves, except from Aulis in Bœotia across the Euripus to Chalcis in Eubœa, (Op. et D. 651,) where he won a tripod as the prize of a poetical contest, founded by Amphidamas, a king of the island, in order to keep up the memory of his own obsequies. This tripod Hesiod dedicated to the Muses of Helicon. This evidence as to the native place of the poet, is further substantiated by the epigram of Chersias of Orchomenus, quoted by Pausanias, (ix. 38, ad fin.,) of which the following lines are a free translation,

> "Though fertile Ascra gave sweet Hesiod birth,
> Yet rest his bones beneath the Minyan earth,
> Equestrian land. There, Hellas, sleeps thy pride,
> The wisest bard of bards in wisdom tried;"

as well as by the line of Moschus, (Idyll. iii. 88,)

> "Ascra, for her own bard wise Hesiod, less exprest'd."

The general opinion of the ancients further confirms the notion that Ascra was the poet's birth-place: and we may point to the epithet "Ascræus," applied to him by Ovid, (Fast. vi. 14,) (Art. Am. ii. 4,) and Virgil, (Eccl. vi. 70,) (Georg. ii. 176.) It is not, however, by any means impossible that Hesiod's sire may have retained after his migration to Greece the rights of citizenship which he held at Cumæ, and these may have descended to his son, as was not unfrequent in the Greek colonies.

At Ascra it would seem that Hesiod's father did not enjoy the rights of citizenship in the home of his adoption, as is inferred from a comparison of the expression *νάσσατο*, (Op. et D. 637,) used generally of emigrants and colonists with the Homeric phrase *ἀτίμητος μετανάστης*, which points to the condition of the "metæch," or "resident alien," defined by Aristotle, Politics III. v. 9, (Congreve,) as *ὁ τῶν τιμῶν μὴ μετέχων*, as being that of the father of Hesiod at Ascra.

Yet even thus it would seem that his substance increased, and that he had his share of the wealth most common in the primitive ages, — the flocks and herds, which we find Hesiod feeding at Helicon, (Theog. 23,) and to a moiety of which he seems to have succeeded by inheritance, though, owing to the bribe-purchased award of corrupt judges, his brother Perses won a suit which robbed our poet of his patrimony. But ill-gotten gain took to itself speedy wings. Hesiod, the defrauded, if we may judge from Op. et D. 396, was able afterwards to give the thriftless defrauder aid, from means which he had acquired in spite of his losses, although, if we note the force of the preposition in the verb *ἐπιδαίω* in that line, it is clear that he plainly tells his brother that he will give him no more in future, unless he ceases to idle in the Agora, and will turn to work for his daily bread. It is to this same Perses that the Works and Days are addressed, and they afford a goodly example of brotherly interest for one who had wronged the poet in the highest degree. The complaints of Hesiod respecting the injustice of which the kings, or chiefs of the Agora, were in his day guilty, convey a striking picture of the crying abuse and evil, upon which the Homeric poems are not altogether silent. (Cf. Hom. Il. xvi. 387; Hesiod, Op. et D. 250—263.)

These things may have tended to strengthen the poet's dis-

like for Ascra, which he expresses pretty freely in ver. 639 640 of his Works and Days, verses probably written at Orchomenus, to which he is supposed to have migrated, (compare the epigram of Chersias translated above,) and which Velleius Paterculus notices in Lib. i. c. 7, where he says of him, "Patriamque et parentes testatus est, sed patriam quià multatus ab eâ erat, contumeliosissimè." Pausanias indeed, in i. 2, § 3, quoted by Goettling, asserts that Hesiod, like Homer, basked not in the sunshine of courtly favour, owing to fortune's spite, or set dislike to high places; and that this was the case with Hesiod because he had embraced a rural life, and was averse to roaming (*ἀγροικίᾳ καὶ ὄκνῳ πλάνης*). But there is nothing inconsistent with this in the supposition that, born at Ascra, he spent his later years in the more kindly and congenial soil of Orchomenus, and there died and was buried.

This is the sum of what we know of Hesiod's life from the Hesiodic poems, and from probable testimony; and even this small sum Goettling would fain diminish by a doubt whether the passages referred to are bonâ fide Hesiod's own, and are not rather later additions, based on oral tradition. It is not needful that we should adopt this view, unless we prefer to be left without a single grain of admitted fact; whilst on the other hand it is unnecessary to encumber a notice, like the present, with any inquiry into the narratives of Ephorus, and the logographers, Hellanicus, Damastes, and Pherycides, and with them to trace up the generations of Hesiod through a given list of ancestors to Orpheus himself; or to attempt to prove a cousinship between Hesiod and Homer, by making Hesiod's father, Dius, the brother of Mæon, the sire of Homer. There are other fables, applicable, not so much to Hesiod, as to the school of bards, Pierian or Thracian, as contradistinguished from the Ionian or Homeric, to which he gave his name. Such are his second youth (cf. Goettling, p. xiii. præf.) and his double burial, relating to which there is a story in Pausanias (ix. 38, § 3) which reminds us forcibly of the story in Herodotus (i. 67) about the bones of Orestes. These and the legend of his having met with a violent death near the Locrian Æneon in the territory of Naupactus, detailed by Plutarch, (Conviv. Sept. Saps. xix.,) point indeed to the hero-worship of Hesiod among the Locrians and Bœo-

tians, though they cannot be looked upon as helps towards a more minute biography.

We will now proceed to an account of the poems, or fragments of poems, which have been ascribed to Hesiod, or to his school. These are of three classes: 1. Historical and genealogical; 2. Didactic; 3. Short mythical compositions. For convenience we shall begin with that which is printed first in the ordinary editions, though, according to Wolf, its date is at least one hundred years later than the Works and Days. The Hesiodic Theogony, or generation, genealogy, and enumeration of the gods, is a work of great importance as giving to us an ancient and genuine attempt of its author or authors "to cast," in the words of Mr. Grote, (i. 16,) "the divine foretime into a systematic sequence." If it be an imperfect attempt, it is yet more connected and coherent than the passing notices of gods and goddesses which are scattered up and down the Iliad and the Odyssey, whilst in the Homeric Hymns we only get a light thrown upon the several deities individually; so that Hesiod stands out to us as the first systematizer of Greek mythology, though that there were other systems is evident from the discrepancies of his account from that of Homer. Still, as Mr. Grote observes, it was the Hesiodic Theogony—from which doubting Pagans and open foes of Paganism alike drew their subjects of attack, "so that it is absolutely necessary to recount in their native simplicity the Hesiodic stories, in order to know what it was that Plato deprecated and Zenophanes denounced" (i. 16). His Theogony, as it has come down to us, is divisible into three parts: (1.) The cosmogony, or origin of the world and all the physical fabric and powers thereof; and this part, commencing after an exordium, takes up from the 116th to the 452nd line. Then follows (2.) the Theogony proper, from 453 to 982; and afterwards (3.) a Heroogony, or generation of heroes by immortal sires from mortal mothers, which begins at 963, and breaks off abruptly at 1021; from which point, or rather from the last two verses of the Theogony, it is supposed that a Hesiodic poem, named the "Eoai," or "Catalogues of Women," a lost poem of the first class on the heroines afore-mentioned, commenced.

A careful comparison of the Theogony of Hesiod with that of Homer, (as we gather it from different passages,) instituted

by Mr. Grote, assigns to the former a coarser and less delicate fancy than that of the latter, indicative of a later and more advanced age. He also points to Crete and Delphi as the probable source whence our poet derived his Theogonic system. Its main variations from the elder account are, the mention of Uranus as an arch-god prior to Cronus, and the legend of Cronus swallowing his children, which it is not improbable that the poet himself learned at Delphi (cf. Theog. 499, 500). After his deposition by Zeus, Cronus is placed by Hesiod, not, as by Homer, in Tartarus with the rest of the Titans, but in a sort of Elba in the isles of the Blest (cf. Op. et D. 168). Zeus is in Homer the eldest, in Hesiod the youngest, of the three sons of Cronus. Aphrodite, the daughter, according to the Iliad, of Zeus and Dione, is in Hesiod (Theog. 188) born of the sea-foam after the mutilation of Cronus, itself a coarser fiction of Hesiodic origin. The Cyclops of Hesiod are the sons of Uranus, and forge the thunderbolts of Jove, whereas in the Odyssey they are but gigantic shepherds having each one central eye in their foreheads, huge and round. Hesiod, again, mentions three Centimani, Homer only one, namely, Briareus. And Hesiod's system is moreover diverse from Homer's in the record of the battles between the gods and the Titans, about which the latter is silent, while the former fully describes them, and so has given us one of the finest passages in the whole Theogony.

Altogether we find that the statement of Herodotus, that Homer and Hesiod made the Theogony of the Greeks, is to some extent correct, inasmuch as Homer gives incidental glimpses of an earlier system than Hesiod's: while Hesiod has with a masterly hand systematized a generation and genealogy of the gods, not gathered from Homer, nor coinciding with it, but at the same time older than the so-called Orphic Theogony. The origin of these Theogonies was, no doubt, a desire to satisfy natural curiosity respecting the rites and services of various gods and their temples: and, as Mr. Grote observes, the case of Prometheus outwitting Jove as regards the sacrifices, (Hesiod, Theog. 528—561,) is a very striking specimen of this. Whatever may have been the additions, whatever the hiatus in the Theogony attributed to Hesiod, it must always be most valuable, as the source from which we gather the earliest systematized genealogy, or key to the

worship of each god, such as grew out of their various services, rites, and ceremonies,—so that at this day we may with Herodot. ii. 53 recognise in Homer and Hesiod the main authors of Grecian belief, respecting the names, generations, attributes, and agency, the forms and worship, of the gods.

The story of Pandora, which appears also with some variations in "the Works and Days," will claim a few words, when, after noticing briefly the fragmentary "Shield of Hercules," we conclude with a sketch of Hesiod's best attested poem, the Ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι.

The "Shield of Hercules" begins with fifty-six verses, which an anonymous grammarian, quoted by Goettling, assigns to the 4th Book of the Eoai, or "Catalogues of Women," to which allusion has been made above. Next follows a second part, from 57 to 140, continued after an interval from 317 to 480, and containing the encounter of Hercules and Iolaus with Mars and Cycnus, and the discomfiture and death of the last-mentioned; whilst the verses from 141 to 317 give us a poetic description of the "Shield of Hercules," naturally introduced into the details of the combat. It is a somewhat disjointed specimen of the 3rd class of Hesiod's Poems, and the portion, whence its name is derived, is an evident imitation of Homer's description of the "Shield of Achilles."

In the first portion of the poem, we hear of Amphitryon, the grandson of Perseus, having slain his uncle Electryon, in a fit of passion about some cattle; and the Taphians and Teleboans from Acarnania invading Tiryns, and putting Electryon's sons to the sword, so that of his whole family only his daughter Alcmena remained. Amphitryon was to wed her, but not before he had accomplished her vow, and smitten the Teleboans for the slaughter of her brethren. Starting from Thebes, whither Alcmena had accompanied him from Tiryns into exile for his uncle's death, he achieved the destruction of the Teleboans by aid of the Cadmeans, and Phocians, and Locrians. (Scut. Herc. 12—82). On his return to Thebes to claim his bride, Jove had been beforehand with him in the husband's form and likeness, ὅφρα θεοῖσιν Ἀνδράσι τ' ἀλφησιτῇσιν ἀρῆς αλκῆρα φυτεύσαι; so that in due time Alcmena bore twin sons, Hercules by Jupiter, and Iphicles by Amphitryon. The other portions of the poem need no further special notice, save the observation that the description of the "Shield of

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Hercules" is far more ornate than that of Homer, and discovers an absence of simplicity indicative of a later date: and that the poem ends with the spoiling of Cycnus by the heroes, after that his powerful patron Mars with Fear and Terror have retired to Olympus, as well as the goddess Athena, to whose aid Hercules had been indebted. His burial by Ceyx king of Trachys is mentioned, as is the destruction of his tomb, which was swept away by the river Anaurus, at the instigation of Apollo, whose pilgrims Cycnus had been wont to plunder on the way with holy offerings to Delphi.

The Works and Days (Ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι) was the only poem of Hesiod which, as has been before stated, the Bœotians believed to be genuine. It is of the didactic, or second class of Hesiodic poems, differing much from the other two, which are extant, in the simplicity and soberness of its tone and subjects. Its principal element is a collection of precepts, ethical, political, economical, and specially the last. It is reasonably inferred that the latter part of the title (καὶ ἡμέραι) arose from the circumstance of the last seventy-eight verses being a sort of calendar for the agriculturist. The first ten lines of the poem bear the impress of another hand: and it has been generally held that three episodes have been inserted in the original didactic poem; viz. (1.) The Fable of Prometheus and Pandora (47—105); (2.) The Metallic Ages of the World (109—201); and (3.) the Description of Winter (504—558). The rest will be found to be a strictly homely inculcation of maxims to men, as touching their duties, moral, social, and political.

The first of these portions, which we have mentioned as of doubtful genuineness, is remarkable as conveying a somewhat different account of the legend of Prometheus and Pandora from that in the Theogony. For the Theogony omits the part which Epimetheus plays in the Works and Days in accepting Pandora at Jove's hands in opposition to the solemn injunction of his wiser brother Prometheus (Op. et D. 50—85). Neither is there in the Theogony any mention of the cask of evils, from which Pandora in the Works and Days is made to lift the lid, and so bring mischiefs and diseases into the world.

With reference to the ages of men, metallically distinguished, it is pointed out by Mr. Grote, in the second chapter of his first volume, that there is in this passage supplied what the

Theogony fails to give, a narrative of the origin of mankind; which exactly suits the sober tone of the poem.

We find the gods establishing (1st,) the Golden Race, (Op. et D. 120, seq.,) who after death became guardian demons, the unseen police of the gods, all over the earth; (2nd,) the Silver, (140, &c.,) who became the blest of the under world; (3rd,) the Brazen; men of hard ash-wood, with brazen arms, who fought to extermination, and in Hades were nameless and unprivileged; (4th,) the Heroic, better than its immediate predecessors, and made up of the warriors before Troy and Thebes, whose after state is in the Isles of the Blest, under the mild sway of Cronus, where they reap unseen fruits three times in the year; (5th,) the poet's own contemporaries, the Iron Race and age, (173, Op. et D.,) of whom he says that they have neither Nemesis nor αἰδως, and that Jove will shortly destroy them.

To account for the insertion of an unmetallic race, (No. 4,) Mr. Grote points out a double vein of sentiment pervading the poet's mind:—an ethical sentiment, guiding his fancy as to the past, as well as his appreciation of the present, bridging over the chasm between gods and men by antecedent races, the pure, the less pure, the least pure. But this ethical vein, he says, a mythical vein intersects. Hesiod could not leave out the divine race of heroes, nor yet identify the warriors before Thebes and Troy with the golden, silver, or brazen age. As ancestors of all the chief living men of the poet's age, they claimed a nearness to the present generation, and so he finds an unmetallic niche for them between the ages of brass and iron.

Passing by these, and looking generally at the Works and Days, the great interest of the poem consists in its allusions to himself, his history, and his personal wrongs. In it we cannot fail to be struck by the low opinion which he forms of women, against whom he rails, as we afterwards find Simonides, Archilochus, Bacchylides, and still later Euripides, railing. Woman was in that day half drudge, half toy to man, and the Scriptural blessing given in the "help-meet" for man was an idea which a Greek could not thoroughly entertain.

The poem is the first of its class, didactic and not heroic, looking inward and forward, upon personal and practical life,

not outward on the deeds of the gods and god-descended men of the past. Here is its especial interest, while a subordinate interest is excited by the consideration that in it we find the model on which Virgil partly framed his Georgics,—another claim for it to the careful perusal of every scholar.

Fragments of other works of Hesiod, or the Hesiodic school, epic, astronomic, and didactic, are to be found at the end of the edition of Goettling; and do not need any enumeration here.

It remains to mention the editions consulted in the present translation. They are principally those of Goettling, Van Lennep, Robinson, Gaisford, (in the Poetæ Minores,) and Vollbehr. The English poetical version of Elton is appended as the best existing, being infinitely more poetical than the miserable attempt of Cook, whilst it is more faithful and literal than that of Chapman.

The works of Hesiod have long deserved an English prose version, to facilitate the general appreciation of one whom the ancients deemed not unworthy to rank with Homer. May the present translation pave the way, and lead many future students to the charms of the original.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF CALLIMACHUS.

Of a very different date and style is the poet, whose remaining works, chiefly of the Hymnic cast, stand next to those of Hesiod in the following translation. Callimachus was chief librarian of the celebrated library at Alexandria from B. C. 260 to B. C. 240, the date of his death, so that he was a contemporary of Theocritus as well as of Aratus, (cf. Epigr. xxix.,) and like them enjoyed the esteem and patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus. His extant poetry can hardly be mentioned with the poems of Hesiod, except to point out the contrast between the earliest framer of a Greek Theogony, and the diligent compiler at a much later date of what had been added in the interval. The hymns are marked by little else than learning and labour, and do not contain much real poetry, or much of interest to sustain a faith, which was daily becoming weakened by the constant extension of its objects of worship.

Callimachus was, as Strabo tells us, (XVII. iii. p. 497,) a member of the powerful house at Cyrene, named, from its founder Battus, the Battiadæ; and hence he is by Ovid (Ib. 53) called Battiades simply. Born probably at Cyrene, he became in due course a pupil of the grammarian Hermocrates, under whom he worked with so much assiduity that he seems himself to have enjoyed very great celebrity as a grammarian among the Alexandrine school, though of his works in that branch of learning no remains have unfortunately come down to us. He flourished in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and ended his days in that of Euergetes, his son and successor. We learn from Aulus Gellius (xvii. 21) that he lived shortly before the first Punic war, and that his wife was a daughter

of Euphrates of Syracuse. He appears to have had a nephew bearing his own name, (the author, according to Suidas, of an epic poem περὶ νήσων,) of whom Lucian (de conscrib. Hist.) quoted by Spanheim, p. 154, vol. ii. of Ernesti's edition, seems to make mention. (Cf. also Epigram xxii.)

If Callimachus was not great in the length or the substance of his works,—the first of which positions we may infer from his own Hymn to Apollo, ver. 106—112, where we find him thrusting off a charge seemingly made against him by his former pupil Apollonius Rhodius (see Spanheim ad loc.); while the second is evident from a perusal of his hymns, and from the phrase of Propertius, II. i. 40, "Angusto pectore Callimachus,"—he is by all accounts free from the charge of want of variety in his subjects. The names or fragments of forty of his works are known to us, and Suidas records that he was the author of 800 works on grammar, history, mythology, and general literature, as well as hymns, elegies, epigrams, and at least one epic. His prose works are completely lost. Six of his hymns remain, or, if we adopt Blomfield's view that the Bath of Pallas is, as its metre indicates, an elegy, five; these are in the Ionic dialect, in hexameters, and are replete with mythical knowledge. The Bath of Pallas is in elegiac verse, and in the Doric dialect. This, and a translation, or imitation, by Catullus of another elegy of Callimachus, "de Comâ Berenices," a poem in honour of the Queen of Euergetes, whose hair had been made a constellation by the astronomers, are the only remaining evidence for testing the judgment of Quinctilian, that Callimachus was the most eminent elegiac poet of Greece (i. 58). He was certainly held in high esteem by the Roman poets Catullus, Propertius, and Ovid. See Catull. lxvi., de Comâ Berenices; Propert. IV. i. 1; V. i. 64, where the poet declares his ambition to be called the Roman Callimachus, &c.; Ov. Ex. Pont. IV. xvi. 32; Trist. ii. 367, 368; and Amor. I. xv. 13, 14, where the poet mentions Callimachus in the same breath as Hesiod,

> Vivet et Ascræus, dum mustis uva tumebit.
> Dum cadet incurvâ falce resecta ceres.
> Battiades semper totâ cantabitur urbe,
> Quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.

The epigrams of Callimachus which have come down to

us are seventy-three in number, and of various merit, some of them being among the gems of the Greek Anthology, whilst others are poor and meagre. Of the former we may direct attention to the 2nd, the 5th, the 17th, and the 21st Epigrams, as especially beautiful. Very elegant and faithful translations of these appear in the Greek Anthology, published by Mr. Bohn.

Among the lost poems of Callimachus, which are often referred to by later writers, the most famous seem to have been his Αἴτια, an epic poem, (which Propertius calls "nonni flati somnia Callimachi," III. 26, 32, where the word "somnia" is explained by Barth, "Quia Callimachus finxerat, somniasse aliquando se intervenisse Musis, quas postea literis mandavit,") and another epic entitled Ἑκάλη, the hostess of Theseus when he went forth to slay the Bull of Marathon. The fragments which remain of this poem have been collected and arranged with much learning by A. F. Naeke, Bonn. 1845; who shows that this poem, which was spoken of as the only long poem of Callimachus, and supposed to have been written in consequence of his being charged with *βραχυλογία*, was not after all an extraordinarily lengthy production. Another poem of a satirical character remains to be mentioned,—the Ibis, or Stork, an invective against Apollonius Rhodius, who seems to have provoked it by a bitter epigram. This poem was imitated by Ovid in his poem of the same name, which still remains.

The editions consulted and used for this translation have been the very complete *variorum*, edited by Ernesti, Leiden, 1761, based on that of Spanheim, and including his erudite and very valuable commentary, and the edition of Bp. Blomfield, 1815, which, excising much that is superfluous in Ernesti, adds the valuable matter of Ruhnken.

Of the two poetic versions of Callimachus, that of Tytler has been preferred for incorporation with this volume. Dodd's has considerable merit; but, all points considered, Tytler seemed most deserving of reproduction.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THEOGNIS.

The celebrated gnomic poet, whose remains are the concluding subject of translation in this volume, was born in the Grecian, not Sicilian, Megara, (cf. Theogn. 781, &c.,) about 570 years before the Christian era. He speaks in the passage just referred to of a visit across the sea to Sicily, and it would seem from the Scholiast on Plato, (Leg. i. 630, A. vol. vi. p. 21, Ast,) that the true interpretation of the philosopher's words in that passage is that Hyblæan Megara had conferred honorary citizenship upon the poet, on the occasion of his visit. It would seem that his life was extended till at least B. C. 490, so that he must have witnessed the commencement of the war with Persia; and there are allusions to the fear of the Median Invasion in ver. 762 and 773. Taking his life as having fallen between B. C. 570 and 490, he must have drawn his first breath amidst the tumults of the contending factions, which from an earlier period than 630 B. C., the date of the beginning of the tyranny of Theagenes at Megara, had been rending that state. The despot Theagenes had ascended to power on the shoulders of the people, after the overthrow of the oligarchy which had held the reins from the period of Megara's emancipation from the yoke of Corinth. The deposition of Theagenes, B. C. 600, by the exiled nobles, aided by the oligarchical Lacedæmonians, served but to pave the way after a brief tranquillity for a wilder and more violent insurrection of the commonalty, who carried their hatred to the rich so far that they banished some and confiscated their property; whilst they intruded into the houses and banquets of others, and even passed a decree "repudiating" their debts to their aristocratic creditors, and requiring the whole in-

terest, which had been already received, to be repaid to them. In considering this παλιντοκία, (Plut. Quæst. Græc. 18, p. 295,) as it was termed, we are to remember, however, as Mr. Grote suggests, (iii. 60,) the reprobation with which usury was viewed generally by early Greek and Roman society.

The result of this disorderly democracy was, as might be expected, a return of the nobles, and a re-establishment of their supremacy; though for a long space revolutions and counter-revolutions distressed the Megarian state, in the midst of which Theognis was born and lived. Naturally, therefore, we find amidst the "disjecta membra poetæ" many allusions to this unsettled state of things, now a strong aristocratic appeal (for Theognis was himself one of the nobles) to the leading men of his party; at another time an outpouring of despair at the failure of an onslaught of the nobles upon the commons; and at another the querulous laments of an exile from his father-land; as well as here and there a concession to expediency for a season, indicated by a suppression of his party feelings. Again, in other places we find him complaining of the loss of his property by the betrayal of his own friends and companions (262, 349, 512, 600, 828, &c.). Greatly annoyed by the intermixture of ranks consequent on these revolutions, and the re-distributions of property, Theognis is found also complaining generally of the intermarriage of good (i. e. noble) men with the daughters of the bad, (i. e. base,) 189—192, &c.; and specially of a slight to himself on the part of aristocratic parents, who, for interest or lucre, have wedded their daughter to a churl, "πολλὸν ἐμοῦ κακίων" (262). From his picture it would seem that the base-born had been gainers by the revolutions, changing their goat-skins and country-huts for citizenship and wealth (cf. 349). Mr. Grote is of opinion that there is no ground for Welcker's statement that the land of the state had been formally re-divided, though the revolution had strengthened the "bad rich," and depressed the "good and virtuous," with ruinous effects to the fortunes of Theognis.

The political and most of the moral verses are addressed to Cyrnus, son of Polypas, the word Πολυπαΐδης being now generally allowed to be a patronymic (cf. Müller, Hist. Gr. Lit. c. x. § 14, note). This person seems to have gained considerable influence in public affairs, and to have been in

Theognis's eyes the "coming man" who was to re-establish order. This same individual appears, from ver. 805, &c., (Gaisford,) to have been of age and rank enough to be a θεώρος, or sacred envoy to Delphi; and the poet addresses him always as one on whom the hopes of his party are set, though not without gloomy forebodings as to the issue, arising out of the feebleness and irresolution of the other chiefs of that party. We have bitter lines addressed to him (cf. 845) in a speech of the poet at a meeting of the aristocratic party: and a description of the march on Megara of the troops of some neighbouring state, in aid of the democratic party (cf. 549—554). After this the poet seems to have retired to Eubœa, and thence to Thebes. Many fragments of great beauty touch upon the miseries of exile, not unsoothed, however, as he testifies (1223) to himself and to his friend Cyrnus, by the charms of conjugal affection. Perhaps some of the fragments (e. g. 881, &c.) refer to a residence shortly after in Sicily; while Sparta, a congenial quarter as far as aristocratic feelings were concerned, is shown in ver. 1067, &c., and at ver. 875, to have given him an asylum, and that too without the restrictions which enforced on natives of the soil the laws of Lycurgus. His return to his country, and his party's triumph, are the subjects of two fragments, placed by the accomplished translator, whose poetical version is appended to this edition, at the close of his volume: and are indicative of this event being about the time of the Persian invasion.

Besides Simonides, who was probably not the poet, but president of an aristocratic Megarian club, and Onomacritus, (not the famous Athenian, but a boon companion of the poet,) other friends, probably connected with the same club, are mentioned or addressed by him in various fragments, portions, it is supposed, of special elegies to each.

Welcker has very elaborately re-arranged and restored to their supposed original order the extant fragments, rejecting, first, all verses positively assigned by the ancients to other poets: secondly, all parodies of existing gnomæ of Theognis. He, thirdly, collects all passages referring to special persons, places, seasons, and events: and, fourthly, classes the συμποτικα or convivial poetry. In the fifth class he ranges the addresses to Polypaides; erring in this point, because he does

not recognise the identity of this patronymic with Cyrnus. Lastly, he places the παιδικά, many of which are blemishes, as Suidas has observed, on the poet's general poetical character, and are besides of very questionable genuineness.

Of course the arrangement of the fragments by Welcker is to a certain extent arbitrary, as is also the attempt of Mr. Frere in his "Theognis Restitutus" to re-arrange and reduce to system the scattered fragments of our author. To both we owe a debt of gratitude: to the former for the deep learning of his Prolegomena, and the labour bestowed upon the systematizing of the remains of Theognis; to the latter for a most ingenious attempt to frame an autobiography of Theognis, at once lively and scholar-like, out of a mass of passages disconnected.

The chief charm of the poet lies in the light he throws upon the circumstances and crises of the period during which he lived and wrote; and both Welcker and Mr. Frere have done much to elucidate, much to present in a clever and probable grouping, the persons, places, and events connected with the state of Megara, between B. C. 570 and 490, as depicted by Theognis.

The editions of Welcker and of Gaisford have been used for this translation, and the order of the verses is that of Gaisford. The translator is indebted for some useful remarks to an able article on Frere's Theognis Restitutus, in the Quarterly Review, No. 144, pp. 452—473, and to another in the 1st volume of the Classical Museum, (263—266,) by Sir G. C. Lewis.

THE

THEOGONY OF HESIOD.

BEGIN we to sing with the Heliconian Muses,[1] who keep[2] safe the spacious and divine mount of Helicon, and also with delicate feet dance about the violet-hued fount[3] and altars of the mighty son of Cronos :[4] and likewise having bathed their soft skins in the Permessus,[5] or Hippocrene,[6] or sacred Olmius,

[1] Pausanias, ix. c. 29 and 30, mentions the worship of the Muses on Mount Helicon, which Otus and Ephialtes, the founders of Hesiod's birth-place, Ascra, had consecrated to them. He recounts the gifts offered to them at the same place, where Hesiod dedicates a tripod which he had gained in a musical contest. Cf. Works and Days, 658.

[2] *ἔχουσιν* : the notion of protection is implied, as in *πολιοῦχος*. So in Latin, Catullus, Epith. Pel. et Thet. 8, Retinent in summis urbibus arces.—*ζάθεον*, sacred to the Muses and to Jove.

[3] The violet-hued fount.] This was Aganippe, who, according to Pausanias, ix. 29, was daughter of Permessus. — *ἰοειδές*. Hesych. *μέλαν· ἐν τῷ ὁρᾶσθαι πορφυροῦν.*

[4] Son of Cronos.] No other author mentions that Jupiter had an altar here, but if his daughters had, it is likely that he was not without honour at Helicon.

[5] Permessus.] This river and the Olmius flow from Helicon, and empty themselves together into Lake Copais in Bœotia, near Haliartus. Strabo, ix. c. ii. p. 259, Tauchn. The genitive here is used to express the instrument of an action. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 375, obs. 2. Hom. Il. v. 6, *λελουμένος ὠκεανοῖο*. vi. 508, &c. The MSS. vary between *Περμησσοῖο* and *Τερμησσοῖο*, to which last reading Goettling inclines, deriving the word from *Τέρμων* the bound of Helicon. But Virg. Ecl. vi. 64, Permessi ad flumina, and Statius, Theb. vii. 283, 284,

Tuque, O Permesse, canoris,
Et felix Holmie, vadis,

lead us to read the former, for uniformity.

[6] Hippocrene.] This fountain was named from the steed Pegasus, which, when thirsty, stamped the ground with his hoof, and it sent

are wont[1] to institute on the top of Helicon choral dances, beautiful *and* lovely, and move nimbly with their feet. *Then* starting thence, shrouded in thick darkness,[2] by night[3] they are wont to wend *their way*, uttering sounds exceeding sweet, while they celebrate ægis-bearing Jove, and majestic Juno, the Argive *goddess*, treading-proudly in golden sandals; and gleaming-eyed Athene, daughter of ægis-bearing Jove; Phœbus Apollo; Artemis, arrow-queen; and earth-encompassing, earth-shaking Poseidon; august Themis; Aphrodite shooting-lively-glances; and Hebe[4] of-the-golden-crown; and fair Dione; Aurora, and the great Sun, and the resplendent Moon; Latona, and Iapetus,[5] and wily Cronos; Earth, mighty

forth a spring. But neither here, nor in ver. 281, 284, 325, is the story given, though Hesychius refers us to the Theogony for it.

[1] Here, as in 8 and 10, we have an illustration of Matth. Gr. Gr. § 502, obs. 3, that the imperfect, perfect, and aorist have the sense often of an action frequently repeated, "*to be wont.*" Cf. Hes. Works and Days, 240—244. ἐπερῴωσαντο, from ῥώω, ῥώυμαι. Il. i. 529.

[2] ἠέρι πολλῇ. Cf. Butm. Lexil. p. 39, who traces the significations of ἀήρ, from "thick haze" to "fog," which the ancients took for thickened air, and from fog to "darkness," as being a very thick fog, deceiving the eye-sight. Cf. Il. v. 864; Od. viii. 562.

[3] ἐννύχιαι, nocturnæ, noctu, adj. for adv. Cf. Il. i. 682; xxi. 37; Od. iii. 178; Hesiod, Scut. 32. In Latin. Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile, Hor. Epod. xvi. 51. These visits were by night, because the ancients deemed that the gods, who had visited earlier and purer mortals night and day, denied their presence, in the daylight, to the more depraved ages of the world. Cf. Catull. Pel. et Thet. 384,

> Præsentes namque ante domos invisere castas
> Sæpius et sese mortali ostendere cætu
> Cœlicolæ, nondum spretâ pietate, solebant.

ὄσσαν. 1. A voice noised abroad, one knows not how. 2. A voice; not from ὄσσομαι, but akin to ὄψ. Butm. Lexil. p. 445. Heyne, arguing that ὄσσα in the second sense is of later writers, assigns this proem to a later date than Hesiod—wrongly; for see Odyss. xxiv. 412; H. in Merc. 442.

[4] Hesiod ranks Hebe among Deæ Majores, because she was the wife of Hercules. Pindar mentions her with honour, Nem. i. 110; vii. 6; x. 32. Pausan. speaks of her temple and worship, ii. 13, among the Phliasians, and her altar, with that of Hercules, at Athens, i. 19. Dione, in Homer, is the mother of Venus (by Jove). Il. v. 370, 428. Hesiod not doing this, (cf. 188,) places her among the Oceanides, (353,) and yet here among the Majores Deæ. Latin writers constantly confuse Dione and Venus. Perhaps they were different names of the same goddess in different parts of Greece.

[5] Iapetus, the Titan, though not worshipped in Greece, as the

Ocean, and dark Night, and the holy race of other ever-living immortals, who erst taught Hesiod a lovely song,[1] as he fed his lambs beneath divine Helicon. But first of all the goddesses, the Olympian Muses, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, addressed me in a speech such as this:

"Ye shepherds, dwelling a-field, base *subjects for* reproach, nought but gluttons,[2] we know to sing[3] many fictions like to truths, and we know, when we will, to speak what is true."

Thus said the daughters, ready-in-speech, of mighty Jove, and gave me[4] as a staff a branch of very luxuriant olive to pluck, (a branch) wondrous to behold; and breathed into me a voice divine, that I might sing of both the future[5] and the past.

And they bade me hymn the race of ever-living blessed *gods*, but first and last[6] ever to sing of themselves. Yet why should these *tales be told* by me touching the *sacred* oak,[7] or

other gods here mentioned, was yet highly distinguished among the ancient Hellenes, on account of his descendants, Prometheus and Deucalion.

[1] Aristides calls Hesiod, for these two verses, σχέτλιος καὶ ὑβριστής. Robinson compares the fables of Horace, Carm. ii. 19; iii. 4, and Numa's nocturnal meetings with Egeria. The ancients called men who told such tales γοησιόδους, in satire of Hesiod; and Ovid says, A. A. i. 27,

Nec mihi sunt visæ, Clio, Cliûsque sorores
Pascenti pecudes vallibus, Ascra, tuis.

Compare Fasti, book vi. 13. But Hesiod's simple nature may have dreamed these visions, or have been wrought on by fancy, the Muse-haunted spot, and the plenteous laurel, their gift. *V. Lennep.*

[2] γαστέρες οἶον. Hesych. τροφῆς μόνον επιμελούμενοι. Cf. Epimenides (S. Paul to Tit. i. 12); Hom. Il. v. 787.

[3] Milton's Lycidas, 10, 11, "He knew
Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."

Hor. A. P. 338, Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris. Callimach. Hymn to Jupiter, 65, ψευδοίμην, ἀίοντος ἃ κεν πεπίθοιεν ἀκουήν.

[4] We read here of three gifts to Hesiod from the Muses, the laurel-leaves, the staff, and inspiration. Cf. Juvenal, vii. 19, Laurumque momordit.

[5] Lucian (in Disp. on Hesiod) says he never exercises the gift of a μάντις, implied here. But see Works and Days, 180.

[6] Cf. Horat. Epist. i. 1, Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camænâ, Mecænas.

[7] Sed quo mihi hæc circa quercum, aut circa petram. (F. S. Lehrs.) Goettling refers the words to the prophetic oaks of Dodona (αἱ προσήγοροι δρύες. Æsch. Prom. V. 832. Cf. Sophocl. Trach. 1158); and the Delphian rock (Δελφὶς πέτρα. Soph. Œd. T. 464. Cf. Odyss. xix.

rock? Come thou![1] Begin we with the Muses, who, as they sing, delight the great spirit of Jove, their sire, within Olympus, telling of the present, and the future, and the past, according in their voice; and from their lips sweet speech flows ceaselessly, whilst the halls of loud-thundering Jove, their sire, are glad[2] at the delicate utterance[3] of the goddesses, *as it is* diffused around: and the top of snowy Olympus rings, and the mansions of the immortals. They then uttering divine sounds first celebrate in song the august race of the gods, whom from the beginning Earth and broad Heaven produced: the gods who sprang from these, givers of good gifts;[4] and then next, Jove, sire of gods and men likewise, the goddesses chaunt as they begin, and *chaunting him* cease from their song, how most excellent he is of the gods, and mightiest in strength. And next the Olympian Muses,[5] daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, gladden Jove's spirit within Olympus, by singing of the race of heroes,[6] and mighty giants; *the Muses I say*, whom Mnemosyne, guardian over the corn-lands of Eleuther,[7] bare, after union with their sire,

163). The sense then will be, Why do I babble touching great mysteries? Van Lennep (from comparing Il. x. 126; Theoc. iii. 8; Ov. Heroid. v. 13) prefers to render it somehow thus, "Why prate I thus around oak and rock?" "Quid ita garrio, ut rure amantes solent juxta umbrosam quercum vel rupem." We have adopted the former view.

[1] *τύνη*. Age tu, Hesiode. Hom. Odyss. xx. 18, *τέτλαθι δὴ κραδίη*. Theogn. 997, *τόλμα θυμὲ κακοῖσι*. Terent. Andr. I. iii., Enimvero, Dave, nil loci est segnitiæ. Adelph. V. iv. 23, Age, age, experiamur. Such expressions of encouragement to self are common in all languages.

[2] *γελᾷ δε τε*. Cf. Hom. H. in Cer. 13, 14, and Theognis, *ἐγέλασσε δὲ γαῖα πελώρη, Γήθησεντε βαθὺς πόντος ἁλὸς πολιῆς*. Lucret. i. 8, Tibi rident æquora ponti.

[3] *λειριόεσσῃ*, lily-coloured, (*λείριον*,) delicate. The word properly applied to objects which may be seen, is transferred to matters of sound and hearing. So in Il. iii. 152, *ὄψ λειριόεσσα*. In Pliny, xxxviii. 6; Cic. N. D. ii. 58, *candida* vox is opposed to *fusca* vox. Ausonius, Ep. 17, Floridissimus tui sermonis afflatus.

[4] *δωτῆρες ἐάων*. An Homeric phrase. Hom. Il. xxiv. 528; Od viii. 325, 335. *ἔαων*, gen. plur. neut., as if from *τὰ ἐά*, good things, th. *ἐὸς*. Butm. Lexil. p. 253, note. *ἐκ τῶν*, i. e. earth and heaven.

[5] Olympian: either because born near Olympus, (ver. 62,) or because wont to mix in the abode of the gods, Olympus, ver. 75. Il. i. 604, *Μουσάων θ' αἵ περ εἶδον ἀμειβόμεναι ὀπὶ καλῇ*.

[6] *ἀνθρώπων*, heroes.

[7] Eleutheræ, a city built by Eleuther, son of Apollo and Aethusa,

the son of Cronus, in Pieria,[1] *to be* a means of oblivion of ills, and a rest from cares. For during nine nights did the counsellor Jove associate with her, apart from the *other* immortals, ascending her holy bed: but when at length, I ween, it was the year,[2] and the seasons had revolved towards the end of the months, and many days had been completed, then she bare nine accordant daughters, whose care is song,[3] possessing, *as they do*, in their bosoms a mind at ease, but a little distance from the highest peak of snowy Olympus, where are their bright spots-for-dancing[4] and fair abodes. And beside them the Graces and Cupid too have dwellings at festivals,[5] and pouring through their lips a lovely voice, they chaunt the attributes,[6] and celebrate the wise ways of all the immortals, uttering an exceeding-lovely voice.

And they then[7] went to Olympus, exulting in their beautiful voice, in their immortal song, and around them, as they sang, dark earth was re-echoing, and a winsome sound arose from their feet, as they wended to their sire: But he reigns in Olympus,[8] having in his own disposal the thunder and the glowing bolt, since he hath conquered by might his father,

daughter of Neptune, near Cithæron, on the Bœotian border: it is the first town as you journey from Bœotia, by Cithæron and Platæa, towards Attica. Pausan. i. 38, § 8.

[1] Pieria, a mountain tract between Macedon and Thessaly, whence the Pierians introduced the worship of the Muses to Helicon and its vicinity. Strabo, ix. c. v. p. 315 (Tauchn.). Pausan. ix. 29, § 2.

[2] *ἐνιαυτὸς*, the year, i. e. of ten months, according to ancient reckoning. Macrob. Saturn. i. 11.

[3] *μέμβλεται*, perf. pass. for *μεμελήται*. Van Lennep, Liddell and Scott, &c. *μέλω, μεμέλω, μέμλω, μέμβλω*, hence *παρμέμβλωκε*.

[4] *χοροί*, spots for dancing. Od. viii. 260, 264; xii. 4.

[5] *οἰκί', ἔχουσιν*: not always, but at festivals of the gods. The Muses dwelt at Helicon, and the Graces and Cupid (according to Scholiast) had temples with them there. The Muses were ever at the feasts of *the gods*, and the poet seems to mean that those who dwelt with them at Helicon, had dwellings near them in heaven during the *Θάλιαι*. *V. Lennep.*

[6] *νόμους*: quæ propria singulis Dîs attributa sunt.

[7] *τοτέ*: i. e. at their birth. The gods were supposed to be adult at birth. Mercury, Hom. Hymn ad ill. 17,

> Ἠῶος γεγονὼς μέσῳ ἤματι ἐγκιθαρίζεν
> Ἑσπέριος βοῦν κλέψιὲν ἑκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.

So Minerva sprang all armed from Jove's brain.

[8] A grand subject for his daughters' first essay in singing.

Cronus. And duly to the immortals hath he arranged each *office* at once, and declared their prerogatives.

Thus, I wot, the Muses tenanting Olympian homes are wont to sing, nine daughters born of mighty Jove, Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, and Melpomene, Terpsichore and Erato; Polymnia, Urania, and Calliope:[1] and she is eldest of them all. For she also attends in the company of august kings. Whomsoever of Jove-reared sovereigns the daughters of great Jove shall have honoured and looked upon at his birth,[2] on the tongue of such an one they shed a honeyed dew, and from his lips drop gentle words; so then the peoples all look to him, as he decideth questions of law[3] with righteous judgments; and he speaketh-counsels unerringly,[4] and quickly stays with wisdom a strife however great.[5] For therefore are kings wise,[6] in that for their peoples, when misled in the forum, they easily accomplish the reversal of their acts, exhorting them with soft words. And as he goes through the city they propitiate him as a god with gentle awe, and he is conspicuous among them when assembled, as is the sacred gift of the Muses among men. Since from the Muses and far-shooting Apollo are men of song, and harpers over the earth, but from Jove spring kings: yet happy he whomsoever the Muses shall have loved; sweet is the sound that

[1] These were the Muses respectively of rhetoric, flute-playing, comedy, tragedy, lute-playing and the dance, erotic poetry and mimic imitation, geometry, astronomy, and epic poetry. Cf. Scholiast on this passage; and more in Smith's Dict. Gr. and Rom. Biog. vol. ii. 1126, a. b. *προφερεστάτη*, eldest. Cf. 361, 777.

[2] Shall have honoured, &c.] Compare Theocr. ix. 35,

οὕς γὰρ ὀρεῦνται
γαθεῦσαι, τώς δ' οὔτι ποτῷ δαλήσατο Κίρκα.

Hor. Od. IV. iii. Quem tu, Melpomene semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris.

[3] Decideth questions of law;] i. e. where old usage is disputed, and the king or judge must decide. Il. xvi. 387. So Liddell and Scott. Of this function of kings, cf. Op. et D. 39, 248, 261.

[4] *ἀγορεύων—κατέπαυσε*. Anacolouthon. *τε* couples *κατέπαυσε* to *ἀγορεύων* for *ἀγορεύει*.

[5] Cf. Virg. Æn. i. 148—153, Ac veluti populo in magno, &c.

[6] Van Lennep gives the best interpretation of this and the following line, "Ideo sunt reges prudentes quòd in concione populis errore vel pravitate consilii in noxam incurrentibus, (cf. Il. ix. 512; Il. xv. 484, *βλαφθέντα*,) facta infecta reddunt; efficiunt ut illi sua facta mutent."

flows from his mouth. For suppose one, even having grief in his fresh sorrowing spirit, pines away troubled at heart, yet *if* a minstrel, servant of the Muses, shall have chaunted the glories of men of yore, and the blessed gods, who hold Olympus, quickly does he forget his melancholy, nor does he at all remember his cares ;[1] and quickly have the gifts of the gods diverted them.

Hail! daughters of Jove; and give the lovely song. And sing[2] the sacred race of immortals ever-existing, who sprang from Earth and starry Heaven, and murky Night, whom the briny Deep nourished. Say, too, how at the first the gods and earth were born, and rivers and boundless deep, rushing with swollen stream,[3] and shining stars, and the broad Heaven above; and the gods who were sprung from these, givers of good gifts; and *say* how they divided their wealth,[4] and how they apportioned their honours, and how at the first they occupied Olympus with-its-many-ravines. Tell me these things, ye Muses, abiding in Olympian homes from the beginning, and say ye what was the first of them that rose.

In truth then foremost sprang Chaos,[5] and next broad-bosomed[6] Earth, ever secure seat of all the immortals, who inhabit the peaks of snow-capt Olympus, and dark dim Tartarus[7] in a recess of Earth having-broad-ways, and Love,

[1] *δυσφρονέων ἐπιλήθεται.* Matt. Gr. Gr. § 549. 6. p. 950.

[2] Goettling deems the next ten lines spurious. V. Lennep maintains them, on the ground that Hesiod means to speak first of the eldest gods, offspring of Cœlus and Terra, and also those born of Nox and Pontus (105—107); then *hoio* Cronus and the Titans, Terra, Pontus, Rivers, and Cœlus first existed (108—110); then the progeny of the elder gods, which conquered the Titans, took Olympus, and divided the spoil (111—113). Hesiod bids the Muses first tell this, and what of these was first, or before all these (114, 115).

[3] *ἀπείριτος.* Od. x. 195. i. q. *ἀπειρέσιος. οἴδματι θύων*, rushing with swollen stream. Il. xxi. 234.

[4] *ἄφενος*, wealth of the gods. *ἄφενον*, accusative. Op. et D. 24. Butm. Lexil. p. 177, derives it from an old adj. *ἀφνὸς*, i. q. *ἄφθονος*. Passow, from *ἀπὸ* and *ἔνος*, annual income. Cf. Annona. Doederlein, from *ἀφύω, ἀφύσσω.*

[5] Χάος, from *χάω*: hisco; capax sum. (Varro, de L. L. iv. p. 8. ed. Bip. *Cavum.* V. Lennep.)

[6] Broad-bosomed.] Earth was worshipped under this epithet at Ægæ. So Scholiast and Pausanias say.

[7] Tartarus and Eros. Pausan. (Bœot. 27, § 2, p. 204, Tauch.) quotes this passage of Hesiod. Ἔρος, acc ἔρον. Homer, seems to be

who *is* most beautiful among immortal gods, *Love* that relaxes the limbs,[1] and in the breasts of all gods and all men, subdues their reason and prudent counsel. But from Chaos were born Erebus and black Night; and from Night again sprang forth Æther and Day, whom she bare after having conceived, by union with Erebus[2] in love. And Earth, in sooth, bare first indeed like to herself (in size) starry Heaven, that he might shelter her around on all sides, that so she might be ever a secure seat for the blessed gods: and she brought forth vast mountains, lovely haunts of deities, the Nymphs who dwell along the woodland hills. She too bare also the barren Sea,[3] rushing with swollen stream, the Deep, *I mean*, without delightsome love: but afterward, having bedded with Heaven, she bare deep-eddying Ocean, Cæus and Crius, Hyperion and Iapetus,[4] Thea and Rhea, Themis, Mne-

the ancient form of Ἔρως, preserved by the Æolic dialect. Cf. Sappho, ap. Hephæst. c. vii. p. 42.

[1] λυσιμελής, limb-relaxing. Cf. Hom. Od. xx. 57; xxiii. 343. Ovid. Heroid. Ep. xiii. 15,

> Quando erit ut reducem cupidis amplexa lacertis
> Languida lætitiâ solvar ab ipse meâ.

Lucret., lib. i. 3—5, thus speaks of Eros under the name of Venus.

> Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferentes
> Concelebrat, per quam quoniam genus omne animantum
> Concipitur visitque exortum lumina solis.

[2] Ἔρεβος was ὑπὸ χθονὸς. Theog. 669. Above Hades. A mythical being, son of Chaos, and father of Æther and Day by his sister Night. Chaos, Erebus, and Nox are joined, Ovid. Met. xiv. 414, Et Noctem, Noctisque deos Ereboque Chaoque Convocat. Virg. Æn. iv. 509, 510, Crines effusa sacerdos Ter centum tonat ore deos, Erebumque Chaosque.

[3] Hesiod's Oceanus was father of Rivers (Th. 337); τελήεις πόταμος, (242,) whose springs, πήγαι, are mentioned, (282,) and who is called by the river-epithet, βαθυδίνης. Theog. 265. Op. et D. 171. Therefore he was son of Cœlus and Terra; but Pontus, Πέλαγος (mare salsum), only of Terra.

[4] Cæus, sire of Latona. Theog. 404. His worship seems peculiar to the Ægean. The word is derived from κοέω, intelligo, or κόω, turgeo. Pausan. (iv. 33) mentions a river of Messenia so called. —Crius; Deus eximiè potens; ἀ κρέω. Pausan. (vii. c. last) mentions a river in Achaia called after this Titan.—Hyperion, the same as Sol. Il. viii. 480. Od. i. 8, 24. He is however called the father of Sol, Odyss. xii. 176, and son of Cœlus and Terra. H. in Solem, 4.—Iapetus. This name came into Greece from the East through his descendants. Hellen was one of these. Homer (Il. viii. 479) mentions Iapetus as shut up in Tartarus with Cronos.

mosyne, and Phœbe with golden coronet, and lovely Tethys.[1] And after these was born, youngest, wily Cronus,[2] most savage of their children; and he hated his vigour-giving[3] sire. Then brought she forth next the Cyclops,[4] having an over-bearing spirit, Brontes, and Steropes, and stout-hearted Arges,[5] who both gave to Jove his thunder, and forged his lightnings. Now these, in sooth, were in other respects, it is true, like to gods, but a single eye was fixed in their mid-foreheads. And they from immortals grew up speaking mortals, and Cyclops was their appropriate name,[6] because, I wot, in their

[1] Thia, dea lucis. Μάτερ Ἀλίου. Pindar, (in Isthm. v. 1,) writing in praise of an Æginetan, mentions her thus. Perhaps she was a sea-goddess, worshipped by the Æginetans, as a Dea Cœlestis was by the Phœnicians.—Rhea, mentioned often by Homer, had a temple at Athens with Cronos. Cf. Pausan. i. 18, § 7.—Themis. Il. xv. 87. Od. ii. 68. She was worshipped and had an oracle at Delphi. Pausan. x. 5, § 3. Comp. Ov. Met. i. 34, Pyrrha et Deucal., Fatidicamque Themin, quæ tunc oracla tenebat. She had also a temple and image at Thebes, Pausan. ix. 25; and an altar at Olympia, v. 14.—Mnemosyne; cf. supra, 54.—Φοίβη, Luna, (Φοῖβος, Sol,) mother of Asterie and Hecate, Theog. 408, 409, once had an oracle at Delphi. See Æschyl. Eumen. 4, 5.—Tethys, the nursing-mother of all things, the force of nature nurturing all creation with fruitful moisture. Il. xiv. 201, Ὠκεανὸντε Θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μήτερα Τηθύν.

[2] Κρόνος, (from κρόω, perficio); "Temporis et anni Deus, ut apud Lat. Janus." *V. Lennep* Homer agrees with Hesiod in his banishment to Tartarus, effected by his son, Jove. His worship was at Mount Cronius, in Elis (Pausan. vi. 20); and he had a temple at Athens (i. 18, § 7).

[3] θαλερὸν is here used actively, in the sense of bloom-giving.

[4] Cyclops. The earliest Greeks honoured the Titans as gods; the Cyclops as θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιοι: perinde ac gigantes. Cf. Hom. Odyss. vii. 205. They had an altar at Corinth, (Pausan. ii. 2, § 2,) gave name to the Cyclopian buildings at Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Argos, (cf. Pausan. ii. 16, § 4,) and, according to Homer and Thucyd., (vi. 2,) dwelt in Trinacria. Fitly were they called sons of Earth and Heaven, seeing that they built man's strongholds, and forged the bolts of Jove.

[5] Arges; so called "a candente fulmine." ὀμβριμόθυμον, the right reading, not ὀβριμόθυμον; from μόριμος, μόρσιμος. Metath. ὄμριμος, ὄμβριμος; hence μορμώ, μόρμορος. Cf. Butm. Lexil. p. 189, in voc. βλιττειν.

[6] ὄνομ' ἦσαν. With ὄνομ' ἐστὶ, and dative of the thing or person, and ὄνομ' ἔχει, the name is put in the nominative, as with ὀνομάζεσθαι, with which both phrases accord in signification. Not genitive or dative, as in Latin, "Est ei nomen Tullii," or Tullio. Odyss. vii. 54. Herod. ii. 17. But Κύκλωπες ὄνομ' ἦσαν here combines the

foreheads one circular eye was fixed. Strength, force, and contrivances were in their works. But again, from Earth and Heaven sprung other three sons, great and mighty, scarce to be mentioned,[1] Cottus and Briareus and Gyas, children exceeding proud. From the shoulders of these moved actively an hundred hands, not brooking approach, and to each above sturdy limbs there grew fifty heads from their shoulders. Now monstrous strength is powerful, joined with vast size. For of as many sons as were born of Earth and Heaven, they were the fiercest,[2] and were hated by their sire from the very first: as soon as any of these was born, he would hide them all,[3] and not send them up to the light, in a cave of the earth, and Heaven exulted over the work of mischief, whilst huge Earth inly groaned, straitened as she was; and she devised a subtle and evil scheme. For quickly having produced a stock of white iron,[4] she forged a large sickle, and gave the word to her children, and said encouragingly, though troubled in her heart: "Children of me and of a sire madly violent, if ye would obey me, we shall avenge the baneful injury of your father; for he *was the* first *that* devised acts of indignity." So spake she, but fear seized on them all, I wot, nor did any of them speak; till, having gathered courage, great *and* wily Cronus bespake his dear[5] mother *thus* in reply:

above construction (Matt. Gr. § 308) with Matt. Gr. § 305. *ἦσαν* attracted to *Κύκλωπες* is instead of *ἦν*.

[1] *οὐκ ὀνομαστοί*: quos vix nominare audeas.—*ἄφατοι*. These were the Centimani.—*Κόττος* (*κοὼ*, tumeo).—*Βριάρεως* (*βαρίω*, *βρίω*, gravo).—*Γύγης*, or *Γύης* (*γύω*, latè explico). *Γύης*, cf. 714, and Butm. Lexil. p. 2, not. 2, (Fishlake,) who says, "On the orthography of *Γύης*, left uncertain by Bentley, Hor. Od. II. xvii. 14, I am loth to speak decisively. Probably it is contracted from *γυῖον*." *Γύης*, the more proper and original form, is more agreeable to analogy. *Γύγης*, a natural corruption from the Lydian name Gyges. Gyges, Hor. Od. II. v. 20; III. iv. 69. Ov. ii. Am. 1. 12; Fast. iv. 593; Trist. vii. 18. Briareus, Virg. Æn. vi. 287, called by others, after Homer, Ægeon.

[2] They were the fiercest,] viz. the Centimani and Cyclopes. *γὰρ* refers to the description of them just before.

[3] *πάντας ἀποκρύπτασκε, κ. τ. λ.*, is for *πάντας ἀποκρύπτασκε γαίης ἐν κευθμῶνι, καὶ ἐς φάος οὐκ ἀνίεσκε*: ita in recondito Terra sinu abdidit, ut in lucem adire nullo modo possent. For examples of the like construction, see Theog. 551, notes.

[4] White iron.] Cf. Scut. 231. Hor. Od. I. vi., Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantinâ, Dignè scripserit.

[5] *κεδνήν*, dear. Il. ix. 586. Od. x. 225. Butm. Lexil. p. 119, nota 6, voc. *ἀνήνοθε*.

"Mother, this deed at any rate I will undertake and accomplish, since for our sire, in sooth, of-detested-name,[1] I care not; for he *was the* first *that* devised acts of indignity."

Thus spake he, and huge Earth rejoiced much at heart, and hid and planted him in ambush: in his hand she placed a sickle with jagged teeth,[2] and suggested to him all the stratagem.

Then came vast Heaven bringing Night with him, and, eager for love, brooded around Earth, and lay stretched, I wot, on all sides: but his son from out his ambush grasped at him[3] with his left hand, whilst in his right he took the huge sickle, long and jagged-toothed, and hastily mowed off the genitals of his sire, and threw them back to be carried away behind[4] *him*. In nowise vainly slipped they from his hand; for as many gory drops as ran thence, Earth received them all: and when the years rolled round,[5] she gave birth to stern Furies,[6] and mighty giants, gleaming in arms, with long spears in hand, and Nymphs whom men call Ashnymphs,[7] (Meliæ,) over the boundless earth. But the genitals, as after first severing them with the steel he had cast them into the heaving sea from the continent,[8] so kept drifting long time up and

[1] Of detested name.] *δυσωνύμου*, hateful to hear named. Il. vi. 255; xii. 116, *μοῖρα δυσώνυμος*. Odyss. xix. 571, Ηώς. The *ὄ* in *ὄνομα* is lengthened in *δυσώνυμος*, just as *ε* is in *νηκερδής*, "ratione rythmicâ." See Goettling.

[2] *καρχαρόδοντα*, with jagged teeth, like a saw; akin to *χαράσσω*. Cf. Il. x. 360.

[3] *ὠρέξατο* (understand *τῶν Οὐρανοῦ μηδέων*) *χειρὶ σκαιῇ—ὀρεγέσθαι τινὶ τινός*, is, "to reach with something, or some part of the body towards something." Compare Hom. Il. iv. 307, *ἔγχει ὀρεξάσθω*, sc. *κύτοῦ*. Il. xxiii. 99, *ὠρέξατο χερσὶ φίλῃσιν*.

[4] Behind.] So Pyrrha and Deucalion were bidden to do.

Ossaque post tergum magnæ jactate parentis.
Ov. Met. i. 383. Cf. ibid. 393.

[5] *περιπλομένων*, "volventibus annis;" *περιτελλόμενος ἐνιαυτὸς* is "annus *vertens*," *περιπλόμενος ἐν*: annus *inversus*. *Goettling*.

[6] *ἐρινῦς*, from *ἐριννύειν*, furere. *ὅτι τῷ θυμῷ χρῆσθαι καλοῦσιν ἐριννύειν οἱ Αρκάδες*. Pausan. viii. 25, § 4. The same writer, i. 28, § 6, quotes this passage to identify the *σεμναὶ θέαι* of Athens with the Erynnyes.

[7] *Μελίας*, ashnymphs, as *Δρύαδες* were oaknymphs; from *μελία*, an ash. Cf. Callim. H. in Jov. 47, *Δικταῖαι Μελίαι*. H. in Del. 80, *αὐτόχθων Μελίη*. They were nine in number, Helice, Cynosura, Arethusa, Ida, Cromne, Britho, Calæno, Adrastea, Glauce. Tzetz. ad Op. et D. 144.

[8] There seems no authority for supposing Epirus is here meant,

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down the deep, and all around kept rising a white foam from the immortal flesh ; and in it a maiden was nourished ;[1] first she drew nigh divine Cythera, and thence came next to wave-washed Cyprus. Then forth stepped an awful, beauteous goddess ; and beneath her delicate feet the verdure throve around :[2] her gods and men name Aphrodite, the foam-sprung goddess, and fair-wreathed Cytherea—*the first* because she was nursed in foam, but Cytherea, because she touched at Cythera ; and Cyprus-born, because she was born in wave-dashed Cyprus.[3]

And her Eros accompanied and fair Desire followed, when first she was born, and came into the host of the gods. And from the beginning this honour hath she, and *this* part hath she obtained by lot among men and immortal gods, the amorous converse of maidens, their smiles and wiles, their sweet delights, their love, and blandishment. Now those[4] sons, their father, mighty Heaven, called by surname Titans, upbraiding those whom he had himself begotten ; and he was wont to say that, out-stretching *their hands*[5] in infatuation,

though Dione, mother of Aphrodite, was worshipped there. ἀπ' ἠπείροιο is simply "ex continente," as Goettling, Lennep, &c. agree.

[1] Tibull. I. ii. 39,

> Nam fuerit quicumque loquax, is sanguine natam,
> Is Venerem e rapido sentiet esse mari.

The worship of Venus (Astarte) came from the Phœnicians from Ascalon, and was first celebrated in the isles of Cyprus and Cythera. See Herod. i. 105, at which place Blakesley quotes this passage of Hesiod : and Pausan. iii. 23.

[2] For parallels to this beautiful fancy of all things blooming which the goddess of beauty touched, see Lucret. i. 6,

> Adventumque tuum, tibi suaves dædala flores
> Summittit tellus : tibi rident æquora ponti
> Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum.

Compare Scott, Lady of the Lake, canto I. 18 ; Homer, Il. xiv. 347—349 ; and Milton, Paradise Lost, book ix. 200—205.

[3] ἠδὲ φιλομμηδέα. This line being probably spurious, has been passed over untranslated.

[4] Now those.] The thread is resumed from verse 155.

[5] For this derivation of the word "Titan," see Van Lennep, ad loc., who says, all the brothers were called Titans, because one, Cronus, (ver. 178,) ἐτιταίνεν, "manum extendit," and thus effected what all the brothers, except Oceanus, (cf. Apollodorus,) wished. τέω, τείνω, tendo, τάω, τιτάω, τιταίνω, are all kindred verbs. The last occurs in Homer, passim, and in Hes. Scut. 229. But see Liddell and Scott, in voc. "Titan."

they had wrought a grave act, but that for it there should be vengeance hereafter.[1]

Night bare[2] also hateful Destiny, and black Fate, and Death: she bare Sleep likewise,[3] she bare the tribe of dreams; *these* did the goddess, gloomy Night, bear after union with none. Next again Momus,[4] and Care full-of-woes, and the Hesperides,[5] whose care are the fair golden apples beyond the famous ocean, and trees yielding fruit; and she produced the Destinies,[6] and ruthlessly punishing Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who assign to men at their births to have good and evil; who also pursue transgressions both of men and gods, nor do the goddesses ever cease from dread wrath, before that, I wot, they have repaid sore vengeance to him, whosoever shall have sinned. Then bare pernicious Night Nemesis[7] also, a woe to mortal men: and after her she brought forth Fraud, and Wanton-love,[8] and mischievous Old Age, and stubborn-hearted Strife. But odious Strife gave birth to grievous Trouble, and Oblivion, and Famine, and tearful Woes,

[1] This will be seen to have come to pass, in verses 728, &c.

[2] A similar list of the brood of Night is given by Cicero, De Nat. Deorum, III. xvii.

[3] Death and Sleep are near akin in Homer too, Il. xiv. 231. Virg. Æn. vi. 278, Consanguineus Lethi sopor.

[4] Μῶμον. Cicero calls him Invidentiam. Callimachus, H. in Apoll. 113, ὁ δὲ Μῶμος, ἵν' ὁ φθόρος, ἔνθα νέοιτο.

[5] From the use of the present tense μέλουσι we seem to gather that Hercules did not carry off all the fruit; or that other fruit ripened on the same trees after his theft. Muetzellius had suggested a reading χρύσεα καλὰ μέμηλε, τά θ' Ηρακλέης ἐτρύγησεν. But the first syllable in τρυγάω is long. See Goettling and Van Lennep.

[6] In ver. 211 we had mention of μόρον and κῆρα, and ver. 218, 219 recur in nearly the same words at 905, 906, to which place they seem better suited; for Apollodorus likewise makes the μοῖραι children of Jove and Themis. Perhaps therefore these lines are of a later writer. The words αἵτε βροτοῖσι—κακόντε refer to Μοῖραι· αἵτ' ἀνδρῶν—ἀμάρτῃ to Κῆρας. The names seem here to belong to Κῆρες, whereas all antiquity refers them to Μοῖραι. For the office of the Κῆρες, see Eurip. Electr. 1252 (Dind.), Æsch. S. c. Theb. 1055, where they are called ἐρινύες. More on this subject may be gathered from V. Lennep and Goettling, though the only clear result seems to be the rejection of the lines 218, 219, from this place. Eustathius, ad Il. p. 302, 19, 20, quotes the word παραιβασίας as used by Hesiod.

[7] Nemesis was worshipped at Rhamnus in Attica, as daughter of Oceanus, Pausan. i. 33, § 7, and had a temple at Patræ, vii. 20.

[8] φιλότης is referred by the Scholiast to τὰ ἀφροδίσια.

Contests and Slaughters,[1] Fights and Homicides, Contentions, Falsehoods, Words, Disputes, Lawlessness and Ruin,[2] intimates one of the other, and the Oath, which most hurts men on the earth, whensoever one has sworn voluntarily a perjured oath.

And Pontus begat trusty and truthful Nereus,[3] eldest *indeed* of his children, but *men* call him old,[4] because he is unerring as well as mild, neither doth he forget the laws, but knoweth just and gentle purposes. And next again, by union with Earth, great Thaumas,[5] and strong Phorcys, and Ceto[6] with fair-cheek, and Eurybia, having in her breast a soul of adamant.

From Nereus and fair-haired Doris, daughter of Ocean, perfect stream, sprung lovely daughters of goddesses[7] in the barren sea, Proto, Eucrante, Sao, and Amphitrite; Eudora,

[1] This line differs scarcely at all from Hom. Odyss. xi. 611.

[2] For the deities here mentioned compare Virg. Æn. vi. 274—277, Vestibulum ante ipsum, &c.

[3] Nereus, as being trusty and truthful, is mentioned here in strong contrast to the list of personified evil passions that have gone before. Nereus among Greek and Latin poets stands for the *sea*. Cf. Iph. in Aul. 948. Tibull. IV. i. 58, Vexit et Æolios placidum per Nerea ventos. Ovid. Met. i. 187, Quà totum Nereus circumtonat orbem. Amores II. xi. 39. The word Νήρευς is the same as Nefluus, i. e. fundus, from *νὴ* and *ῥέω*, Hermann.

[4] *αὐτὰρ καλέουσι γέροντα*. But they call him old, *not because he is eldest*, &c., but because he is *νημερτὴς καὶ ἤπιος*.—Eustathius ad Il. says that Nereus is called "old" from the foam which whitens his surface.

[5] Thaumas (mentioned in Cicero, De N. D. iii. 20) is said at 265 to have been the mother of Iris, the rainbow, and Harpyiæ, the storms. This deity therefore must be taken to represent the "wonders of nature," which have reference to the sea.—Phorcys (Odyss. i. 72; xiii. 96, 345) is also taken by most commentators to have been so called from his age. *φόρκος* is *λευκὸς, πόλιος*. Hesych. Hermann connects the word with "furcus," and so with promontories and jutting sea-rocks.

[6] Κητὼ, the wife of Phorcys, (270,) is supposed to refer to the "monstra natantia" of the great deep, from *κάω, χάω*, hisco: or to hidden rocks, from *κεῖσθαι*. Virg. Æn. v. 249, speaks of "Phorci chorus;" 824, "Phorcique exercitus omnis:" among which he numbers "cete."

[7] *τέκνα θεάων* is the same as *θεαί*. Similar periphrases are *υἷες Ἀχαιῶν, παῖδες σοφῶν*. Blomf. Æsch. Pers. 402, *παῖδες Ἑλλήνων*. The Nereids whose names follow, (240—264,) were worshipped on the Magnesian coast. Herodot. vii. 191. Their mother "Doris" is by Latin poets put for the sea. Virg. Ecl x. 5. Ov. Fast. iv. 678, Hac Hyades Dorida nocte tenent.

Thetis, Galene, Glauce, Cymothoe, Spio, Thoe, and charming Halia; graceful Melita, and Eulimene, and Agave, Pasithea, Erato and rosy-armed Eunice, Doto and Proto, Pherusa, and Dynamene, Nesæa, and Actæa, and Protomedia, Doris and Panope, and beauteous Galatea, lovely Hippothoe, and rosy-armed Hipponoe, and Cymothoe, who along with Cymatolege, and neat-ankled Amphitrite, calms with ease the waves on the misty sea, and the blasts of violent winds; Cymo and Eione, and Halimede with beauteous wreath, and blithe Glauconome, and Pontoporia, Liagore, Evagore, Laomedia, Polynome, Autonoe, and Lysianassa, and Evarne, both lovely in shape and in beauty faultless, and Psamathe, graceful in person, and divine Menippe, Neso, Eupompe, Themisto, Pronoe, and Nemertes, who hath the mind of her immortal sire.[1] These were born of blameless Nereus, fifty maidens, versed in blameless labours.

And Thaumas[2] wedded Electra, daughter of deep-flowing Ocean: she bare rapid Iris, and the fair-tressed Harpies,[3]

[1] Many of the names in this list are found in Hom. Il. xviii. 39—48. They are derived from the sea, its wonders, its treasures, and its good signs for sailors. Proto is the eldest, as the name imports. Amphitrite is so called from the caverns of rocky shores. Cf. Soph. Philoct. 19, *ἀμφιτρὴς*. Eudora, Doto, (Virg. Æn. ix. 102, Nereia Doto,) Liagore, Evagore, Polynome, (multos pascens,) clearly have reference to maritime commerce and its profits. Thetis is from *τίθημι*, because she is wont "ponere freta." Galene and Galatea, from *γέλαω*, to be *glad*. The latter is celebrated in Theocr. Idyll xi.; Virg. Ecl. vii. 37; Ovid. Met. xiii. 738. Glauce and Glauconome, so called from the colour of the sea. Cymothoe, (Virg. Æn. i. 144,) Cymo and Cymodoce, (Virg. Æn. v. 826,) and Cymatolege, from *κῦμα*. The derivations of several others are self-evident: e. g. Nesæa, Actæa, and Eione, from *νήσος*, *ἄκτη*, *ἠιών*. Halimede, Pontoporia, Eupompe, Laomedia, Lysianassa, have their names from the care the Nereids have for sailors and voyagers. Panope, from her look-out over the wide sea. (Cf. Virg. Georg. i. 437; Æn. v. 240.) Those compounded with *ἵππος* seem to point to the fact that horses first came by sea to Greece, as Neptune is often called *ἵππιος*. *Van Lennep.*

[2] Thaumas, (wonder,) son of Pontus, marries Electra, (lustre, *λαμπηδών*, Schol.,) daughter of Oceanus, and hence springs Iris, the rainbow. For Iris see Hom. Il. xvii. 547. Cic. de Nat. Deor. iii. 20, Arcus, quia speciem habet admirabilem, Thaumante dicitur esse natus. So called from *ἐρῶ εἶρω*, because the messenger of the gods. Æn. iv. 695. For Thaumas see Dict. Gr. and R. Biogr. vol. iii. p. 1021.

[3] The Harpies, in Virg. Æn. iii. 241, are three, Celæno being

Aello and Ocypete, who, I ween, accompany the wind-blasts and birds, with swift wings, for they are wont to fly high above the earth.[1] But to Phorcys next Ceto of-fair-cheek bare the Græ, gray from their birth, whom in truth immortal gods as well as men walking on the ground call Græ: namely, Pephredo handsomely-clad, and Enyo of saffron-vestment, and the Gorgons, who dwell beyond famous Ocean,[3] in the most remote quarter night-ward, where *are* the clear-voiced Hesperides,[4] Stheno,[5] Euryale, and Medusa having-suffered sadly. The latter was mortal, but they, the *other two*, were immortal and ageless, and *it was* with the one (Medusa) *that* the azure-haired god lay in the soft meadow, and amid the flowers of spring. From her too when, as the tale is, Perseus[6] had cut off the head, up sprang huge Chrysaor and the steed Pegasus. To the latter came his name, because I wot he was born near the springs of Ocean,[7] whilst the other had a golden falchion in his hands. And he indeed, winging his flight away, left Earth, the mother of flocks, and

added. Homer mentions Ἅρπυια Ποδάργη, Il. xvi. 150. Ἀελλώ is named from ἀέω, spiro. Ocypete, from her rapid flight. Goettling suggests that they personify the breath of pestilence, and so are driven away, according to the legend, by the sons of Boreas; and therefore these deities are to be referred to Thrace.

[1] μεταχρόνιαι, "celeres ad instar temporis," like μετηνέμιοι. *Goettling.* But the Scholiast says the ancients called οὐρανὸς, χρόνος, and the old poets, from Hesiod downwards, recognise μεταχρόνιος in the sense of μετέωρος. See Liddell and Scott in voc.

[2] Græ. Gorgones. Hermann (Opusc. ii. p. 179) says, "Γραῖαι sunt undæ quæ littori allisæ spumas agunt nunc veniendo, nunc recedendo." "Γόργονες magnæ et terribiles aquæ." In Æschylus Prom. V. 819, they are called Φόρκιδες, from their sire, and κυκνόμορφοι, from their hair. Æsch. mentions *three*, and Apollodorus mentions one named Δεινώ. Goettling supposes here a verse to have been lost.

[3] πέρην, i. e. in some isle of Ocean, to arrive at which one must cross Ocean.

[4] Ἑσπερίδες λιγύφωνοι. Cf. ver. 518. Euripides, Herc. Fur. 394 (Dind.), calls them ὑμνωδοὺς κορὰς. ἐσχατιὴ πρὸς νυκτὸς. Cf. Herod. vii. 115, πρὸς Ἡλίου δυσμέων.

[5] Stheno, th. σθένος.—Euryale, from the open sea, in which was the island of the Gorgons.—Medusa, from μέδων, a ruler. For the fable of Medusa, and her ill treatment by Neptune, vid. Ovid. Met. iv. 771—798.

[6] See more about Perseus and the head of Medusa in Scut. Herc. 216—230, seqq.

[7] Near the springs, πηγὰς, fontes; that is, at the extremities Cf. 738, 809, τηγαὶ καὶ πείρατα

came to the immortals ; in Jove's house he dwells, bearing to counsellor Jove thunder and lightning.[1] But Chrysaor, by union with Callirhoe, daughter of famous Ocean, begat three-headed Geryon. Him indeed then mighty Hercules spoiled, amidst his trailing-footed oxen in sea-girt Erythia,[2] even on that day when he drove the broad-browed oxen to sacred Tiryns, having crossed the path of Ocean, and having slain beyond famous Ocean Orthus, and the herdsman Eurytion in a dusky stall.

And she[3] brought forth another monster, irresistible, nowise like to mortal men, or immortal gods, in a hollow cavern ; the divine stubborn-hearted Echidna, [half nymph, with dark eyes *and* fair cheeks ; and half, on the other hand, a serpent huge, and terrible, and vast,][4] speckled, and flesh-devouring, 'neath caves of sacred Earth. For there is her cavern, deep under a hollow rock, afar from immortal gods as well as mortal men : there I ween have the gods assigned to her famous mansions to inhabit. But she, the destructive Echidna, was confined in Arima[5] beneath the earth, a nymph immortal, and all her days insensible to age. With her they say that

[1] This office of Pegasus is unmentioned by ancient writers, except in a fragment of Euripides, Belleroph., *'νφ' ἅρματ' ἐλθὼν Ζηνὸς ἀστραπηφορεῖ*, which Aristophanes introduces in his Pax, 722. It seems to be implied in this passage of Hesiod that the winged horse yoked to Jove's chariot bears his thunders and lightnings. Cf. Horat. Od. I. xxiv. 7, Per cœlum Tonantis Egit equos volucremque currum. *Van Lennep.*

[2] Geryon is fabled to have been prince of Gades, i. q. Erythia : unless indeed Erythia was an island near, and now joined with, the mainland. Compare Herodot. iv. 8. One of the labours imposed on Hercules by Eurystheus was to carry off his oxen : Orthus was slain to effect this.

[3] Van Lennep, with Wolf and Heyne, refer *ἠδ' ἔτεκ'* to Callirhoe, the mention of Ceto, 290, being too remote to allow reference to her. Hermann however dissents from this.

[4] *ποικίλον*, feminine. See Matth. Gr. Gr. § 118, obs. 1. (1832.) *ὠμηστήν*, used here as a substantive. For other instances see Lobeck's Ajax, ver. 208, *τῆς ἀμερίας*.

[5] *ἔρυτ'*, imperfect, remarkable for the *ῠ*, as in the Op. et D. 818, *εἰρύμεναι*. See here Butmann, Lexil. p. 337, (Fishlake, 1836,) and p. 310. Arima. Cf. Il. ii. 783, *εἰν Ἀρίμοις, ὅθι φασὶ Τυφωέος ἴμμεναι εὐνάς*. Where the Scholiast explains Arima as a mountain of Cilicia, or Lydia. Strabo, book xiii. p. 152, 153, seems to point to the Arimi being what was afterwards the Aramæans, of Cilicia, or Syria

Typhaon[1] associated in love, a terrible and lawless[2] ravisher for the dark-eyed maid. And she, having conceived, bare fierce-hearted children. The dog Orthus[3] first she bare for Geryon, and next, in the second place, she brought forth the irresistible and ineffable flesh-devourer Cerberus, dog of hell, with brazen voice[4] *and* with fifty heads, a bold and strong *beast.* Thirdly, again she gave birth to the Lernæan Hydra[5] subtle in destruction, whom Juno, white-armed goddess, reared, implacably hating[6] the mighty Hercules. And it Jove's son, Hercules, named of Amphitryon, along with warlike Iolaus,[7] and by the counsels of Pallas the despoiler, slaughtered with ruthless sword. But she (*Echidna*) bare Chimæra,[8] breathing resistless fire, fierce and huge, fleet-footed as well as strong: this *monster* had three heads: one indeed of a grim-visaged lion, one of a goat, and another of a serpent, a fierce dragon; in front a lion, a dragon behind, and in the midst a goat; breathing forth the dread strength of burning fire. Her Pegasus[9] slew and brave Bellerophon.

[1] Typhaon. Cf. 821.

[2] *ἄνομον*, vulgo *ἄνεμον*. The Scholiast recognises both readings. Sophocles, in Trachin. 1096, has *στρατὸν θηρῶν, ὑβριστήν, ἄνομον*, of the army of Centaurs.

[3] Orthus, (high, tall,) and Eurytion, (broad,) are the keepers of Geryon's oxen, (293,) a figurative representation of high mountains and broad plains. Echidna was sister or aunt of Geryon, for whose service she bore this dog.

[4] *χαλκεόφωνον*, trumpet-voiced, an epithet of Stentor, Hom. Il. v. 785. Κέρβερος, according to Goettling, is akin to *βάρβαρος* in its etymology, and has reference to the voice of the monster. Pindar, followed by Horat. II. xiii. 34, assigns to Cerberus a hundred heads, (bellua centiceps,) whilst Sophocl. Trachin. 1098, calls him *τρίκρανον σκύλακα*.

[5] Hydra. Horat. Od. IV. iv. 61, Non Hydra secto corpore firmior Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem. From Lerna sprang the Hydra, and from Nemæa, the lion, which Juno alike reared against Hercules

[6] *ἄπληστον* (*πελάω*, not *πίμπλημι*) "tantâ ira, ut vix ad eum accedere liceat." *βίῃ Ηρακληείῃ*. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. 430, p. 702.

[7] Iolaus appears in Scut. Herc. 118, as comrade and charioteer of Hercules: Minerva as his counsellor, Scut. 125, 325. Hom. Il. viii. 362; Od. xi. 626. The Hydra of Lerna is not Homeric.

[8] Chimæra (Horat. Od. I. xxvii. 23, 24; II. xvii. 13; IV. ii. 16) is described by Horace as "triformis," and "ignea," just as here. *ἀμαίμακετον*, (Il. vi. 179; Sophocl. Œd. T. 177; Œd. Col. 127,) derived from *ἀμάχος*, redupl. *μαίμαχος*, as from *πάλη* we have *παιπάλη*.

[9] Πήγασος—*καὶ* Βελλεροφόντης, that is, Bellerophon by the aid of Pegasus. *Goettling.*

But she,[1] compelled by Orthus, brought forth in sooth the destructive Spinx, a destruction to the Cadmæans; and the Nemæan lion, whom I wot Juno, Jove's glorious consort, reared, and settled in the corn-lands of Nemæa, a woe to mankind. There abiding truly used he to devour the tribes of men, whilst he held sway over Tretus[2] of Nemæa, and over Apesas: but him the might of strong Hercules subdued. And Ceto mingling in love with Phorcys, brought forth, as youngest-born, a terrible serpent,[3] which in hiding-places of dark earth, guards all-golden apples, in wide bounds. Such then is the brood of Ceto and Phorcys. But Tethys to Oceanus bare eddying rivers,[4] Nile and Alpheus, and deep-eddying Eridanus, Strymon, and Mæander and Ister of-fair-stream, Phasis, Rhesus, and Achelous with silvery-tide, Nessus, and Rhodius, Haliacmon and Heptaporus, Granicus, Æsepus, and divine Simois, Peneus, Hermus, and pleasant-flowing Caicus;

[1] ἡ δ' ἄρα, that is, Echidna, as it would seem; though the Schol calls Spinx, the daughter of Chimæra and Typhaon. The later word, Σφιγξ, ἴγγος, was originally φιξ, φῖκος, whence Φίκιον ὄρος near Thebes. Cf. Scut. Herc. 33. The word is probably derived from φίγγω, σφίγγω, to strangle. Cf. Ovid, Met. iii. 48. *Van Lennep.*

[2] Tretus was a mountain between Mycenæ and Nemea, near Cleonæ. Nemea was about fifteen stadia from Tretus, and Mount Apesas above Nemea. Cf. Pausanias ii. c. xv. § 2—4. ἐλεφαίρετο, (ἕλπω, ἐλπώρη, Liddell and Scott,) is derived by V. Lennep from ἔλω, ἑλέω, ἑλέϝω, ἐλέφω, ἐλεφάω, ἐλεφαίρω.

[3] This Dragon is called Ladon by Apollon. Rhod. iv. 1397.

[4] Hesiod seems to have singled out of the three thousand rivers a few of the more famous, whether in Greece or elsewhere. Thus we find Alpheus, chief river of Elis, Achelous and Evenus of Ætolia, Peneus of Thessaly, Ladon of Arcadia, Haliacmon of Macedonia, Strymon and Nessus of Thrace. Of Asia Minor, whence Hesiod's father had come, there are enumerated, Mæander, Hermus, and Caicus; and from the Troad and its Mountain Ida, famous already, the Rhesus, Rhodius, Heptaporus, Granicus, Simois, Scamander, Æsepus. Other rivers flowing into the Euxine, and famous through the Argonautic Expedition, are mentioned here: the Sangarius of Phrygia, the Parthenius of Paphlagonia, Phasis of Colchis, Aldescus and Ister of Scythia. Two more distant rivers are enumerated, the Nile, (mentioned in Hom. Odyss. iv. 477; xiv. 257 under the name of Ægyptus,) and the Eridanus, i. q. Padus, of Italy, which Hesiod knew, cf. 1011. There is no order in the list, which is made as best suits the versification Cf. Van Lennep, from whom the above is abridged.

and vast Sangarius, Ladon, Parthenius, Evenus, and Ardescus and divine Scamander. And she bare a sacred race of daughters, who with King Apollo and the rivers all earth over bring up men to manhood,[1] and have this prerogative from Jupiter, namely, Pitho, Admete, Ianthe, Electra, Doris and Prymno, and goddess-like Urania, Hippo, and Clymene, Rhodia, and Callirhoe, Zeuxo and Clytia, Idya and Pasithoe, Plexaure, Galaxaure, lovely Dione, Melobosis, and Thoe, and fair Polydora, and Circeis in nature amiable, and bright-eyed Pluto, Perseis, Ianira, Acaste, and Xanthe, and winsome Petræa, Menesto, and Europa, Metis, Eurynome, and saffron-robed Telesto, Crenæis, Asia as well as desire-kindling Calypso, Eudora, Tyche, Amphiro, and Ocyroë, and Styx, who truly is eldest of them all.[2]

Now these were born eldest daughters of Oceanus and Tethys; there are, however, many others also:[3] for thrice a thousand are the tapering-ankled Ocean-nymphs, who truly spreading far and near, bright children of the gods, haunt everywhere alike earth and the depths of the lake.[4] And again, as many other rivers[5] flowing with a ringing noise, sons of Ocean, whom august Tethys bare: of all of whom *'twere*

[1] *κουρίζουσι*, juvenescere vel vigere faciunt. *V. Lennep.*

[2] The Oceanides, though in some respects similar in nature to Meliæ and Dryads, differed herein, that they haunted not merely the woods and glades, but roamed everywhere, now over earth, now over water. Hence they are associated with the Naiads and Dryads. Callim. H. in Dian. 12; Virgil, Georg. iv. 344, 382. As to their names, Goettling would refer Europa, Asia, Doris, Rhodia, Perseis, Ianira, (from *Ἰάν*, as *πρέσβυς*, *πρέσβειρα*,) to the continents, isles, and countries which the names suggest to us: Van Lennep rather to certain qualities peculiar to the several Oceanids: Rhodia from the rose, Ianthe from *ἴον*, a violet, &c. Calypso, Goettling explains "fertilizing," because covering the land with mud. Hermann, "occultans or latens." For the rest, see Goettling, loc.

[3] For instance, Ephyre, Clio, Beroe, mentioned in Virg. Georg. iv. 341; Æthra in Ovid's Fast. v. 171; Hunc stirps Oceani maturis nixibus Æthra Edidit.

[4] *βένθεα λίμνης*, i. e. *Ὠκεανοῦ*. So Hom. Od. iii. 1, *Ἠέλιος δ' ἀνόρουσε λίπων περικαλλέα λίμνην*. Il. xiii. 21, *βένθεσι λίμνης* Nitsch explains it generally as the waters of Oceanus standing near the shore: Od. p. 131. — *πάντῃ ὁμῶς*, i. e. so that there are Oceanids everywhere.

[5] Apollodorus mentions Inachus and Asopus amongst these.

difficult for mortal man to tell the names, but each individual knows *them*, of as many as dwell around *them*. And Thia,[1] overcome in the embrace of Hyperion, brought forth the great Sun, and bright Moon, and Morn, that shines for all that-dwell-on-the-earth, and for immortal gods, who occupy broad heaven. Eurybia[2] too, a goddess among goddesses, bare to Crius, after union in love, huge Astræus, and Pallas, and Perses, who was transcendent in all sciences. And to Astræus Morn brought forth the strong-spirited winds, Argestes,[3] Zephyr, swift-speeding Boreas, and Notus, *when she*, a goddess, *had* mingled in love with a god. And after them the goddess of morning produced the star Lucifer, and the brilliant stars wherewith the heaven is crowned.[4]

And Styx, daughter of Ocean, after union with Pallas, bare within the house Zelus and beauteous-ankled[5] Victory; and

[1] Here begins the enumeration of the progeny of the remaining Titans: in the first place, Hyperion and Thia. It will be remarked that here Hesiod makes Ἥλιος a son of Hyperion; whereas in Homer (Il. viii. 408; Odyss. i. 8, xii. 133, &c.) Hyperion is the epithet of Ἥλιος: and elsewhere the names are used of the same god. The Sun was doubtless worshipped by the Greeks as Hyperion: and Hesiod seems to have first distinguished the two as father and son, when constructing his Theogony. Pindar calls Thia the origin of light and brightness, Isthm. v. 1. Catullus, lxiv. 44, mentions Sol as the son of Thia:

> Ille quoque eversus mons est, quem maximum in oris
> Progenies Thiæ clara supervehitur.

[2] Eurybia is fitly in the Theogony connected with Crius, a god of supreme power in the earliest times of Greece. (Cf. 134.) Astræus, as the name imports, and as we find by ver. 381-2, is the father of Hesperus and the stars (Astra), as well as of the winds which rise in the morning. Pallas seems to be derived from πάλλω, vibro, (according to V. Lennep,) and to be connected with Neptune (ἐννοσιγαῖος). Perses, the father of Hecate, cf. 409, seems derived from πέρω, or πείρω, and to indicate the far-darting god (Ἕκατος).

[3] — Argestes.] V. Lennep considers this an epithet of Zephyr, the sky-clearer: "quòd discussis nubibus cœlum reddit candidum." Eurus is not mentioned here, as those enumerated belong to the steady winds called εὔθειες, in contradistinction to those called μαψαῦραι, cf. 872.

[4] τά τ' Οὐρανὸς ἐστεφάνωται, is equivalent to καθ' ἃ οὐφανὸς ἐστεφάνωται. Compare Il. xviii. 485.

[5] Elton renders this, "whose feet are beautiful in palaces," poetically but incorrectly. The construction is ἔτεκ' ἐν μεγάροισι. Compare above, 240. *V. Lennep.*

she gave birth to Strength and Force, illustrious children, whose mansion is not apart from Jove, nor is there any seat, or *any* way, where the god does not go before them; but ever sit they beside deep-thundering Jupiter. For thus counselled Styx, imperishable Ocean-nymph, what time the Olympian Lightener summoned all the immortal gods to broad Olympus, and said that whoso of the gods would fight with him against the Titans, none *of them* would he rob of his rewards,[1] but each should have the honour, to wit, that which *he had* aforetime among the immortal gods. And he said that him, who was unhonoured or ungifted by Cronus, he would stablish in honour, and rewards, according to justice. Then first I wot came imperishable Styx to Olympus along with her children through the counsels of her sire. And Jove honoured her, and gave her exceeding gifts.

For her he ordained to be the great Oath-witness[2] of the gods, and her children to be dwellers-with-her[3] all their days. And even in such wise as he promised, he performed to *them* all for ever: for he hath power and reigns mightily.

And next Phœbe came to the much-beloved couch of Cœus:[4] then in truth having conceived, a goddess by love of a god, she bare dark-robed Latona,[5] ever mild, gentle to mortals and

[1] ἀποῤῥαίειν is used in Od. i. 404, xvi. 428, with an accusative of person, and of the thing in the sense of "privare aliquem aliquâ re." The simple verb ῥαίω signifies "to break," whence ῥαιστὴρ, a hammer; hence ἀποῤῥαίω, revello aliquem ab aliquâ re. *Van Lennep.*

[2] ὅρκον signifies here the thing which restrains, bears witness, and in cases of perjury punishes. Cf. Hom. Il. ii. 755; Hesiod, Theog. 784. It is personified as the Oath-witness, avenger of perjury. See Butmann, Lexil. p. 434 (Fishlake). Compare here Pindar, Ol. vii. 119, 120 (Huntingford).

[3] μεταναιέτης, "cohabitator," not "wanderer," as the sense shows.

[4] The progeny of Cœus by Phœbe, Latona and Asteria, follows. Phœbe and Asteria are unmentioned in Homer. Latona and Hecate appear only in the Hymns to Apollo, 62; Cer. 24. According to Hesiod, Phœbe is the grandmother, not sister, of Phœbus. Cœus, Latona, and Asteria seem to have been long worshipped in the isles of the Ægean. Callim. H. in Ap. 62, in Del. 150; Ov. Met. vi. 366 (where Latona is called filia Cœi); Pausan. iv. 33, § 6. The Latin poets always use Phœbe as the same with Luna.

[5] Leto, or Latona, seems to have been the same as Night; under which supposition the epithets κυανόπεπλον, ἤπιον, μείλιχον, are pertinent. Compare the name of Night, εὐφρόνη. *V. Lennep.*

immortal gods, mild from the beginning, most kindly within Olympus. And she bare renowned Asteria, whom erst Perses led to an ample palace to be called his bride.[1] And she, becoming pregnant, brought forth Hecate,[2] whom Jove, the son of Cronus, honoured beyond all: and provided for her splendid gifts, *to wit*, to hold a share of earth and of barren sea. But she has obtained honour also from starry Heaven, and has been honoured chiefly by immortal gods. For even now when anywhere some one of men upon-the-earth duly propitiates *them* by doing worthy sacrifice, he calls on Hecate: and abundant honour very speedily attends him, whose vows the goddess shall receive, that is to say, graciously, yea, and to him she presents wealth, for she has the power. For as many as were born of Earth and Heaven, and received a share of honour, of all these she has the lot, neither did the son of Cronus force any *portion* from her, nor did he take away as many *honours* as she had obtained by lot, among the elder gods, the Titans, but she hath *them*, as at the first the distribution was from the beginning. Nor, because *she* is sole-begotten,[3] has the goddess obtained less of honour, and her prerogative on earth, and in heaven, and sea, but even still much more, seeing that Jove honours her. And to whom she wills,[4] she is greatly present,

[1] κέκλησθαι (ὥστε) ut vocaretur conjux: i. e. ut ejus conjux esset. For κέκλησθαι so used, see Hom. Il. iii. 138; iv. 61; Od. vii. 313.

[2] Heyne and other commentators consider the Hymn to Hecate (411—452) to be the work of a later writer, perhaps Onomacritus, first, because she is twice called μουνογενής, (426, 448,) a word from Orphic poems and mysteries; secondly, because Hesiod is not wont to be so prolix in paying honour to any particular deity; thirdly, because such words and phrases as παραγίγνεσθαι and οἳ γλαυκὴν ἐργάζονται are not Hesiodean. Goettling sees the hand of two different poets in the passage. Van Lennep dissents from these, and argues for the antiquity of the passage, from the contrast between the attributes of Hecate here, and those ascribed to her by later writers.

[3] Sole-begotten.] She does not receive less but more honour, because she has no brothers to protect her. Compare Works and Days, 376—380. Pallas, Proserpine, and Mercury are all in Hesiod called "sole-begotten."

[4] Van Lennep suggests that because Hecate, or Luna, was deemed favourable to many pursuits and arts of men, and the night the best time for following these, she is here made the goddess of those who labour and follow various pursuits and the arts generally, though in the day-time. There is no mention here of "magic arts," of which in later poets she is special patroness.

and benefits *him*, and he is distinguished, whom she may will, in the forum among the people; and when men arm for mortal-destroying war, then the goddess draws nigh to whom she will, kindly to proffer victory and to extend renown *to them:* and in judgment she sits beside august kings: and propitiously[1] again, when men contend in the games, there the goddess stands near these also, and helps them.

And when he has conquered by strength and might, *a man* carries with ease a noble prize,[2] and rejoicingly presents glory to his parents. Propitious is she also to be present with horsemen, whom she will; and to them who ply the rough silvery *main*;[3] and they pray to Hecate and the loud-sounding Earth-shaker. Easily too the glorious goddess presents an ample spoil, and easily is she wont to withdraw it when it is shown, that is, if she is *so* disposed in her mind. And (propitious along with Mercury to increase the flock[4] in the folds) the herds of cattle, and the droves, and broad herds of goats, and flocks of fleecy sheep, if she choose in her heart, she makes great from small, and is wont to make less from being many. Thus, in truth, though being sole-begotten from her mother, she has been honoured with rewards amidst all the immortals. And the son of Cronus made her the nursing-mother-of-children,[5] who after her have beheld with their eyes

[1] ἐσθλὴ, Goettling says, is not Hesiodean. But comp. Op. et Dies, 812. So Virg. Eclog. v. 1, Cur non, Mopse boni quoniam consedimus ambo.

[2] ῥεῖα φέρει. φέρει must either be taken for φέρεται, as elsewhere, "carries off," or mean "facile fert," "easily carries, heavy though it be, the tripod," (ἆεθλον,) which he has gained as victor, joy making his burden light.

[3] γλαυκὴν. This word (here used simply) is only once in Hom. used, (Il. xvi. 34,) and then as an epithet. δυσπέμφελον, Il. xvi. 748, of the sea into which a diver leaps. Hesiod, Op. et D. 618—(derived from πέμπω, or perhaps πέμφιξ, "a bubble," L. and S.) γλαυκὴν ἐργάζεσθαι, as γῆν ἐργάζεσθαι (Op. et D. 623). So Virg. Æn. ii. 780, Maris æquor arandum.

[4] Luna, or Hecate, gave increase to the flocks: the same office is ascribed to Mercury in Hom. H. in Merc. 567. λῆΐδα, elsewhere a spoil of cattle, Il. i. 154, is here the "increase of the flock" simply. So λῃΐζεσθαι, in Op. et D., is simply "to gain or get." Cf. O. et D. 702. βουκολίας, so used Hom. H. in Merc. 489; Apollon. Rhod. i. 627.

[5] Construe κουροτρόφον ἐκείνων, οἳ μετ' ἐκείνην ἴδοντο φάος Ἠοῦς. Confirming the former privileges of Hecate, Jove added to her this office of κουροτρόφος for the future.

the light of far-seeing Morn. Thus *is she* from the beginning nursing-mother, and such *are* her honours.

[1] Rhea too, embraced by Cronus, bare renowned children, Vesta, Demeter, and Herè of-the-golden-sandals, and mighty Hades, who inhabits halls beneath the earth, having a ruthless heart; and loud-resounding Neptune, and counselling Jupiter, father of gods as well as men, by whose thunder also the broad earth quakes.[2] And them indeed did huge Cronus devour,[3] namely, every one who came to the mother's knees from her holy womb, with this intent, that none other of the illustrious heaven-born might hold royal honour among the immortals. For he had heard from Earth and starry Heaven that it was fated for him, strong though he was, to be subdued by his own child,[4] through the counsels of mighty Jove: wherefore he did not keep a careless watch, but lying in wait *for them*, kept devouring his own sons; whilst a grief not-to-be-forgotten possessed Rhea. But when at length she was about to bear Jove, the sire of gods as well as men, then *it was* that she essayed to supplicate her parents dear, Earth and starry Heaven, to contrive a plan how she might without observation bring forth her son, and take vengeance on the furies of their sire, against his children,[5] whom great and wily Cronus devoured.

But they duly heard and complied with their dear daughter,

[1] In what follows, Vesta, Demeter, and Juno, in addition to Neptune, Pluto, and Jupiter, are called the children of Cronus and Rhea. Vesta is mentioned in the Hymn to Venus, (Hom.) 22, as eldest-born of Cronus. She is nowhere spoken of in the Iliad or Odyssey, where we frequently find the name, but not parentage, of Demeter. See more about Vesta in Donaldson's Varronianus, pp. 48, 49. Herè, or Juno, is in Homer *θυγατὴρ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο*—the eldest-born, Il. iv. 60. This honour is given to Jove in Il. xv. 182, 204, but in Hesiod he is made *youngest*.

[2] *πελεμίζεται*, (Il. xvi. 612,) from *πάλλω*. *L.* and *S.*

[3] *κατέπινε*, properly used of drinking, is here applied to swallowing generally. *ὅστις ἕκαστος—ἵκοιτο*, "ut quisque nasceretur."

[4] Æschylus, in his Prometheus, 793, introduces Prometheus foretelling a like fate to Jove.

[5] *πατρὸς ἐριννῦς πάιδων*, furias patris contra filios. *ἐριννῦς* seems to imply the blood-guiltiness of Cronus. Goettling and others understand *ἕνεκα* before *πάιδων*. It appears to be a case of two genitives, one of which depends more closely than the other on the noun *ἐριννῦς*, "the father's-furies against his sons." *πάιδων* is the objective genitive

and explained to her as much as it had been fated should come to pass concerning king Cronus, and his strong-hearted son. And they sent her to Lyctus,[1] to the fertile tract of Crete, when I wot she was about to bear the youngest of her sons, mighty Jove: whom indeed vast Earth received from her to rear and nurture in broad Crete. Thereupon indeed came she, bearing him through the swift dark night, to Lyctus first, and took him in her hands[2] and hid him in a deep[3] cave, 'neath the recesses of the divine earth, in the dense and wooded Ægean mount. But to the great prince,[4] the son of Heaven, former sovereign of the gods, she gave a huge stone, having wrapped it in swathes: which he then took in his hands, and stowed away into his belly, wretch as he was, nor did he consider in his mind that against him for the future his own invincible and untroubled[5] son was left instead of a stone, who was shortly about to subdue him by strength of hand, and to drive him from his honours, and himself to reign among the immortals.

Quickly then, I ween, throve the spirit[6] and beauteous

[1] Lyctus, or Lyttus, was the most ancient city in Crete, and was about 100 stadia from Gortyna, (Polyb. iv. 54; Strabo, x. 4, p. 372, Tauch.,) cf. Hom. Il. ii. 647, xvii. 611. It was built on an eminence, and we may perhaps infer, from Mount Ægæus being only mentioned in this place, that it was near Lyctus. It may have been the same as the mountain called Dicte, and mentioned in Callimach. H. in Jov. 4; Virg. Georg. iv. 152, Dictæo cœli regem pavere sub antro. According to the Scholiast, *Αἰγεῖον ὄρος* is connected with the fable of the goat, (*αἴξ, αἰγός,*) said to have suckled Jove. Goettling pronounces it Mount Ida, called *Αἰγεῖον* from the goat Amalthea.

[2] *φέρουσα.* Goettling considers this to be equivalent to *ἐν γαστρὶ φέρουσα*, but gives no example of the word used in such sense.

[3] *ἠλιβάτῳ.* Cf. 675, and Butmann's Lexilogus, p. 329, who derives it from *ἁλιτεῖν* and *βαίνω* for *ἁλιτόβατος*, expressive of the facility of making a false step in ascending a precipitous height, or descending a steep declivity. Compare Eurip. Hippolyt. 732, where the Scholiast explains *ἠλιβάτοις, βαθυτάτοις.*

[4] *μέγ' ἄνακτι*, adv. for adject. with substantive. So *μὰψ αὐραι*, 872, and *ὁ πάνυ Σωκράτης.* See Goettling in note on the passage.

[5] *ἀκηδὴς*, "securus." Free from cares as the gods were supposed to be. Il. xxiv. 526. So Virg. Æn. iv. 379, Ea cura quietos Sollicitat.

[6] For the quick growth of the gods see Hymn. Hom. in Merc. 17; Callim. in Jov. 55 Apollodorus details Jove's onslaught on Cronus with the aid of Metis, a daughter of Ocean, who administered

limbs of the king, and, as years came round, having been beguiled by the wise counsels of Earth, huge Cronus, wily counsellor, let loose again his offspring, having been conquered by the arts and strength of his son. And first he disgorged the stone, since he swallowed it last.[1] This stone Jove fixed down upon the earth with-its-broad-ways, in divine Pytho, beneath the clefts of Parnassus, to be a monument thereafter, a marvel to mortal men. Then he loosed from destructive bonds his father's brethren, the sons of Heaven, whom his sire had bound in his folly.[2] Who showed gratitude to him for his kindnesses, and gave him the thunder, and the smoking bolt, and lightning; but aforetime huge Earth had hidden them: trusting on these, he rules over mortals and immortals.

Iapetus, moreover, wedded the damsel Clymene,[3] a fair-ankled Oceanid, and ascended into a common bed. And she bare him Atlas, a stout-hearted son, and brought forth exceeding-famous Menætius, and artful Prometheus,[4] full of various wiles, and Epimetheus of-erring-mind, who was from the first an evil to gain-seeking men: for he first, I wot, received from Jove the clay-formed woman, a virgin. But the insolent Menætius wide-seeing Jove thrust down to Erebus, having stricken him with flaming lightning, on account of his arrogance, and overweening strength.

an emetic to Cronus, and so brought back to light first the stone, and then the brethren of Jove.

[1] Goettling interprets the myth of Cronus vomiting the sons he had devoured, to imply that the realms of the sea, and of the shades, &c., had been under the old regime content with the same sovereign who held the heaven; but that when these were assigned by Jove to separate gods, Cronus gave forth those whom he had confined in his own bowels. Hence arose new divine laws, to be promulgated by the Delphic oracle, which Pausan., x. 24, shows to have been connected with the stone, said to have been thrown up by Cronus, and honoured at festivals by the Delphians.

[2] Cf. 157. *ἀεσιφροσύνῃσιν*, Odyss. xv. 470, from *ἀεσίφρων*, properly *ἀασίφρων* from *ἀᾶσαι*. See Butmann's Lexil. p. 7.

[3] The same story of Prometheus and Pandora is found in the Op. et D. 42—105. According to Apollodorus and Lycophron, Asia was the wife of Iapetus; according to Æschylus, Themis. Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, makes Clymene the wife of the Sun.

[4] According to Goettling, in this myth Atlas is endurance, Prometheus providence, Epimetheus blindness, and Menætius (*μένει. οἶτος*) mortality arising from excess of boldness, personified. Of

But Atlas[1] upholds broad Heaven by strong necessity, before the clear-voiced Hesperides, standing on earth's verge, with head and unwearied hands. For this lot counselling Jove apportioned to him. And wily-minded Prometheus he bound in indissoluble bonds, with painful chains, having thrust them through the middle of a column.[2] And he urged against him an eagle with-wings-outspread: but it kept feeding on his immortal liver, whilst it would increase to a like size all-round by night, to what the eagle with-wings-outspread had eaten during the whole day *before*. This bird indeed, I wot, Hercules, valiant son of fair-ankled Alcmene, slew, and repelled from the son of Iapetus[3] the baneful pest, and released him from his anxieties, not against the wishes of high-reigning Olympian Jove, that so the renown of Thebes-sprung Hercules might be yet more than aforetime over the many-feeding earth. Thus, I ween, he honours his very famous son,[4] through veneration *for him:* and though incensed, ceased from the wrath which he was before cherishing, because he strove in plans against the almighty son of Cronus. For when gods

Menætius no author but Apollodorus gives any account, and perhaps he gathered his knowledge only from this passage.

[1] According to Hesiod, Atlas is a doomed Titan bearing up the vault of heaven, as a punishment. Homer too (Odyss. i. 52) seems to have the idea of a giant, not a mountain, in view. Later writers confounded him with the mountain so called, cf. Virg. Æn. iv. 246—251. Van Lennep suggests that the mountain got its name either from a naval expedition of early date from Greece, the leader of which was called Atlas; or from Atlas the Titan, whom tradition connects with the growth of nautical science.—*ἑσπερίδων λιγυφώνων*, cf. supra, 275.

[2] *μέσον διὰ κίον'* Hermann explains to mean "ita ut mediæ columnæ vincula infixa essent." Æschylus, Prom. V. 65, describes Prometheus as fastened to a rock, *διατόροις πέδαις*. The scene of his suffering was, according to Æschylus, Scythia; according to Cicero, Tusc. Q. II. 10, Caucasus. *διὰ—ελάσσας* is of course an example of Tmesis.

[3] *Ἰαπετιονίδης*, a double patronymic. *Ἰάπετος, ίων, ιονίδης*. Compare Ovid. Met. i. 81, 82,

> Quam satus Iapeto mistam fluvialibus undis
> Finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta Deorum.

And see Virg. Ecl. vi. 42, and Blackie's Essay on the Prom. Vinctus, Classical Museum, vol. v. p. 1—40.

[4] *ταῦτα* is to be taken with *τιμᾶ*. *ἀξόμενος* is translated by Van Lennep, "Pietate in illum ductus." Cf. Hom. Il. i. 21; Odyss. ix. 200, where the word is similarly used.

and mortal men were contending at Mecone,[1] then did he set before him a huge ox, having divided it with ready mind, studying to deceive[2] the wisdom of Jove. For here, on the one hand,[3] he deposited the flesh and entrails with rich fat on the hide, having covered it with the belly of the ox;[4] and there, on the other hand, he laid down, having well disposed them with subtle art, the white bones of the ox, covering them with white fat. Then it was that the sire of gods and men addressed him, "Son of Iapetus, far-famed among all kings, how unfairly, good friend, you have divided the portions." Thus spake rebukingly Jupiter, skilled in imperishable counsels. And him in his turn wily Prometheus addressed, laughing low, but he was not forgetful of subtle art: "Most glorious Jove, greatest of ever-living gods, choose which of these your inclination within your breast bids you." He spake, I ween, in subtlety: but Jove knowing imperishable counsels was aware, in sooth,[5] and not ignorant of his guile; and was boding in his heart evils to mortal men, which also were about to find accomplishment. Then with both hands lifted he up the white fat. But he was incensed in mind, and wrath came around him in spirit, when he saw the white bones of the ox arranged with guileful art. And

[1] Mecone.] Such, according to Strabo, viii. c. vi. p. 217, Tauch., was the ancient name of Sicyon, a city which, according to Pausanias, (ii. 5 and 7,) was of old famous for its worship of the gods. Fitly, therefore, is this matter, touching sacrifices and observances to be paid to the gods, referred to Mecone or Sicyon. Prometheus seems to have been chosen arbitrator of the portions of sacrifices each god should receive, and that Jove should have allowed this agrees with Æschylus, Prom. V. 199, who makes Prometheus favour in the first instance the younger ruler of Olympus and not the Titans. *V. Lennep.* Compare Æschylus, Prom. V. 207, seq., and the boast he there makes of his teaching mortals in religious matters.

[2] ἐξαπαφίσκων, fallere studens. *V. Lennep.* Guyetus preferred to read ἐξαπαφήσων.

[3] τῷ μὲν—τῷ δε, hic—illic.

[4] γαστρὶ βοείῃ, the refuse, according to Hom. Odyss. xviii. 44, commonly given to beggars. In that passage the suitors are represented setting the beggars to fight for it.

[5] γνῶ ῥ' οὐδ' ἠγνοίησε, compare ver. 157; Op. et D. 637; Hom. Il. x. 113; Od. xxii. 473; Œdipus Tyrannus, Sophoc. 514; Œd. C. 397 Ajax, 289. Perhaps here more than a mere tautology is expressed. He knew, and did not, as Prometheus had hoped, overlook the fraud.

thenceforth the tribes of men on the earth burn to the immortals white bones[1] on fragrant altars. Then cloud-compelling Jove addressed him, greatly displeased: "Son of Iapetus, skilled in wise plans beyond all, you do not, good sir, I wot, yet forget subtle art." Thus spake in his wrath Jove knowing imperishable counsels: from that time forward in truth, ever mindful of the fraud, he did not give the strength of untiring fire to wretched mortal men, who dwell upon the earth.

But the good son of Iapetus cheated him,[2] and stole the far-seen splendour of untiring fire in a hollow fennel-stalk; but it stung high-thundering Jove to his heart's core, and incensed his spirit, when he saw the radiance of fire conspicuous among men. Forthwith then wrought he evil for men in requital for the fire *bestowed*. For from the earth the famous Vulcan, halting in both feet, fashioned[3] the image of a modest maiden, through the counsels of the son of Cronus. And the goddess glancing-eyed Minerva girded and arrayed her in silver-white raiment; and from her head she held with her hands[4] a curiously embroidered veil, a marvel to look upon: and Pallas Athene placed around her about her head lovely garlands fresh-budding with meadow-flowers, and around her head she set a golden coronet,[5] which renowned *Vulcan* lame

[1] Heyne suspects these lines because he finds no instance of bones of victims burnt in sacrifice on altars. But Menander and other poets quoted by Clemens Alexandr. mention this custom, and the grammarians explain *μηρία, τὰ μηριαῖα ὀστᾶ*.

[2] Compare Op. et D. 50—52, whence it appears that Prometheus stole the fire from Jove. See also Horat. I. Od. iii. 29, Post ignem ætherea domo Subductum. Æsch. Prometheus V. 109, seq., *ναρθηκοπληρωτὸν δε θηρῶμαι πυρὸς Πήγην κλοπαίαν, ἥ διδάσκαλος τέχνης Πάσης βρότοις πέφηνε καὶ μέγας πόρος*.

[3] *γαίης γὰρ σύμπλασσε*: supply *ἐκ* before *γαίης* in sense, comparing Op. et D. ver. 70, where the preposition is expressed.

[4] Rightly, explains Goettling, is *χείρεσσι κατέσχεθε* used. For Pandora would hold in her own hands the lappets or fringes of the veil given her by Minerva, as we find in the illustrations of ancient art which have come down to us. Minerva, according to Hesiod, Op. et D. (64, 72, 76,) gave Pandora other gifts, as did Venus, Mercury, the Graces, the Hours, and Persuasion. See the passage.

[5] *στεφάνους, στεφάνην*, garlands of flowers, and a golden diadem. V. Lennep points out this distinction between *στεφάνος* and *στεφάνη*, by a comparison of Hom. Il. vii. 12; x. 30; xi. 96, where *στεφάνη* is an ornament of brass or gold.

with both feet had made himself, having wrought it carefully by hand, out of compliment to Jove his sire. On it had been wrought many curious monsters, a marvel to view, as many as in great abundance the continent and the sea maintain. Many of these he introduced, (and much elegance beamed from it,) *of* wondrous *beauty*, like to living animals gifted with sounds.

But when he had wrought a beauteous evil[1] instead of good, he led her forth even where were the rest of gods and men, exulting *as she was* in the adornment of the gleaming-eyed daughter-of-a-strong-father: and wonder seized immortal gods as well as mortal men, when they beheld a deep snare, against which man's arts are vain. Now from her is the race of tender women.[2] For from her is a pernicious race, and tribes of women, a great *source of* hurt, dwell along with mortal men,[3] helpmates not of consuming poverty, but of surfeit. And as when in close-roofed hives bees feed drones, sharers in bad works,[4] the former through the whole day till sunset are busy day by day, and make white combs, whilst the latter, remaining within in the close-roofed hives, reap the labours of others for their own maws.

[1] The evil was Pandora; the good, fire. Hermann understands τεῦξεν of Vulcan. But it refers to Jupiter, as it did in line 570. The scene of this was Mecone, at the congress of gods and men.

[2] θηλυτεράων. There had been Θεαὶ θηλύτεραι before, (Odyss. viii. 324,) as well as Nymphs, but Pandora was the first woman, according to Hesiod.

[3] Theognis, 526, ἡ πενίη δὲ κακῷ σύμφορος ἀνδρὶ φέρειν, and 153, τίκτει τοι κόρος ὕβριν. *Goettling.* Compare Op. et D. 302, 782. This character of women given by an ancient poet of generally fair sentiments and judgment, supported as it is by repeated concurrent testimony of later poets of Greece, argues very ill of the training of Greek maidens in early times, and the effects which resulted therefrom. Milton has imitated this description of the infelicities produced by womankind in a prophetic complaint, which comes with beautiful propriety from the lips of Adam.

> "Thus it shall befall
> Him who, to worth in woman over-trusting,
> Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook:
> And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
> She first his weak indulgence will accuse."
> (Paradise Lost, b. ix. ad fin.)

See Elton's Translation of Hesiod, p. 284.

[4] ξυνήονας, from ξύνειμι, ξυνέων, Ion. ξυνήων, Dor. ξυνάων. Pindar, Pyth. iii. 84, ἑλκέων ξυνάονες, vulnerum pleni.

Just so to mortal men high-thundering Jove gave women as an evil, helpmates of painful toils: another evil too did he provide instead of good; *to wit*, whosoever shunning marriage and the ills that women work, declines to marry, and has come to old age pernicious,[1] through want of one to tend his latter days; he lives not, it is true, in lack of subsistence, but, when he is dead, distant kindred divide his possessions: whilst to whomsoever, on the other hand, the lot of marriage shall have fallen, and he has had a good wife congenial to his heart, to him then for ever ill contends with good[2] to be *with him:* but whoso finds a baneful breed, lives with an incessant[3] care to spirit and heart within his breast, and is an irremediable woe.

Thus it is not possible to deceive or overreach[4] the mind of Jove, for neither did Prometheus, guileless son of Iapetus, escape from beneath his severe wrath; but a great chain, by necessity, constrains him, very knowing though he is.

But when first their sire[5] became wroth in spirit against Briareus, Cottus, and Gyes, he bound them with a strong bond, admiring their overweening courage, and also their form

[1] *χήτει γηροκόμοιο.* Græv., Caret quæ senectutem foveat. But *χήτει* is the dat. of *χήτος*, and is explained *ἐνδεία*. *γηροκόμοιο* refers not to a wife, but a son born of her. *χήτει* seems to depend on *ὄλοὸν* as the dative of the cause. Cf. Il. vi. 463; xix. 324; Od. xvi. 35.

[2] *ἀντιφερίζει (ὥστε) ἔμμεναι.* "Malum perpetuo certat cum bono, ut sit unà." Ill strives with good, for existence.

[3] *ἀλίαστον*, incessant, from *α* and *λιάζω*, (Butm. Lexil. p. 406, 407,) which Butmann shows to be akin to *κλίνω*, as *κνέφας* is to *νέφος*, and *χλιαρός* to *λιαρός*.

[4] *κλέψαι, παρελθεῖν.* Cf. Il. i. 132; xiv. 217; Od. xiii. 291. The use of the epithet *ἀκάκητα*, (Ep. for *ἀκακήτης*,) in connexion with Prometheus, on account of his philanthropy, (as also in Hom. Il. xvi. 185; Od. xxiv. 10, with Mercury for the same cause,) leads Van Lennep to observe that Mercury succeeded to Prometheus in the Greek religion. There was a mountain in Arcadia called Ακακήσιος, from the epithet, and worship of Mercury there. Pausan. viii. 3, and 36, § 6. See also the Scholiast at Odyss. xxiv. 10, who shows that epithet to have been considered as peculiar to Hermes.

[5] Their sire.] i. e. Heaven, or *Οὐρανός*, cf. 155. We shall see, in 626, that they were freed by Jupiter from these bonds, to aid him against the Titans, by the advice of Earth. The forms Ὀβριαρευς and Βριάρεως are of earlier date than Βριαρῆος, which is used in Callim. Del. 143.

and bulk; and he made them dwell beneath the roomy earth: then they in sooth in grief dwelling 'neath the earth,[1] sate at the verge, on the extremities of vast Earth, very long, afflicted, having a great woe at heart; but them the son of Cronus, and other immortal gods, whom fair-haired Rhea bare in the embrace of Cronus, by the counsels of Earth brought up again to light: for she recounted to them at large everything, *how* that they should along with those (Titans) gain victory and splendid glory. Long time then they fought, incurring soul-vexing toil, the Titan gods and as many as were born from Cronus, in opposition to each other in stout conflicts; the one side,[2] the glorious Titans from lofty Othrys, and the other, I wot, the gods, givers of good things, whom Rhea the fair-haired had borne to Cronus, in union with him, from Olympus. They then, I ween, in soul-distressing battle, one *party* with the other, were fighting continuously more than ten years.[3] Nor was there any riddance or end of severe contention to either party, and the completion[4] of the war was extended equally *to either*. But when at length *Jove* set before them[5] all things agreeable, to wit, nectar and ambrosia, on which the gods themselves feed, a noble spirit grew in the breasts of all. And when they had tasted the nectar and delightful ambrosia, then at length the sire of gods and men addressed them: "Hear me, illustrious children of Earth and Heaven, that I may speak what my spirit within my breast prompts me *to speak*. For now a very long space[6] are we fighting, each in opposition to other, concerning victory

[1] 'Neath the earth.] i. e. in Erebus. See below, 669.

[2] Here we have the battle-field. The sons of Cronus occupy Olympus, the Titans, Othrys: between which on the south, and Olympus on the north, lay Thessaly and its wide plains, not unmarked to after ages by tokens of a gigantic contest, in the rocks rent and the traces of earthquakes that are visible throughout it. *V. Lennep.*

[3] *δέκα πλείους ἐνιαυτούς.* i. e. *Πλείους ἢ δέκα ἐνιαυτούς.* See Matt. Gr. Gr. § 455, 4. So "amplius" is used without "quam" in Latin, Amplius sunt sex menses.

[4] Compare here, as Wolf suggests, Il. xv. 413; xii. 436, *ἐπὶ ἴσα μάχη τέτατο πτόλεμός τε.*

[5] Goettling suggests, for *παρέσχεθεν, παρέσχεθον*, referring it to the gods mentioned in 640 and 626.

[6] A very long space.] i. e. *δέκα πλείους ἐνιαυτούς*, 636. As also *ἤματα πάντα* stands here for *συνεχέως* in that passage.

and power, all our days, the Titan gods and as many of us as are sprung from Cronus. Now do ye show against the Titans in deadly fight both mighty force and hands invincible, in gratitude for our mild loving-kindness, namely, after how many sufferings ye came back again to the light, from afflictive bondage, through our counsels,[1] from the murky gloom." Thus he spake; and him again the blameless Cottus addressed in answer: "Excellent Lord, thou dost not tell things unlearnt by us: but we too are aware that thy wisdom is excellent, and excellent thine intellect, and *that* thou hast been to the immortals an averter of terrible destruction.[2] And back again, from harsh bonds, have we come from the murky darkness, through thy thoughtful care, O royal son of Cronus, having experienced treatment unhoped-for.[2] Wherefore also now with stedfast purpose and prudent counsel we will protect thy might in dread conflict, fighting with the Titans in stout battles." Thus spake he: and the gods, givers of good, applauded, when they had heard his speech: and their spirit was eager for battle still more than before, and they stirred up unhappy[3] strife all of them, female as well as male, on that day, both Titan gods, and as many as had sprung from Cronus, and they whom Jove sent up to light from Erebus,[4] beneath the earth, terrible and strong, having overweening force. From the shoulders of these a hundred hands outsprung to all alike, and to each fifty heads grew from their shoulders over their sturdy limbs. They then were pitted[5] against the

[1] Through our counsels.] Wolf considered this line spurious. But *ἡμετέρας διὰ βουλὰς* was necessary to show by whose loving-kindness the Centimani were released from their bondage beneath the earth. *V. Lennep.*

[2] *ἀρῆς.—κρυεροῖο.* Some would read *Ἀρεῦς* or *Ἄρεος* here, but *ἀρῆς* is used similarly, Hom. Il. xviii. 10, *ἀρῆς αλκτῆρα γενέσθαι.* As to the objection to a masc. adjective with *ἀρῆς*, we have below, in ver. 696, *θερμὸς ἀϋτμή.* So also *θῆλυς ἔέρση.*

[3] Unhappy.] *ἀμέγαρτον*, unenvied, not an object of envy; from *ἀ* and *μεγαίρω*, always joined with unfortunate or mournful objects. Il. ii. 420; Odyss. xi. 400; Hecub. Eurip. 191. See Butmann, Lexilog. pp. 410-11, *μεγαίρω. ἀμέγαρτος.* Heyne conjectures that line 664, and those following, are a fragment from an old Titanomachia.

[4] *Ἐρέβεσφιν.* Some read here the Ion. genitive *Ἐρέβευσφι.* But Butmann prefers *Ἐρέβεσφι.*

[5] *κατέσταθεν.* Stetere Titanibus oppositi. Eurip. Herc. Fur. 1165, *ὡς πόλεμον ὑμῖν καὶ μάχην καθίσταται*

Titans in deadly combat, holding huge[1] rocks in their sturdy hands. But the Titans on the other side made strong their squadrons with alacrity, and both parties were showing work of hand and force at the same time, and the boundless sea re-echoed terribly, and earth resounded loudly, and broad heaven groaned, being shaken, and vast Olympus was convulsed from its base under the violence of the immortals,[2] and a severe quaking came to murky Tartarus,[3] namely, a hollow sound of countless chase of feet, and of strong battle-strokes: to such an extent, I ween, did they hurl groan-causing weapons. And the voice of both parties reached to starry heaven, as they cheered: for they came together with a great war-cry.

Nor longer, in truth, did Jove restrain his fury, but ther. forthwith his heart was filled with fierceness, and he begar. also to exhibit[4] all his force: then, I wot, from heaven anc from Olympus together he went forth lightening continually : and the bolts close together with thunder and lightning flew[5]

[1] ἡλιβάτους. Huge. Cf. Hesiod, Theog. 786; Sc. 422; Hom. Od. ix. 243; x. 88. See Butmann, Lexil. pp. 331—333.

[2] ῥιπῇ ὕπ' ἀθανάτων. Ab impetu deorum. So ἀνέμων ῥιπαῖ, violence of the winds. ἔνοσις δὲ βαρεῖα — ποδῶν τ' αἰπεῖα, κ. τ. λ. τε is here apparently epexegetic of ἔνοσις, a severe quaking, to wit, a hollow sound.

[3] This fine description of the nether world, being shaken by the conflict above it, is imitated by Virg. Æn. viii. 243—246,

> Haud secus ac si quâ penitus vi terra dehiscens
> Infernas reseret sedes, et regna recludat
> Pallida, Dis invisa, superque immane barathrum
> Cernatur, trepidentque immisso lumine Manes.

Ovid, Met. v. 356—358,

> Inde tremit tellus, et rex pavet ipse silentûm
> Ne pateat, latoque solum retegatur hiatu,
> Immissusque dies trepidantes terreat umbras.

Compare also Lucan, vi. 743, Immittam ruptis Titana cavernis, Et subito ferière die. Cf. Milt. Par. Lost, vi. 867, &c.

[4] And he began also.] Compare Milton, Par. Lost, vi. 853—855,

> "Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
> His thunder in mid volley, for he meant
> Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven."

It is to be observed how low the heathen conception of Divinity is, compared with the Christian. The Messiah has a superabundance, Jupiter scarce a sufficiency, of might. See Robinson.

[5] ἴκταρ is from ἵκω. εὖ ποτέοντο, flew in such wise as not to miss their mark. εἰλυφόωντες is the same as εἰλυφάζω. Scut. 275.

duly from his sturdy hand, whirling a sacred flash, in frequent[1] succession, while all-around life-giving Earth was crashing in conflagration, and the immense forests on all sides crackled loudly with fire. All land was boiling, and Ocean's streams, and the barren sea: warm vapour was circling the earth-born Titans, and the incessant blaze reached the divine dense-atmosphere,[2] whilst flashing radiance of thunderbolt and lightning was bereaving their eyes of sight, strong *heroes* though they were. Fearful heat likewise possessed Chaos:[3] and it seemed, to look at, face to face, with the eye, and to hear the sound with the ear, just as if earth and broad heaven from above were threatening to meet: (for such an exceeding crash would have arisen from earth falling in ruins, and heaven dashing it down from above.) Such a din there rose when the gods clashed in strife. The winds too at the same time were stirring up quaking and dust together, thunder and lightning and smoking bolt, shafts of the mighty Jove; and they were bearing shout and battle-cry into the midst, one of another, then a terrible noise of dreadful strife was roused, strength of prowess was put forth, and the battle was inclined: but before *that time* assailing one another, they were fighting[4] incessantly in stern conflict. Now

[1] *ταρφέες*, (*ταρφύς*, *τρέφω*, to thicken,) frequentes. Il. xi. 387; Od. xxii. 246.

[2] The divine atmosphere.] i. e. the clouds and darkness of the storm. Cf. Il. v. 864; xvii. 644, where *ἀὴρ* is used in a like sense. Cf. Theog. 9, suprà.

[3] Χάος stands here for the wide void beneath the earth, betwixt it and the bottom of Tartarus. Cf. 724, 740, 814. Grævius, in his Lect. Hesiodeæ, says that Chaos is often used for the abode of the infernal gods, quoting Plutarch, and Ovid, Met. x., where Orpheus addresses Pluto and Proserpine:

Per ego hæc plena timoris,
Per Chaos hoc ingens, vastique silentia regni.

So also Statius uses Chaos, and also Aristoph. Av. 192-3:

διὰ τῆς πόλεως τῆς ἀλλοτρίας, καὶ τοῦ χάους
τῶν μηρίων τὴν κνίσσαν διαφορήσετε.

And an old interpreter on St. Luke, xvi. 26, explains *χάσμα μέγα*, (which divided Dives from Lazarus,) Chaos magnum. *εἴσατο δ' ἄντα—ὡς ὅτε.* Compare Od. v. 281, for a like construction; and for the imperf. *πίλνατο*, after *ὡς ὅτε*, see Odyss. xxi. 406, *ὡς ὅτ' ἀνὴρ—ἐτάνυσσε.* Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 508, b.

[4] *ἐμάχοντο—οἵ θεοί*, "that is to say:" as contradistinguished from *οἳ δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ πρώτοισι.*

the others, I wot, among the first *ranks* roused the keen fight, Cottus, Briareus, and Gyes insatiable in war, who truly were hurling from sturdy hands three hundred rocks close upon each other, and they had overshadowed the Titans with missiles, sent them 'neath the broad-wayed earth, and bound them in irksome bonds, (having conquered them with their hands, over-haughty though they were,) as far beneath under earth[1] as heaven is from the earth, for equal is the space from earth to murky Tartarus. For nine nights and days also would a brazen anvil *be* descending from the heaven, and come on the tenth to the earth: and nine days as well as nights again would a brazen anvil *be* descending from the earth, *to* reach on the tenth to Tartarus.[2] Around it moreover a brazen fence[3] has been forged: and about it Night is poured in three rows around the neck; but above spring the roots of Earth and barren Sea. There, under murky darkness, the Titan gods lie hidden[4] by the counsels of cloud-compelling Jupiter in a dark, drear place, *where are*[5] the extremities of vast Earth. These may not go forth, for Neptune has placed above them brazen gates, and a wall goes round them on both sides.[6] There dwell Gyes, and Cottus, and high-spirited Briareus, faithful

[1] Hom. (Il. viii. 16) says that Tartarus is τόσσον ἔνερθ' ἀΐδεω, ὅσσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης, a variation from Hesiod's account, as making a deeper space beneath the earth, unless Homer looked on Hades as a part of the earth. Homer, too, Il. i. 590—594, makes the distance from heaven to earth less than Hesiod does here (722). But the poets followed their fancy on these matters. See Virg. Æn. vi. 577,

Tum Tartarus ipse
Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras
Quantus ad ætherium cœli suspectus Olympum.

[2] Hesiod endeavours to give an exact account of the distances from heaven to earth, and from earth to Tartarus. Throw an anvil from heaven, and it will reach earth on the tenth day after. Just so, if thrown from earth through the void beneath, the same anvil will take as many more days to reach Tartarus.

[3] Compare Virgil, Æn. vi. 549—554; Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 643; both of whom also speak of this wall as threefold.

[4] So Virg. Æn. vi. 581,

Hic genus antiquum Terræ, Titania proles,
Fulmine dejecti fundo volvuntur in imo.

[5] Either we must read here Πέλωρ' εἰς ἔσχατα γαίης, or take ἔσχατα as referred to Τιτῆνες, and in apposition to it, as in Persæ Æsch. i. (Blomf.) This option is pointed out by Goettling.

[6] For the irregular elision of ι in περοίχεται, cf. 678, περίσχε.

guards of ægis-bearing Jove. And there are the sources and boundaries of dusky Earth, of murky Tartarus, of barren Sea, and starry Heaven, all in their order: *boundaries* oppressive and gloomy, which also even gods abhor, a vast chasm,[1] not even for a whole round of a year would one reach the pavement, after having first been within the gates: but hurricane to hurricane would bear him onward[2] hither and thither, distressing *him*, and dreadful even to immortal gods is this prodigy, and *there* the dread abodes of gloomy Night stand shrouded in dark clouds. In front of these the son of Iapetus stands and holds[3] broad Heaven, with his head and unwearied hands, unmovedly, where Night and Day also drawing nigh are wont to salute each other,[4] as they cross the vast brazen threshold. The one is about to go down within, whilst the other comes forth abroad, nor ever doth the abode constrain both within; but constantly one at any rate being outside the dwelling, wanders over the earth, while the other again being within the abode, awaits[5] the season of her journey, until it come; the one having a far-seeing light for men-on-the-earth, and the other, destructive Night, *having* Sleep, the brother of Death, in its hands, being shrouded in hazy mist.[6]

And there the sons of obscure Night hold their habitation, Sleep and Death, dread gods: nor ever doth the bright sun look upon them with his rays,[7] as he ascends the heaven, or

[1] *χασμα μέγα.*] Robinson quotes Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 932—938, A vast vacuity: all unawares, &c.

[2] *φέροι πρὸ* for *προφέροι*, used in like sense, Hom. Il. vi. 346; Od. xix. 63. *V. Lennep.*

[3] *ἔχετ'* is the reading of almost all MSS. V. Lennep defends it by Il. xx. 531, *χερσὶ πύλας ἔχετ'*, where the Schol. explains the middle voice, *κατέχει καὶ φέρει.* He observes that there is but one instance (Il. xi. 272) of *αι* cut off before a vowel in a similar case. Some suggest that we should read *ἔχετο*, imperfect, "tenendum accepit," supporting it by the use of *προσέειπον*, (749,) "compellare solent."

[4] For this passing salutation, cf. Hom. Od. x. 82, *ὅθι ποιμένα ποιμὴν ἠπύει εἰσελάων, οὐδὲ τ' ἐξελάων ὑπακούει.*

[5] *μίμνει τὴν αὐτῆς ὥρην ὁδοῦ, ἔστ' ἂν ἵκηται* is equivalent to *μίμνει ἔστ' ἂν ἡ ὥρα ἵκηται, κ. τ. λ.*

[6] So Hom. Il. xiv. 231; Virg. Æn. vi. 278, Et consanguineus lethi sopor. Hesiod (Theog. 202) has made Sleep and Death the children of Night, and s- we have their abodes nighest his in ver. 758, 759.

[7] Clericus refers this passage to Hom. Od. xi. 15—18 as its source. But, as Van Lennep observes, both probably followed a common and earlier original

descends from the heaven. Of whom indeed the one tarries on the earth and the broad surface of the sea, silently and soothingly to men; but of the other, iron is the heart, and brazen *is* his ruthless soul within his breast; and whomsoever of men he may have first caught, he holdeth: and he is hostile even to immortal gods. There in the front stand the resounding[1] mansions of the infernal god, of mighty Hades, and awful[2] Persephone besides; and a fierce dog keeps guard in front, a ruthless *dog;* and he has an evil trick: those who enter he fawns upon with his tail and both ears[3] alike, yet he suffers them not to go forth back again, but lies in wait and devours whomsoever he may have caught going forth without the gates of strong Hades and dread Persephone. There too dwells a goddess odious to immortals, dread Styx, eldest daughter of back-flowing[4] Ocean: and apart from the gods she inhabits renowned dwellings vaulted by huge rocks; and round about on all sides they are strengthened to Heaven by silver columns. And seldom goes the fleet-footed daughter of Thaumas, Iris, on a message[5] over the broad back of the sea,[6] namely, when haply strife and quarrel shall have arisen among the immortals: and whosoever, I wot, of them that hold Olympian dwellings, utters falsehood, then also Jove[7] is wont to send Iris to bring from far in a golden ewer the great oath of the gods, the renowned water, cold *as it is*, which also runs

[1] According to Hesiod, beneath the boundaries of Earth, and over Tartarus, were the halls of Hades, called ἠχήεντες, because high ceiled or vaulted. *V. Lennep.*

[2] ἐπαινῆς. Cf. Butmann, Lexil. sub voc. αἶνος, (pp. 62, 63,) who would read ἐπ' αἰνῇ—ἐπὶ being taken as an adverb, *moreover.*

[3] Both ears.] This dog appears to be the Cerberus of ver. 311, though there called πεντηκοντακέφαλος. V. Lennep suggests that the "both ears" may be understood of each several head.

[4] ἀψορρόου, (Il. xviii. 399; Od. xx. 65,) an epithet of the ocean, which, to the Homeric and Hesiodean mind, encircled earth and flowed back into itself.

[5] ἀγγελίης is a genitive governed by πωλεῖται, of the same class of constructions as πρήσσειν ὁδοῦ. *Goettling.* Compare Il. iii. 206, and Butmann, Lex. p. 14, on that passage.

[6] Styx is represented dwelling afar from the rest of the gods, so far that rarely does Iris penetrate thither; and then only when an oath is to be administered to gods, to put an end to strife.

[7] Ζεὺς δέ τε is the apodosis to lines 782, 783. ἔπεμψε, "is wont to send," the aorist for the present.—Of the Styx as the oath of the gods, see Hom. Od. v. 185; Il. ii. 755; Virg. Æn. vi 323, 324.

down from a steep and lofty rock; but in abundance beneath the roomy Earth flows a branch of Ocean from the sacred river through black Night; and a tenth portion has been assigned[1] to it. In nine portions indeed, rolling around Earth and also the broad back of the Sea with silver whirlpools, he (Ocean) falls into the brine; but the other one part flows forth from a rock, a great bane to the gods. Whosoever of immortals that occupy the top of snowy Olympus, shall have offered of this[2] as a libation, and sworn over it a false oath, lies breathless until the completion of a year,[3] nor ever comes near the repast of nectar and ambrosia, but also lies breathless and speechless on a strown couch, and a baneful stupor over-shrouds him. But when he has fulfilled his malady until the full year, then another after another severer trouble succeeds *for him*. And for nine years he is parted from the ever-living gods; nor ever does he mix with them in council nor in feasts for nine whole years; but in the tenth he mingles again in the assemblies[4] of the gods immortal, who occupy Olympian dwellings. Such a *grave* oath, I wot, have the gods made the imperishable water of Styx, *that* ancient *water*, which also runs through a very rugged tract. There too are the sources and boundaries of dusky Earth, and murky Tartarus, and barren Sea, and starry Heaven, all in order; *boundaries* oppressive and gloomy, which also even gods abhor. And there *are* gleaming[5] gates and a brazen threshold, unshaken and fixed upon far-extending foundations, self-growing; and before *it*, outside of all the gods, beyond gloomy Chaos, the Titans dwell. But the famed allies[6] of loud-

[1] The poet states that a tenth portion of Ocean's waters has been assigned to this branch, the Styx, and in ver. 790—792, explains the distribution more fully. ἐννέα (μοίρας, sc.) must probably (as V. Lennep suggests) be construed adverbially, for εἰλιγμένος can scarcely be taken in an active sense.

[2] τήν, i. e. ταύτην τὴν Στυγὰ. *Guietus.*

[3] Goettling thinks, after comparing ver. 799, that τετελεσμένον εἰς ἐνιαυτόν means the year of eight ordinary years.

[4] εἰρέας. *Goettling.* εἴραις. *Lehrs.* If the former reading is preferred, the accusative will be governed by ἐπὶ in ἐπιμίσγεται. εἰρέα, not εἶρα, is the Bœotian form. *Goettling.*

[5] μαρμάρεαι, gleaming.] The adjective is so explained in Il. iii. 126; xiv. 273; xvii. 594; xviii. 48; xxii. 441. *V. Lennep.*

[6] Famed allies.] Briareus, who is mentioned as one of these, is probably the same as Ægeon (see Il. i. 403). See also Smith's Dict

crashing Jove inhabit dwellings under the foundations of the Ocean, namely, Cottus and Gyes. Briareus indeed, for his part, strong as he was, deep-sounding Earth-shaker made his son-in-law, and gave him to wife his daughter Cymopolia.

But when Jove had driven the Titans out from Heaven, huge Earth bare her youngest-born son, Typhoeus,[1] by the embrace of Tartarus, through golden Aphrodite. Whose hands, indeed, are apt for deeds on the score of strength, and untiring the feet of the strong god; and from his shoulders there were a hundred heads of a serpent, a fierce dragon, playing with dusky[2] tongues, and from the eyes in his wondrous heads fire sparkled beneath the brows: whilst from all his heads fire was gleaming, as he looked keenly. In all his terrible heads, too, were voices sending forth every kind of sound ineffable. For one while indeed they would utter sounds, so as for the gods to understand,[3] and at another time again the voice of a loud-bellowing bull, untameable in force, *and* proud in utterance; at another time, again, that of a lion possessing a daring spirit; at another yet again *they would sound* like to whelps, wondrous to hear; and at another he would hiss, and the lofty mountains resound. And, in sooth, then would there have been done a deed past remedy, and he, even he, would have reigned over mortals and immortals, unless, I wot, the sire of gods and men had quickly observed him. Harshly

Gr. and R. Ant. p. 24, B. V. Lennep enumerates various passages from Latin poets, where Briareus is the enemy, not the ally, of Jove. Virg. Æn. x. 565; Hor. Od. III. iv. 69; Ov. Fast. iii. 805, &c.

[1] Typhoeus.] Cf. 307. We find Æsch. Prom. V. 353, &c., corresponding in his account of Typhoeus with Hesiod, ver. 824—826, ἑκατογκάρηνον πρὸς βίαν χειρούμενον Τυφῶνα θοῦρον, and in 371, τοίον δὲ Τυφὼς ἐξαναζέσει χόλον θερμοῖς ἀπλάτου βέλεσι πυρπνόου ζάλης. It appears, from these descriptions, that Typhaon, or Typhoeus, was a wind of a fiery nature, to describe which he is imaged with "fiery eyes." *V. Lennep.*

[2] λελειχμότες. Either the masc. participle is here used with κεφαλαί, (as in Hom. Il. viii. 455, where we have πληγέντε κιραννῷ, said of Minerva and Juno, and in Hesiod, Op. et D. 199, προλιπόντ' ἀνθρώπους Αἰδὼς καὶ Νέμεσις,) or we must take it as a case of the σχῆμα πρὸς τὸ σημαινόμενον, of which see Matt. Gr. Gr. § 434, obs. p. 715. For the word λελειχμότες, see Butm. Lexil. p. 546, note.

[3] ὥστε θεοῖσι συνιέμεν. Understand ἐξεῖναι, with Heyne, "*Ut diis intelligere liceret.*" Thus it appears Typhoeus spoke the language of the gods, specimens of which, as varying from man's language, Goettling collects. Hom. Il. i. 403; xiv 291; xx. 74; Od. x. 304, &c.

then he thundered, and heavily, and terribly the earth re-echoed around; and the broad heaven above, and the sea, and streams of ocean, and the abysses of earth. But beneath his immortal feet[1] vast Olympus trembled, as the king uprose, and earth groaned beneath. And the heat from both[2] caught the dark-coloured sea, both of the thunder and lightning, and fire from the monster, *the heat* arising from the thunder-storms, winds, and burning lightning. And all earth and heaven and sea were boiling; and huge billows roared around the shores about and around, beneath the violence of gods; and unallayed quaking arose. Pluto trembled, monarch over the dead beneath; and the Titans under Tartarus, standing about Cronus,[3] *trembled* also, on account of the unceasing tumult and dreadful contention. But Jove, when in truth he had raised high[4] his wrath, and had taken his arms, his thunder and lightning, and smoking bolt, leapt up, and smote him from Olympus, and scorched[5] all-around all the wondrous heads of the terrible monster.

But when at length he had quelled it, *after* having smitten it with blows, *the monster* fell down lamed, and huge Earth groaned. But the flame from the lightning-blasted monster[6] flashed forth in the mountain-hollows, hidden and rugged, when he was stricken, and much was the vast earth burnt and melted by the boundless vapour, like as pewter,[7] heated by the

[1] *ποσσὶ δ' ὕπ.* Robinson here compares Milton, Par. Lost, vi. 832—834,

"Under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God."

[2] The heat from both.] Jupiter and Typhoeus. So thinks V. Lennep, who considers ver. 846 as an explanation of 845, the (*καῦμα*) *πρηστήρων τ' ἀνέμων τ'* explaining more clearly *καῦμα πυρὸς ἀπὸ τοῖο πελώρου*, and *κεραυνοῦ φλεγέθοντος* the foregoing *βροντῆς τε στεροπῆς τε*. Goettling refers *ἀμφοτέρων* to Olympus and Terra, 842, 843.

[3] Compare Hom. Il. xiv. 274, *μάρτυροι ὧσ' οἵ ἔνερθε θεοί, Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἐόντες*. 279, *τοὺς Ὑποταρταρίους, οἳ Τιτῆνες καλέονται*.

[4] V. Lennep traces a kindred between *κάρα, κόρση, κόρυς, κορυφή, κόρθυς, κορθύω*, (Il. ix. 7,) and *κορθώνω*.

[5] *ἔπρεσε* for *ἐπρῆσε*. Cf. Butm. Lexil. p. 484, and Grammar.

[6] *τοῖο ἄνακτος*. *ἄναξ*, signifying primarily a king or prince, is here taken for what is special of its kind. *Clericus*.

[7] *κασσίτερος*, plumbum candidum. Van Lennep explains that two operations are here indicated, viz. the one, the pewter melted

art of youths, and by the well-bored melting-pit; or iron, which is the hardest *of metals*, subdued in the dells of the mountain by blazing fire, melts in the sacred earth beneath the hands of Vulcan. So, I wot, was earth melted in the glare of burning fire. Then, troubled in spirit, he hurled him into wide Tartarus.

Now from Typhoeus[1] is the strength of winds moist-blowing, except the south-west, the north, and Argestes, and Zephyr, who also indeed are a race from the gods, a great blessing to mortals. But the others, *being* random gusts, breathe over the sea. And these in truth falling upon the darksome deep, rage with baneful hurricane, a great hurt to mortals; and now here, now there they blow, and scatter barks, and destroy sailors: nor is there any succour from ill to men, who encounter them on the ocean. But these again even o'er the boundless flowery earth spoil the pleasant works of earth-born men, filling them with dust and wearisome uproar. But when, I wot, the blessed gods had fulfilled their labour, and contended with the Titans perforce on the score of honours,[2] then it was, I say, that they urged far-seeing Jove, by the advice of Earth, to rule and reign over immortals: and he duly distributed honours amongst them.

And Jupiter, king of the gods, made Metis[3] first his wife; *Metis*, most wise of deities as well as mortal men. But when now at length she was about to give birth to Minerva, gleam-

or fused in a vessel having an aperture suitable for the purpose, and operated upon by youths; the other, the melting out of veins of iron, described by Pliny, N. H. xxxiv. c. 14, s. 41, which was carried on in woody valleys, where there was plenty of fuel. ἐν χθονὶ δυῇ means simply a furrow of the earth, into which the melted iron might run. Compare 2 Chron. iv. 17.

[1] Typhoeus is represented as the father of winds, which are distinct from those mentioned in ver. 378, &c., as the children of Astræus and Aurora. The progeny of Typhoeus, unlike that of Astræus, are uncertain gusts, hurtful alike to mariners and husbandmen, to land and sea.

[2] On the score of honours.] τιμάων, (ἕνεκα, sc.,) the contest being whether the Cronidæ or the Titans should have these honours.

[3] Metis, ("prudentia,") daughter of Ocean, (cf. Theog. 358,) was a fitting choice for Jupiter, as a new sovereign. Apollodorus and the Scholia tell us that Metis had the property of assuming various shapes; and that Jove persuaded her to transform herself into such a shape that he could without difficulty swallow her; and that so Minerva might spring, not from Metis, but from his head.

ing-eyed goddess, then *it was that* having by deceit beguiled her mind with flattering words, he placed her within his own belly by the advice of Earth, and of starry Heaven. [1]For thus they persuaded him, lest other of everliving gods should possess[2] sovereign honour in the room of Jove. For of her it was fated that wise children should be born: first the glancing-eyed Tritonian maiden, having equal might and prudent counsel with her sire; and then, I ween, she was going to give-birth-to a son, as king of gods and men, with an overbearing spirit, but *that* in sooth Jove deposited her first in his own belly, that the goddess might indicate to him both good and bad.[3] Next he wedded bright Themis,[4] who bare the Hours, Eunomia, Dicè, and blooming Peace, who care for their works for mortal men; and the Parcæ,[5] to whom counselling Jove gave most honour, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who also give to men good and evil to possess. And Eurynome,[6] daughter of Ocean, having a very lovely form, bare him the fair-cheeked Graces,[7] Aglaia, and Euphrosyne, and winsome Thalia; from whose eyelids also as they gazed

[1] This line gives another reason for the act of Jupiter, viz. that Metis might never again bear a child; it having been fated that the next-born should reign in place of Jove.

[2] ἔχῃ. The conjunctive is used, because the fact remains in the poet's day. *Goettling.*

[3] Both good and bad.] Clericus compares Genesis iii. 5, to prove that this phrase is meant as an exhaustive division of all things.

[4] Themis.] See ver. 135. Pausanias also describes her as the mother of the Hours, and notes the statues of Themis and the Hours in the temple of Juno at Elis, v. 17, 1. "Good laws," justice, "and peace," insure the fruits of the earth, and the ἔργα of which another poem of Hesiod treats, in their seasons. Respecting the Horæ and their functions, see Theoc. Idyll. i. 150; xv. 103; Mosch. ii. 160; Ovid, Met. ii. 25.

[5] Since Hesiod has given the Parcæ other parentage at ver. 215, Robinson thinks that μοίρας must be governed by ὠρεύουσι, in the sense of the Hours making man's lot happy. This seems preferable to disowning the lines, though unapproved by V. Lennep.

[6] Eurynome (cf. 358, and Hom. Il. xviii. 399) had a temple at Phigalea in Arcadia. Pausan. viii. 41, § 4. The most ancient worship of the Graces was at Orchomenus. Pausan. ix. 35 and 38, § 1. Hom. Il. xviii. 382, mentions one Grace as the wife of Vulcan, and we find by the Theog. 945, that this was Aglaia.

[7] Of the beauty of the Graces we read in Horace, Od. I. iv. 6, Junctæque nymphis gratiæ decentes; and Theoc. xvi. ad fin.

dropped Love, unnerving limbs, and sweetly too look they under their brows. But he came to the couch of much-nourishing Demeter, who bare *him* white-armed Proserpine; her whom Pluto ravished from her mother: and sage Jupiter gave her.[1] And next he was enamoured of beautiful-haired Mnemosyne, of whom were born to him the Muses nine,[2] with-golden-fillets, to whom festivals, and the delight of song, are wont to be a pleasure.

But Apollo and Artemis, rejoicing-in-arrows, a lovely offspring beyond all the heavenly-beings, Latona[3] in sooth brought forth, after union in love with ægis-bearing Jove. And last made he blooming Juno his spouse. She bare Hebe, and Mars, and Lucina, having been united in love with the king of gods and men. But by himself, from his head, he produced glancing-eyed Tritonis,[4] fierce, strife-stirring, army-leading, unsubdued, *and* awful, to whom dins, and wars, and battles are a delight. And Juno,[5] without having been united in love, brought forth famous Vulcan, and put out all her strength, and strove with her husband; *Vulcan*, distinguished in arts from amongst all the heaven-born.

But from Amphitrite and the loud-roaring Earth-shaker sprang great and widely-powerful Triton,[6] who occupies the

[1] ἔδωκε. Concessit ut raperet. *Clericus.*

[2] Mnemosyne, mother of the Muses. Cf 54. The first mention of the fillets, which were the earliest head-dress of Greek women, is Hom. Il. xvii. 52. *Goettling.* Cf. Pindar, Pyth. iii. 158; Isthm. ii. 2.

[3] Compare Hom. Il. i. 9; xxi. 499, 506; Od. vi. 106; Callim. H. in Del. 291. The mention of Latona as wife of Jove before Juno, whom Jove took *last* to wife, (921,) shows that Hesiod was unaware of Juno's wrath against her rival, and Latona's consequent wanderings.

[4] Τριτογένεια, either from Τριτώ, "caput," (compare "Capita," Ov. Fast. iii. 837,) or from a river in Bœotia.

[5] Juno, as sole parent of Vulcan, is recognised by Servius on Æn. viii. 454, and such was the received opinion of the Greeks, from whom Homer differs, (Il. i. 572; Od. viii. 312,) in making him the son of Jupiter and Juno. *V. Lennep.*

[6] Triton is unmentioned by Homer, but we learn from Herod. iv. 179, that he appeared to Jason before the Argonautic expedition. Cf. Pindar, Pyth. iv. 22, seq.; Apoll. Rhod. iv. 269, 284, 1552, where, as here, he is called εὐρυβίης. There seems to be some connexion between his name and the "buccina," or concha, which the Latin poets give him. Ov. Met. i. 333; Æn. x. 209.

depth of the sea, and inhabits golden houses[1] beside his dear mother and his royal sire, *being* a terrible god. To shield-piercing Mars, however, Cytherea bare Fear and Terror, formidable *deities*, even *they* who route dense phalanxes of men in horrid war, with the help of city-spoiler Mars;[2] and Harmonia, whom high-spirited Cadmus made his spouse.

Then to Jove, I wot, Maia,[3] daughter of Atlas, bare glorious Hermes, herald of immortals, having ascended his holy couch. And to him, in sooth, Semele,[4] daughter of Cadmus, bare an illustrious son, *even* jocund Bacchus, after union in love, mortal *though she was*, an immortal. But now both are deities. And Alcmena, after union in love with cloud-compelling Jove, bare Hercules the strong.

But Vulcan, far-famed, crippled *god*, took to wife blooming Aglaia, youngest of the Graces. And Bacchus, of golden hair, took for his blooming bride auburn-tressed Ariadne, daughter of Minos. And her the son of Cronus made immortal,[5] and unsusceptible of old age for him. And fair-ankled Alcmena's valiant son, mighty Hercules, having accomplished grievous toils, made Hebe, daughter of mighty Jove and Juno-with-golden-sandals, his bashful wife in snowy Olympus:[6] happy *hero*, who having achieved a great work,

[1] δῶ for δώματα, by Apocope. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 89, ad fin. These dwellings are mentioned by Hom. Il. xiii. 20, as being at Ægæ.

[2] So Terror and Fear are occupied with Mars and Minerva in Il. iv. 440, and in Hesiod, Scut. Here we find them near the chariot, and yoking the horses of Mars, 195, 463. By Φόβος too with Mars and Enyo, the seven chiefs swear. Æsch. S. c. Theb. 45.

[3] Next in order come the offspring of Maia, Semele, and Alcmena, mistresses of Jove, the first a nymph, the second and third mortals.

[4] Homer, Il. xiv. 323, and Hymn in Dionys. i. 57, gives the same account of the parentage of Bacchus. Hesiod seems to have been ignorant of the fate of Semele and the fable of Bacchus having been inclosed in the thigh of Jupiter. *V. Lennep.*

[5] The Latin poets (Propert. IV. xvii. 8; Ov. Fast. iii. 510) follow Hesiod's account of Ariadne's deification. Homer, Odyss. xi. 320, gives another account, viz. that Theseus carried her to Athens, but that Diana, on the accusation of Bacchus, hindered her marriage by causing her death.

[6] See Hom. Od. xi. 603, 604, the last of which lines (bracketed there in many editions) is word for word the same as ver. 952 here

dwells among the immortals uninjured and ageless evermore. To the unwearied Sun the famous Oceanid, Perseis,[1] bare Circe and king Œetes. And Œetes, son of man-enlightening Sun, wedded beauteous-cheeked Idyia, daughter of Ocean, perfect river, by the will of the gods. But she then, subdued in love through golden Aphrodite, brought forth to him fair-ankled Medea.

Now fare ye well, *gods* dwelling in Olympian mansions ;[2] [Islands and Continents, and briny Sea within ;] and now Olympian Muses, sweet of speech, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, sing ye the tribe of goddesses, as many as in truth having been united, though immortal, with mortal men, gave birth to children resembling gods.

Ceres, divine among goddesses, after union in delightsome love, bare Plutus to the hero Iasius,[3] in a thrice-ploughed fallow, in the fertile country of Crete, a kind *god*, who goes over all[4] the earth, and the broad surface of the sea; and to him that has chanced upon him, and into whose hands he may have come, him, I say, he is wont to make rich, and presents to him much wealth. And to Cadmus, Harmonia,[5] daughter

[1] Perseis.] The same as Perse in Hom. Od. x. 136, who calls her own sister to Œetes. Cf. Apollon. Rhod. iv. 59. V. Lennep traces the myth of the Sun marrying an Oceanid from his appearing to sailors to rise at morn from the sea, and return to it at eve.

[2] We must here either suppose, with Van Lennep, a considerable omission of lines, which have slipped out before ver. 964, or, with Goettling, read, *οἵσιν ὕπ' ἠπειροί τε καὶ ἀλμυρὸς ἔνδοθι πόντος*. Most commentators deem this passage the beginning of a separate work of Hesiod.

[3] The same account of Iasius is given in Hom. Od. v. 125, with the additional statement, that he was stricken with lightning by Jove, for his boldness. Theocr. Idyll iii. 51, 52, and Ovid, Amor. III. x. 25, allude to this fable. The former agrees with Hesiod that Crete was the country of Iasius.

[4] *πᾶσαν*. Hermann would read *πᾶσιν*, but *πᾶσαν* may be retained, and referred to carelessness of expression. An anacoluthon follows in *τῷ δε τυχόντι—τόν δ' ἀφνειὸν ἔθηκε*, referable to the same. Goettling and V. Lennep agree here. Wolf compares Theog. 157, &c., 240, 283.

[5] Harmonia here, and Medea (992), are ranked among goddesses wedding mortals, probably because each was of divine parentage. Harmonia, the daughter of Mars and Venus, deities of the higher order, and Medea, of Œetes, son of Sol and an Oceanid. Harmonia's children, Ino, Agave, and Autonoe, are famous for their jealous care for the orgies of Bacchus, the son of Semele, their

of golden Aphrodite, bare Ino, Semele, and fair-cheeked Agave, and Autonoe, whom Aristæus of-clustering-locks wedded, and Polydorus in tower-circled Thebes.

But Callirhoe, daughter of Ocean, united to brave-hearted Chrysaor in union of all-golden Aphrodite,[1] bare a son the strongest of all mortals, Geryon, whom mighty Hercules slew, for the sake of the trailing-footed oxen[2] in island Erythea. And to Tithonus Aurora[3] bare Memnon with-brazen-helm, king of the Æthiopians, and the sovereign Hemathion. But to Cephalus in truth she produced an illustrious son, the brave Phaethon,[4] a man like to the gods, whom, I wot, when young, in the tender flower of glorious youth, a lad, conscious *but* of young fancies, laughter-loving Aphrodite snatched up, and rushed away, and she made him, in her sacred fanes, her nightly temple-keeper, a divine Genius. And the daughter of Œetes, Jove-descended king, Jason,[5] son of Æson, by the

sister. Agave was the mother of Pentheus. See Theocr. xxvi.; Eurip. Bacchæ; Ov. Met. iii. 701—733. The husband of Autonoe, Aristæus, is known to us through Virg. Georg. iv. 317, &c. Van Lennep notes the frequent commemoration of the flowing locks of the gods.

[1] Wolf doubts the correctness of the phrase ἐν φιλότητι Ἀφροδίτης. But Muetzellius quotes the same verse from a fragment of Hesiod in the Schol. ad Pindar, Pyth. iv. 35. For Chrysaor, see above at ver. 287.

[2] *βοῶν.* A case of Synizesis, or species of crasis affecting two syllables of the same word. Compare Op. et D. 442, 607; Theog. 28, 283. In the Tragics we have δῦοῖν and πόλεῶς contracted into δοῖν and πόλεως, θεός—θεος.

[3] Aurora and Tithonus.] Cf. Hom. Il. xi. 1; Od. v. 1; Virg. Georg. i. 447; Æn. iv. 585; ix. 460.

[4] This Phaethon is other than he, of whom we read as the son of Sol and Clymene, Ov. Met. ii., whose end was so disastrous. But Ovid, Met. vii. 701—704, makes Cephalus say,

> "Cum me cornigeris tendentem retia cervis
> Vertice de summo semper florentis Hymetti
> Lutea mane videt pulsis Aurora tenebris,
> Invitumque rapit."

Cf. Ov. Her. Ep. iv. 93, and Pausan. I. iii. 1, quoted by Goettling, where Ἠμέρα is said to have carried off Cephalus, not Aurora. Νύχιον (991) is the reading of some editions, others have μίχιον. Δαίμονα δῖον, that is, a god of the lower order, one of the Dii Minores.

[5] Cf. 965, and notes there. Medeus is mentioned as Medea's son by Justin, lib. xlii. 2. That Chiron was an approved master

counsels of ever-living gods, carried off from Œetes, after he had fulfilled the grievous toils, which, *being* many *in number*, the great and overbearing king, insolent and infatuated Pelias, doer of deeds of violence, imposed upon him. Which having achieved, after having toiled much, the son of Æson arrived at Iolchos, bearing in his fleet ship a dark-eyed maiden, and her he made his blooming bride. Yes, and she, having been yoked with Jason, shepherd of his people, bore a son Medeus, whom Chiron, son of Philyra, reared on the mountains; whilst the purpose of mighty Jove was being fulfilled. But *of* the daughters of Nereus, ancient sea-god, Psamathe in truth, divine among goddesses, bare Phocus[1] in the embrace of Æacus, through golden Aphrodite: and the goddess Thetis, of the silver feet, yielding to Peleus, gave birth to Achilles the lion-hearted, who-broke-the-ranks-of-men.

Fair-wreathed Cytherea[2] too, I wot, blending in delightsome love with the hero Anchises, bare Æneas on the peaks of many-valleyed, woody Ida. But Circe, daughter of the Sun, born-of-Hyperion, by the love of Ulysses[3] of-enduring-heart, gave birth to Agrius and blameless and strong Latinus; Telegonus also she bare through golden Aphrodite. Now these in truth very far in a recess of sacred isles,[4] reigned over

in his day we find from Il. iv. 219; Od. xi. 831; Xenophon de Venatione. His cave in the mountains is mentioned by Theocr. Idyll. vii. 149.

[1] Phocus is called, in Ov. Met. vii. 685, Juvenis Nereius.

[2] Compare Hom. Il. ii. 819; v. 313; Hymn to Venus, 53 and 75; and, among later poets, Theocr. Idyll. i. 106, where Venus is taunted by Daphnis with her intrigue with Anchises.

[3] Thus Hesiod gives the progeny of Ulysses and Circe, which Homer does not. Latinus is called by Virgil, Æn. xii. 164, the grandson of Sol, "Solis avi specimen," though elsewhere, vii. 45—47, he calls him the son of Faunus and a Laurentian nymph, and grandson of Picus. The former account (as Servius observes) agrees with Hesiod. The mention of Latinus and the Tyrrhenians shows, observes V. Lennep, that even in Hesiod's age the Greeks had some knowledge of the western peoples of Italy. Telegonus and his connexion with Italy is commemorated in Horat. Od. III. xxix. 8, Telegoni juga parricidæ, and Epod. i. 19, Tusculi Circæa tangat mænia.

[4] There may have been scarce enough geographical knowledge of Italy in Greece at Hesiod's date, to say whether it was or was not an island. The peninsula might be called *ἱεραὶ νῆσοι* on account of the dwellings and pastures of the gods there, (especially

all the very far-renowned Tyrrhenians. But Calypso, divine among goddesses, bore to Ulysses Nausithoüs and Nausinous after union in delightful love. These, though immortal, having been united with mortal men, gave birth to children like unto the gods. And now sing ye the tribe of women, ye sweet-spoken Olympian Muses, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove.

of Sol in Sicily,) or simply because they were large islands. Cf. Il. ii. 626. Goettling considers that Italy, Sicily, and the Æolian Islands are the isles indicated. Cf. Od. xii. 127, where Trinacria is said to have been the nurse of the sacred bulls of the Sun.

THE

SHIELD OF HERCULES.

A FRAGMENT

Or as Alcmena,[1] daughter of Electryon,[2] exciter of peoples, left her home and father-land, and came to Thebes in the train of martial Amphitryon. She, I wot, excelled the race of gentler women[3] in beauty and height; yea, and in mind indeed none did compete with her of those, whom mortal women bare by union with mortal men. Both from her head[4] and from her dark eyelids breathed even such *a fragrance* as from those of golden Aphrodite. Yet she e'en so was wont to revere at heart her spouse, as never any of

[1] The poet may be supposed to have continued to some length the catalogue of women, with a preface to which the Theogony ends. Having spoken, perhaps, of Niobe and Semele, as of this list, οἵη ἦην Σεμελὴ—ἠ οἵη Νιόβη, he goes on to Alcmena, in the now apparently abrupt opening of the "Shield." Commentators assign these verses to some catalogue of women, which has been prefixed by some Rhapsodist. An anonymous Greek grammarian in Goettling's edition of Hesiod, p. 108, leads us to infer that the lines from 1 to 56 belong to a lost poem of Hesiod, the Ἠοῖαι, book iv.

—ἠ οἵη. Instances of like comparison are, Odyss. vi. 102; Æn. i. 502, Qualis in Eurotæ jugis, &c.

[2] Ηλεκτρύωνος. The syllables κτρυ and ω coalesce in one syllable.

[3] Robinson compares Xenophon, Cyrop. ii. 5, and Theocr. Idyll. xviii. 26. See also note 11 in Banks's translation of Theocr. ad locum.

[4] Both from her head, &c.] This passage, says Robinson, may have suggested Virgil's description of Venus, Æn. i. 402—404:

> Dixit et avertens roseâ cervice refulsit,
> Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
> Spiravere.

gentler women[1] revered: *though* in very truth he had by force subdued and slain her noble father, in wrath about oxen: he then having left his father-land, *came* to Thebes, and supplicated[2] the shield-bearing Cadmeans. There dwelt he with his chaste spouse, apart, *and* without delightsome union, nor might he ascend the couch of fair-ankled Alcmena, before[3] that he had avenged the slaughter of the high-souled brothers of his wife, and consumed with wasting fire the villages of warlike heroes, the Taphians[4] and Teleboans. For so was it ordered him, and the gods were witnesses *to it;* whose wrath he dreaded, and hastened with all speed to accomplish a great work, which was Jove's law to him. With him then, eager for war and battle-din, the horse-spurring Bœotians, breathing over their shields,[5] the close-fighting Locrians, and the high-hearted Phocians, followed, and the gallant son of Alcæus headed them, glorying in his hosts. But the sire of men and gods was weaving in his mind another counsel, that to gods and inventive[6] men he might beget an averter of destruction. So he arose from Olympus, building deceit in the deep of his heart, during-the-night, in eagerness for the embrace of the fair-zoned dame; and soon he arrived at the Typhaonian height:[7] *and* thence counsellor Jove drew nigh

[1] *θηλυτεράων.* A comparative used here (as in Il. viii. 520; Od. viii. 324) positively, only of *θέαι* and *γυναίκες*, and therefore of the fruitful or tenderer sex, as Passow observes. Cf. Arnold's Homeric Lex. of Crusius.

[2] *ἱκέτευσε.* Supply *ἐλθὼν* from *λιπών* before in ver. 12.

[3] *πρίν* here takes the opt. without *ἄν*, because the past action is represented as one which the agent has in his thoughts. Cf. Il. xxi. 580; Matt. Gr. Gr. § 522, b.

[4] Taphius, a son of Neptune and Hippothoe, led a colony to Taphos, and called the people Teleboans. Baehr, at Herodot. v. 59, concludes that the Teleboans and Taphians occupied the mainland of Western Acarnania and the adjacent isles. Some migrated to Italy. Cf. Æn. vii. 735. An account of Amphitryon's expedition, in Plautus, Amphit. 50—105, will amuse.

[5] Breathing over their shields.] *πνείοντες*, (*ἀλκὴν* or *μένεα*,) or perhaps used absolutely. Liddell and Scott. Compare Statius, Animus ultra thoracas anhelus.

[6] *ἀλφηστῆσιν*, inventive; so called since the days of Prometheus or Deucalion. Cf. Op. 82, 146.

[7] Typhaonian height.] Goettling quotes Hom. H. to Apollo, (306,) to show that this height was a part of Mount Parnassus. Phicium, or the Phician mountain, was the Rock of the Sphynx,

to topmost Phicium. There sitting he revolved divine works in his mind; for the self-same night he was united in couch and love with the tapering-ankled daughter of Electryon, and he satisfied, I ween, his longing. On the same *night* too, Amphitryon, rouser of peoples, a splendid hero, returned to his home, *after* having achieved a great deed. Nor did he hasten to go to his servants, and shepherd hinds,[1] that is, before he had ascended the couch of his spouse: for such eagerness possessed the shepherd of his peoples at heart. And as when a man is glad[2] to have escaped ill arising out of a severe disease, or even out of hard bonds, so then, I wot, Amphitryon, having brought to an end his difficult task, delightedly and gladly came to his own home. All-night-long[3] then he slept beside his modest spouse, delighting himself in the gifts of golden Aphrodite. So then she, embraced by a god and by a man far the best *of men*, in seven-gated Thebes bare twin sons, agreeing in nought beyond, brothers though indeed[4] they were: the one inferior, the other again a far better man, both valiant and strong, the mighty Hercules, whom *she bare* after having been embraced by the cloud-darkener, son of Cronus: but Iphiclus by Amphitryon, shaker of spears; an offspring distinct:[5] the one after union with mortal man, the other with Jupiter, son of Cronus, sovereign of all the gods. Who also slew Cycnus,[6] great-hearted son of

not far from Thebes. The Bœotians call Σφίγξ, Φίξ. See Scholiast here, and Theog. 326.

[1] Amphitryon would naturally repair to his herdsmen, because in the heroic age the wealth of kings consisted in cattle. See Op. et D. 120. And besides, he would have a further reason for an early visit to them, that care might be taken of the spoil which he had taken. *Goettling.*

[2] *ἀσπαστὸν*, adverbially used. Cf. Odyss. v. 398.

[3] *παννύχιος*, used adverbially, as in Il. ii. 2, 24; Odyss. ii. 434; Horace, Epod. xvi. 51, Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile.

γε μὲν seems to be equivalent to *γὲ μὴν*, and to have the force of "nevertheless," and is peculiar to Epic poetry.

[5] *κεκριμένην*, i. q. *διακεκριμένην*.

[6] Cycnus, a son of Mars and Pelopia, challenged Hercules to single combat at Itone, and was killed in the conflict. Cf. Scut. 345, 480. It was his wont to waylay and rob sacred processions going to Delphi. *Ἀρηϊάδην*, a patronymic curiously formed, as if from *Ἄρης, Ἄρηος*. In the next line but one we find *Ἄρην*, for the commoner *Ἄρη*, of which there is an example in Hom. Il. v. 909.

Mars: for in the grove of the far-darting Apollo, he found him and his sire Mars, insatiate of war, gleaming in arms, as the brightness of burning fire, upstanding in their chariot: the swift steeds struck the earth, dinting it with their hoofs, and the dust burnt around them, shaken violently beneath wicker[1] cars and hoofs of horses. But well-made chariots and seat-rims kept rattling, as the steeds sped on: blameless Cycnus rejoiced, in hope that he should slay with the sword Jove's warlike son, and the charioteer, and strip him of his glorious mail. Yet Phœbus Apollo did not hear his prayers, for he had himself urged the mighty Hercules against him. Then all the grove and altar of Pagasæan[2] Apollo was flashing with the arms of the fearful god, and with himself: and from his eyes fire as it were blazed. Who, being mortal, would have had the courage to rush against him, save Hercules and famous Iolaus? for both great strength was theirs, and their unvanquished hands grew[3] from their shoulders on stout limbs. Who then, I ween, bespake his charioteer, brave Iolaus:

"O hero Iolaus,[4] far dearest of all mortals, surely some grave sin did Amphitryon sin[5] against the blessed immortals, who occupy Olympus, when he left Tiryns,[6] well-built city, and came to strongly-fortified Thebes, after having slain Electryon on the score of the broad-browed herds; and came to Creon, and long-robed Henioche,[7] who, I wot, welcomed him,

[1] πλεκτοῖσιν is understood by Goettling in the sense of "built," not of "wicker." He compares Callimach. H. in Ap. 61, ὁ δ' ἔπλεκε βωμὸν Ἀπόλλωνι.

[2] Goettling explains that Cycnus had built at Pagasæ an altar of horns of captured beasts to Apollo, to propitiate him, and to deprecate his wrath at the attacks upon his pilgrims and offerings. But Apollo loved Delphi more than Pagasæ.

[3] Compare Theog. 152; Op. 148. ἐπέφυκον is for ἐπεφυκέσαν.

[4] See art. Iolaus, Heracles, and Amphitryon, in Dict. G. and R. Biog. (Smith). Thiersch supposed verses 79—95 to be the work of another hand, but Hermann and Goettling agree that they are coherent with the rest.

[5] ἤλιτεν. i. e. in killing Electryon, his father-in-law, in consequence of which he was forced by Eurystheus to flee to Thebes.

[6] Τίρυνθον is from Τίρυνθος, (another form of Τίρυνς, or Τίρις,) as Κόρινθος, Ὄλυνθος, Προβάλινθος.

[7] According to Sophocl. Antig. 1194, Eurydice, and not Henioche, was the wife of Creon, who was uncle to Amphitryon.

and provided him all things needful,[1] as *'twas* right *they should* to suppliants; and they honoured him the more from the heart. So he lived exulting with the beauteous-ankled daughter of Electryon, his spouse: and full soon when the year came round, we were born, thy sire and I, alike neither in stature nor in thoughts. His senses Jove took from him, who left his own home,[2] and his own parents, and went forth, for the purpose of honouring the erring[3] Eurystheus, wretched man that he was; no doubt ofttimes afterward he bewailed over his infatuation, in grief; but it is not to be recalled. On me, however, fate enjoined severe labours. But, my friend, quickly grasp thou now the purple reins of the fleet-footed steeds, and rousing great courage within thy heart, drive[4] straight *forward* the swift chariot, and thy strong fleet-footed steeds; fearing not a whit the din of mortal-slaying Mars, who now is crying out and raging around the sacred grove of Phœbus Apollo, far-darting king: in very truth, mighty though he be, he shall have[5] his fill of war."

And him in turn blameless Iolaus addressed. "Honoured[6] lord, in very truth then the sire of gods and men honours thy head, and *so does* bull-voiced[7] Neptune, who keeps the bat-

[1] The process of purification in such cases may be learnt from Herodot. i. 35; Eurip. Iph. in Taur. 949, seq.; and Apollon. Rhod. iv. 685—717.

[2] Iphicles, or Iphiclus, (he is called by both names indiscriminately,) the father of Iolaus, seems to have been induced by the hope of great reward to attach himself to the side of Eurystheus. Clericus has a long note on ver. 89, instancing frequent statements in Greek tragic poetry of evil purpose, &c., on the part of the gods, and irreverent ascription of bad attributes to them. But Robinson shows that in Holy Scripture God is said to harden Pharaoh's heart, to blind men's eyes, and make their ears dull of hearing. Cf. Op. et D. 15.

[3] *ἀλιτήμενον*. An Epic perf. participle for *ἠλιτημένον*, from *ἀλίτεω*, with the accent of a present participle. Cf. Od. iv. 807; Il. xxiv. 157.

[4] *ἀέξων—ἔχειν*. The infin. for imperative. Cf. Soph. El. 9; Æsch. Prom. V. 711; and see Matt. Gr. Gr. § 546.

[5] *ἄσται* is for *ἄται*, from *ἄω*, a resolution of *α* before *τ*, for the double *α* is not original, as Butmann shows in Lexil. p. 2, and p. 142, note, in voc. *ἀντιᾶν*.

[6] *ἠθεῖος*, a term used in Homer and elsewhere, generally by the younger to the elder. Il. vi. 518; x. 37, &c. Derived from *ἦθος* "intercourse," or *ἦθας*. According to others, from *θεῖος*, "uncle," or *θεῖος*, "divine."

[7] *Ταύρειος*, according to Goettling, has reference to the roaring of

tlement of Thebes, and protects the city; just as now they bring this man also strong and mighty into thy hands, that thou mayest carry off excellent glory. But come! put on *thy* warlike arms, that, with all speed, having brought our chariots near, that of Mars, and our own, we may engage, since he will not in truth terrify the undaunted son of Jove, nor the child of Iphiclus, but methinks he will flee from the two descendants[1] of the faultless son of Alcæus, who now are nigh to him,[2] desiring to engage in the tumult of battle, *matters* which to them are far more dear than a feast."

Thus spake he: then smiled the mighty Hercules, exulting[3] in his heart, for he had spoken words very congenial to him, and in answer to him he addressed winged words:

"O hero Iolaus, Jove-sprung, no more afar *is* the rough conflict: as then of yore thou wast warlike, so now too guide[4] every way the huge steed, dark-maned Arion,[5] and aid me as thou mayest be able." So having spoken, he placed about his legs greaves of bright mountain-brass,[6] splendid presents

Lake Onchestus in Bœotia, where Neptune was worshipped. Tzetzes says that the name was given because bulls were there offered to him.

[1] *δύο παῖδας* Αλκείδαο. *παῖς* is here taken in a wider sense. Hercules was the son, Iolaus the grandson, of Amphitryon, the son of Alcæus.

[2] *σφι* is found elsewhere as a dative singular. Cf. Hom. H. in Pan. xix. 19; Æsch. Pers. 759, &c.; Matt. Gr. Gr. § 147, 6; and Lobeck's Ajax, 801, p. 350.

[3] *γηθήσας* is made to agree with Ηρακλῆς, implied in *βίη Ἡρακληείη*, by the constructio per synesim, or *πρὸς τὸ σημαινόμενον*. Compare Horace, Od. I. xxxvii. 21, Fatale monstrum, quæ generosius, &c.

[4] *ἀναστρωφᾶν*. The inf. for imperat. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 546, and above at ver. 96.

[5] The horse Arion is mentioned in Pausan. viii. 25; Hom. Il. xxiii. 346; and Statius, Thebaid. vi. 301, Ducitur ante omnes rutilæ manifestus Arion Igne comæ.

[6] *ὀρειχάλκοιο*. This metal is mentioned neither by Homer nor Pindar, but occurs in the Homeric H. to Venus, ver. 9. It is the aurichalcum and orichalcum of the Latins, who, according to Goettling, who quotes Macrob. Saturn. iii. 15, called auratum, oratum. Pompeius Festus derives the word from *ὄρος*, and the note on the word in the Delphin edition of Festus shows that it was a later pronunciation, which gave rise to the notion of "aurum" being mixed with brass. Compare Horat. A. P. 202, Tibia non ut nunc orichalco vincta; and Plaut. Curcul. 206; Mil Glor. 653.

of Vulcan: next donned he a corselet about his breast, beautiful, and of gold, curiously wrought, which Jove's daughter Pallas Minerva had given him, when for the first time he was about to rush furiously upon groanful conflicts. Then fastened the mighty man around his shoulders a sword, the averter of destruction: and the hollow quiver athwart his breast he cast over his back: within it were many chilly arrows, givers of death that-striketh-dumb. At the points indeed they were fraught with death and were wet with tears,[1] in the middle polished, and very long: but at the back end covered with the feathers of a dusky eagle.[2] Then took he his stout spear pointed with gleaming brass, and on his strong brows placed his well-wrought, curious helmet of adamant,[3] fitted on his temples, which fenced the head of divine Hercules.

Yea, and in his hand he took an all-variegated shield, neither could any one have broken it by flinging *a javelin*, nor have shattered it, a marvel to behold. For the whole *of it*[4] was bright all-around with chalk, and white ivory, and electron, and gleaming with shining gold; and plates of blue-cast-steel had been drawn across it. On its centre was the unspeakable terror of a dragon glancing backwards with eyes gleaming with fire: his mouth too was filled with teeth running in a white line,[5] dread and unapproachable, and above his terrible forehead, dread Strife was hovering, as she raises the battle-rout: hard-hearted *Strife*, who, I wot, was taking mind and heart from mortals, whosoever chanced to wage war against the son of Jove. Of these[6] also their souls go be-

[1] *ὑάκρυσι μῦρον*, lacrimis, madebant. *Robinson* and *Lehrs*. "They melted" (kindred?) to tears. *Liddell* and *Scott*.

[2] *φλεγύας*, a vulture or eagle, so named, *ἐκ τοῦ φλέγειν*, from its flame colour.

[3] *ἄδαμας* is not i. q. ferrum. See Blomf. Æsch. Prom. 6. *Goettling*.

[4] The shield seems to have been divided into four portions, namely, one of gypsum, another of ivory, another of electron, and the last of gold, marked out one from the other by the plates of *κύανος*, and all surrounded by Ocean. Electrum was either amber, or a metallic compound of gold and a fifth part of silver. Cf. Crusius's Lexicon Homericum, (Arnold,) ad voc.

[5] *λευκὰ θεόντων*. Cf. 224, and Theog. 733, *περοίχεται*; and Odyss. xxiv. 208, for this sense of *θέειν*. So *ἐλαύνειν* also is constantly used by a metaphor.

[6] *τῶν—αὐτῶν*. The former is here a demonstrative pronoun, not the article. See Goettling, who compares Il. vii. 170. *αὐτῶν* is in apposition with *ὀστέοις*.

neath the earth, within the shades, but their bones, when the skin has rotted around them, under the parching Dog-star,[1] moulder in the dark earth. On it had been wrought Driving-forward, and Beating-back, and on it raged Tumult, Fear, and Carnage. Strife too, and Panic, were darting-to-and-fro on it, and[2] on it deathly Fate, holding one mortal lately-wounded, another unwounded, and another dead, was dragging them by the feet through the battle-fray. And about her shoulders had she a vestment gory with blood of men, while she looked terribly, and bellowed with the gnashing of teeth. On it likewise were heads of terrible serpents, unspeakable, twelve *in number*, which were wont to scare the races of men upon earth, whosoever chanced to wage war against the son of Jove. From the teeth of which serpents too there was a gnashing, whensoever the descendant of Amphitryon might be fighting. These wondrous works[3] then blazed *on the shield*. And there appeared[4] to the sight as it were spots on the terrible dragons: azure *were they* on their backs, and they had been blackened as to their jaws. And on it were herds of snouted[5] boars and of lions, eyeing one another, and chafing, and ready to spring. Of which also the ranks were advancing in troops, nor in truth did they, either of them, tremble, nay both parties verily were bristling in back. For already before them was lying a huge lion, and around *him* two boars deprived[6] of

[1] Σειρίου ἀζαλέοιο. This is properly a genitive of time. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 377, 2, and there is no need to understand ὑπὸ or ὄντος. Cf. Op. et D. 575.

[2] This and the two following verses occur in Hom. Il. xviii. 535—537, with the exception of the word ὁμίλεον for ἐθύνεον.

[3] τὰ δὲ δαίετο, κ.τ.λ. δαίετο, "ardebant fulgore metalli." *Heinr.* θαυματά for θαυμαστά, as ἀγατός for ἀγαστός. ἀδάματος for ἀδάμαστος. *Goettling.*

[4] ἐπέφαντο ἰδεῖν. Compare with this construction Theog. 700, and Matt. Gr. Gr. § 535, a.

[5] χλούνων, from χλούνης, or χλούνος, an Epic word found also in Hom. Il. ix. 509. Eustath. Apoll. and Hesych. derived it from χλόη and εὐνή, "lying in the grass," "well-fed." Aristarch. considered it equivalent to μονιός, "solitary." But we have adopted Goettling's conjecture, that it is as if it were χελούνης, a χελών, an apt epithet for a boar.

[6] ἀπουράμενοι. For the use of this word thus in a passive sense, see Butmann, Lexil. p. 145. Goettling, following Hermann, looks upon ἀπουράμενοι as pertaining as much to λίς as to κάπροι, and equivalent to "cum se invicem interfecissent."

their life, and their dark blood was dropping down to the ground; while they, letting their necks fall on the ground, lay dead beneath the terrible lions. But they were still the more roused, in rage for fighting, both snouted boars and grim lions. And on it was *wrought* the battle of the warrior Lapithæ[1] around Cæneus the king and Dryas, and Pirithous, Hopleus, Exadius, Phalerus, and Prolochus, Mopsus,[2] son of Ampyx of Titaressa, a branch of Mars, and Theseus, son of Ægeus, like unto the immortals: *these were* of silver, having golden arms about their bodies. And the Centaurs[3] on the opposite side were gathered together against them, around huge Petræus and Asbolus, diviner-by-birds, Arctus, Urius, dark-haired Mimas, and the two sons of Peucus, Perimedes and Dryalus, in silver *likewise, and* having in their hands golden pine-trees. Aye and pressing violently[4] together, even as if they were alive, they were fighting hand to hand with outstretched spears and pines. On it too stood in gold the fleet-footed steeds of terrible Mars: and on it likewise destructive Mars himself, the wearer of spoils,[5] with lance in hand, cheering his footmen,[6] empurpled in blood, as if spoiling the living, and stand-

[1] The Lapithæ, and their struggle with the Centaurs, are mentioned by Pausanias, book v. 10, § 8; Ov. Met. xii. 208; Horat. I. Od. xviii. 5, &c.; as well as by Hom. Il. i. 266; xii. 128. They dwelt near Olympus and Pelion in Thessaly. Goettling warns against understanding *Καινέα τ' ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα* as if the article *τῶν* were preceding, and explains the contest as one of regular military forces (impersonated by the Lapithæ) against rude violence, i. e. the Centaurs, and gathers additional arguments in favour of this view from the names of the Lapithæ, 179—182, the precious metals composing their armour and arms, and the character of their weapons, as contrasted with the names and weapons of the more barbarous Centaurs.

[2] Robinson shows from Tzetz. in Schol. ad Lycoph., that *Τιταρήσιον* indicates the place whence Mopsus sprang, and which had its name from the grandsire of Mopsus.

[3] The offspring of Ixion and Nephele, a Thessalian tribe expelled from the neighbourhood of Ossa and Pelion by the Lapithæ. Cf. Hom. Il. i. 268; xi. 342; Od. xxi. 295. Their half-equine form belongs to a later age than Pindar. Cf. Smith's Dict. G. and R. B. vol. i. 666.

[4] *συναΐγδην.* Butmann, Lex. 161, reads *συναΐκτην*, which he considers an adverb of the same class as *ἀκήν, μακράν, ἀντιβίην.* See art. *Ἀπριάτην*, l. c.

[5] *ἐναρφόρος.* Syncope for *ἐναρήφορος.*

[6] *πρυλέες.* Cf. Il. v. 744, &c., opposed to cavalry. Hermann,

ing in his chariot: and beside him stood Terror and Fear,[1] eager to enter the war of men. On it too was *wrought* Jove's daughter, the Trito-born, driver of spoil, like to her, and as it were wishing to array the battle, having a spear in hand, and a golden helmet,[2] and an ægis about her shoulders, and she was approaching the dreadful battle.

And on it was a holy choir of immortals; and in the midst, I ween, the son of Jove and Latona was playing a delightsome strain on golden lyre: and holy Olympus,[3] seat of the gods: and on it an assembly, but boundless wealth[4] had been *wrought* encircling it, in a contest of the gods: whilst the goddesses, the Pierian Muses, were beginning the song, like unto clear songstresses. Upon it a harbour too, with safe port, of the monstrous sea, had been fashioned circular-wise of refined tin, like to a surging *sea:* howbeit many dolphins in the midst of it were dashing here and there in-chase-of-fish, just as though they were swimming: and two dolphins[5] of silver, breathing hardly, were feasting-on the dumb fishes.[6]

Beneath these were quivering fishes wrought-in-brass: but on the banks sat a fisherman[7] on-the-look-out: and he had in his hands a net for fish, resembling *as he did* one in act to throw.

Opusc. iv. p. 288, describes them as "præsules sive præsultores, qui ante cæteros progressi saltationem cum armis præeunt." (Arnold's Lex. Homeric.)

[1] Tullus Hostilius vowed Salii to Pallor and Pavor, (Liv. i. 27,) and the latter is called, in Æsch. Sept. c. Theb. 45, φιλαίματον φόβον. See also Hom. Il. iv. 440, &c.

[2] τρυφάλεια is derived, by Butm. (Lexil. p. 531,) from τρύω and φάλος, because a hole was bored in the φάλος to receive the plume, in the common helmet. Goettling dissents from this, quoting Virg. Æn. vii. 785 in support of the derivation from τρίς and φάλος.

[3] Heinsius conjectured ἄγνυτ', "was rent," which Heinrich and Dindorf have received.

[4] For the ὄλβος of Olympus, cf. Hom. Il. iv. 1, and H. in Merc. 249, seq.

[5] Goettling illustrates ἀναφυσιόωντες by Ov. Met. iii. 686, Jactant Corpora, et acceptum patulis mare naribus efflant.

[6] ἐλλοπας. Cf. Soph. Ajax, 1297, for the kindred word ἐλλός—either "mute," (cf. Hor. Od. IV. iii. 19,) Mutis piscibus, or from ἕλω ἑλαύνω, in the sense of gliding, quick.

[7] ἀνὴρ ἁλιεύς, two substantives for a subst. and adject. See Matt. Gr. Gr 429, § 4; Hom. Il. xxiv. 58. γυναῖκα μαζόν for γυναικεῖον μαζόν. See also Wordsw. Gr. Gr. § 121, L. Gr. 136. Compare for the passage, Theocritus, Idyll. i. 39—45.

On it too was fair-haired Danae's son, equestrian Perseus: neither, I wot, touching the shield with his feet,[1] nor yet far from it, a great marvel to tell of: for he rested nowhere. For so had the famous crippled-god wrought him with his hands in gold, but about his feet he had winged sandals. And around his shoulders a hanger of brass with-iron-scabbard lay *hanging* from a thong: but he was flitting about *quick* as thought.[2] The whole of his back the head of the Gorgon, terrible monster,[3] was covering, and round about it, wrought-in-silver, a knapsack[4] was stretching, a marvel to behold, and bright tassels were hanging down wrought-in-gold, and the dreadful helmet of Hades[5] was set around the temples of the king, having a fearful gloom of night. But like unto one hurrying and shuddering with fear, Perseus, son of Danae, himself was outstretched: whilst after him the Gorgons, unapproachable and unspeakable, were darting, eager to seize him: but as they moved upon the pale adamant,[6] the shield seemed clanking with a vast din sharply and shrilly, and on their girdles[7] two dragons were hanging, curving their heads.

[1] The simplest mode of explaining this seems that of Robinson, that the carving was so skilful that the figure of Perseus seemed to rest on nothing. Goettling, in a learned note, dissents from the notion of Heinrich, (who considers the passage to mean, that the figure of Perseus did not, as the Gorgons, touch the border or rim of the shield; and from that of Hermann, which is pretty much that of Robinson,) and inclines to the opinion that the poet, a later writer than Hesiod, was ignorant of art, and really meant to represent the figure as unattached, for the most part, to the shield.

[2] Quick as thought.] So Apollo is described in the Homeric Hymn to him:

ἐνθεν δὲ πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὥστε νόημα.
εἶσι Διὸς πρὸς δῶμα.

[3] *δεινοῖο πελώρου.* Heinrich points out that this is the older notion of the Medusa's head, as in Hom. Od. xi. 633, 634. Pindar (Pyth. xii. 28) and later poets sang of her face as one of wondrous beauty, so much so that she contended with Minerva on the score of it.

[4] *κίβισις*, i. q. *πήρα*. *Hesych.* Cf. Callimach. Fragm. 177, *εἴ γάρ ἐπιθήσει πάντα ἐμὴ κίβισις.*

[5] Helmet of Hades.] Cf. Hom. Il. v. 845. This helmet rendered its wearer invisible, like the Nebel or Tarn-kappa of the Niebelungenlied. It was made by the Cyclopes. Apollod. i. 2, 1.

[6] *χλωροῦ ἀδάμαντος.* Compare Theog. 161.

[7] That is where their girdles should of right be; for they were girt with serpents.

These two, I wot, were forking their tongues, and, looking savagely, were gnashing their teeth in wrath. But[1] over the dread Gorgon heads great terror was shaking: and the men above them were fighting in warlike arms, one party warding off a pest on behalf of their city and their parents, and the other eager to devastate. Many were lying low; yet more still were fighting engaged in the conflict: and the women on the well-built towers were shrieking with a brazen shrillness,[2] and were tearing their cheeks, like to living women, works of famous Vulcan. But men, who were elders, and whom age had overtaken,[3] were in crowds without the gates, and were uplifting their hands to the blessed gods, in fear concerning their children:—these again were engaging in combat, and in their wake the dark Fates,[4] gnashing white teeth, of aspect-fierce and terrible, bloody and unapproachable, were holding strife for those who fell.

But all, I wot, were eager to quaff dark blood: and whomsoever they had happened to find first lying-low or falling fresh-wounded, about him indeed *one of them*[5] was casting huge talons, and a soul was descending to Hades, into chill Tartarus. So when they had satisfied their fancy with human blood, behind them they would cast the corpse, and, going back again, hurry to the tumult and fray. Clotho and Lachesis stood beside them: the somewhat lesser *goddess*

[1] This seems the beginning of another distinct image on the shield, unconnected with the Gorgons.

[2] *χάλκεον ὀξὺ βόων*, Heinrich explains as if *ὀξὺ βόων* were one word, and *χάλκεον* were a neut. adj. taken adverbially. Goettling suggests that it is tantamount to *ἐν χάλκῳ ὀξὺ βόων*. But see 445, *δεινὰ δ' ὑπόδρα ἰδοῦσ'—*

[3] Comp. Hom. Od. xxiv. 390, *ἐπεὶ κατὰ γῆρας ἔμαρψεν*. *Goettling.*

[4] Κῆρες. These differ from the Parcæ (ver. 258, seq.). The Parcæ bring life and death; Κῆρες only death, and that a violent one. These last are innumerable; cf. Hom. Il. xii. 236; xxiii. 78; as many as are the kinds of violent death. Simonid. Fragm. xviii. 20. So Goettling at this passage

[5] *βάλλ'*. Guietus here suggests that "unaquæque" should be supplied in sense. See Matt. Gr. Gr. 293, p. 502, vol. i. Lehrs translates, injiciebat una ungues magnos. It may be an instance of the Schema Pindaricum, respecting which, see Wordsw. Gr. Gr. § 150, obs. 2. *κατεῖεν*, according to Matt. Gr. Gr. § 219, should be *κατῆεν*, imp. ind. 3 pers. sing. from *κάτειμι*. See Goettling, however, who retains, with all the MSS., *κατεῖεν*.

Atropos[1] was by no means a tall goddess; but, I ween, she yet was excellent above them all and eldest of them. All of them[2] then had engaged in a sharp conflict about one man, and fiercely looked they one at the other, wrathful in their glances, and on *the body* they made their nails and hands alike. Beside *them* too stood Gloom,[3] sad and dread, pale, squalid, cowering through famine, swollen-of-knee:[4] but long nails were upon the tips of her hands. From her nostrils indeed were flowing mucous discharges, and from her cheeks blood was dripping on the ground: but she stood grinning intolerably,[5] and much dust lay upon her shoulders;[6] *and* moistened *was she* with tears. But hard-by was a city of men with-noble-towers: and seven golden gates fitted in their lintels enclosed it: whilst its men were taking delight in festivities and dances: for some upon a well-wheeled car were leading home a bride to her husband,[7] and the marriage-song was bursting forth unbounded; whilst afar a brilliant gleam from blazing torches was whirling about in the hands of attendant maidens. Now these, blooming in beauty, were going in advance, and sportive bands-of-dancers followed them. These from their soft voices[8] were breathing a song to the sound of shrill pipes, and echo around them spread in broken

[1] Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos, the Parcæ distinct from the Κῆρες. See above at 249. *ἡ μὲν ὑφήσσων.* According to Hermann, Atropos is represented less in stature, because eldest, and so nearest to death. Goettling considers *ὑφήσσων* to mean "debilior," and *οὔτι μεγάλη*, "formâ minor."

[2] *πᾶσαι. κῆρες*, i. e. for the verses 258—260 are parenthetical.

[3] Ἀχλὺς is not, as Guietus explains, *ἡ ἐπὶ θανατῳ σκότωσις*, but, as Liddell and Scott observe, a personification of Trouble. This is confirmed by the epithets following.

[4] *γουνοπαχής.* Goettling here compares Op. et D. 497, *παχὺν πόδα.* from which it would seem clear that the notion of swelling is contained in *παχὴς* here.

[5] *ἄπλητον σεσαρυῖα.* Grinning so that none might approach her. *Goettling.* Hermann reads *ἀπλήστου*, "incessantly"

[6] *κατενήνοθεν*, said of something "lying upon" and covering, as *ἐπενήνοθε*, Il. ii. 219; x. 134. *ἐνηνοθε*, from *ἐνέθω. ἔνθω*, akin to *ἔθω.* Butm. Lexil. p. 110, 133.

[7] The nuptial procession in the following order: maidens with torches (276); the car with the bride (273); two choruses, the former with pipes, the latter with lyres (277). *Goettling.*

[8] *ἐξ ἀπαλῶν στομάτων.* Goettling takes this to mean, "from mouths finely wrought on the shield," "subtili arte factorum."

utterance: whilst those to the lyre[1] were leading the delightsome dance.

Then again on another side young men were making merry to the sound of the flute: these indeed disporting with dance and song, those on the other hand laughing. But to the flute-player they were proceeding, each of them: and festivals, choirs, and rejoicings were occupying all the city. Others again in front of the city had mounted on horseback and were darting along. And ploughers were cleaving the rich earth, and had their tunics girt neatly.[2] But there was a thick standing-crop. Some on their part indeed were reaping with sharp sickles the staff-like stalks laden with ears, as it were the present of Ceres.[3] Others, I wot, were binding them in straw-ropes, and were laying the threshing-floor;[4] whilst others with vine-sickles in their hands were gathering-the-fruit of the vines; others again were carrying to baskets from the vintagers clusters white and dark from tall rows, laden with foliage and silvery tendrils; and others again were carrying them in baskets: near them was a row-of-vines wrought-in-gold, famous works of very-skilful Vulcan,[5] waving with leaves and trellises[6] in-silver, [these again indeed

[1] *ὑπὸ φορμίγγων.* For the same sense of *ὑπὸ*, see Hom. Il. xviii. 492; Eurip. Phœn. 838; Herodot. i. 17, *ἐστρατεύετο δε ὑπὸ συρίγγων καὶ πηκτίδων*, and more examples, as Matt. Gr. Gr. § 592, *β*.

[2] *ἐπιστολάδην. ἐσταλάτο.* The Scholiast explains the former word *ἀνεσταλμένως*, succinctâ tunicâ. The form *ἐσταλατο* for *ἦσαν ἐσταλμένοι*, suggests the proper reading in Herodot. vii. 89, where MSS. have *ἐσταλάδατο*, doubtless a corruption of *ἐστάλατο* or *ἐστολίδατο*. See Baehr's Herodot. vol. iii. ad loc.

[3] *Δημήτερος ἀκτήν.* There appears no need to supply *δωρεάν*, cf. Op. et D. 464; Il. xi. 630; Od. ii. 355. The word is generally derived from *ἄγνυμι*, of bruised corn. But Goettling shows that in the passage in the Works and Days it is used of corn unground, and derives it from *ἄγω*, making it imply "id quod allatum est."

[4] *ἔπιτνον ἀλώην*, a peculiar use of *πίτνω* in the imperfect transitively. Others read *ἔπιτνον ἀλωῇ*. Others, as Gaisford, *ἔπιπλον*. For the operation in question, see Virg. Georg. i. 178, 179,

> Area cum primis ingenti æquanda cylindro
> Et vertenda manu, et cretâ solidanda tenaci.

[5] For this apposition of the plural to the singular, see Matt. Gr. Gr. § 293 and § 431; Eurip. Hippolyt. 11, *Ἱππόλυτος ἀγνοῦ Πιτθέως παιδεύματα.*

[6] *κάμαξι.* From the reference to Achill. Tat. i. 15, given by Goettling, it would seem that these were as it were trellis-work, by

sporting each to the minstrel's flute,] weighed down with grapes: yes, and these indeed had been *represented* dark. Some were treading[1] *the grapes* and others were drawing *the juice;* whilst others were contending with the fist, and in wrestling:[2] others were chasing fleet-footed hares, sportsmen, and a brace of sharp-toothed hounds in front, eager to catch *the hares*, and they eager to escape them: and beside them horsemen[3] were busy, and for prizes they were engaging in strife and toil: charioteers standing on well-compacted chariots were letting-loose swift steeds, giving them the reins; and the close-joined chariots were flying rattling over *the ground*, and the naves of the wheels added to the din. They then, I wot, were busied in endless toil, nor had victory ever been achieved for them, but they were engaged in a yet-doubtful contest. Now to them also was proposed a huge tripod, within the course,[4] wrought-of-gold, the famous work of skilful Vulcan. Around the rim[5] was flowing Ocean, like as it were swelling; and it was encircling all the curiously-wrought shield. About it the high-hovering swans were clamouring loud, many of which, I wot, were swimming on the water's surface, while near them fishes were tumbling. A marvel to look-upon,[6] even to loud-thundering Jove, through whose

which one vine was knit to another, and this would explain σειόμενος. The next verse is omitted in several MSS., and appears out of place.

[1] ἐτράπεον. Cf. Odyss. vii. 125, and Butmann, Lexil. p. 266. "I have not the least doubt that the Greek language preserved in this verb that family of words, which pervades modern European languages; in the German 'treten,' to tread—'trappen,' to stamp." L. and S. Lex. derives from τραπέω, trapetes and trapetum, an oil-press.

[2] ἐλκηδόν, in wrestling. Hom. Il. xxiii. 715, has, in the same sense, ἑλκόμενα στερεῶς.

[3] Goettling understands ἱππῆες of charioteers, with Heinrich.

[4] This seems to mean a Hippodrome—contest used for place-of-contest. In next line, with κλυτὰ ἔργα, compare 297.

[5] Around the rim.] The ocean formed the work about the margin or periphery of the shield.

[6] Goettling here observes, that the whole shield was a marvel to Jove, and not the tumbling fishes only; and therefore he puts a full stop at ἐκλονέοντο. Hence too he would infer, that from ver. 140 to 318 is the work of a later writer, taking up the thread which the older poet had laid down at 140, and here resumes.

counsels Vulcan made the vast and sturdy shield, and framed[1] it with his hands. This was the valiant son of Jove shaking with violence, and vaulting upon his horse-chariot, like unto the lightning-flash[2] of his sire, ægis-bearing Jove, as he lightly took his stand: but for him his brave charioteer, Iolaus, mounting the chariot-board, was guiding the crooked car. And nigh them came Minerva, glancing-eyed goddess, and in encouragement addressed them in winged words.

"Save you, offspring of Lynceus[3] far-renowned: now of a truth Jove, ruling among the blest, giveth you might to slay Cycnus, and spoil *him of* his famous arms. But I will tell you[4] one other word, O far chiefest among the hosts. Whensoever, I say, you shall have 'reft Cycnus of dear life, there leave him[5] then, and his arms: but do you by yourself watch Mars, the slayer of mortals, as he approaches, where you shall have seen him with your eyes, unprotected by the curiously-wrought shield, and there wound him with sharp blade, and *then* retire: for look you now, it is not fated for you to capture either his steed or his famous arms."

So spake she, divine among goddesses, and mounted the car[6] in haste, bearing in her immortal hands victory and glory. 'Twas then, I wot, Iolaus, Jove-descended, terribly

[1] *ἁρσαμενος*. 1 aor. mid. from *ἠρσάμην*. In Op. et D. 429, we have *προσαρήρεται*, the pass. perf. of the same verb.

[2] Cf. Hom. Il. xiv. 386, said of *ἄορ*. xiii. 242, of a coat of mail; and x. 154; sudden flashing of light being the idea in all these passages. *Goettling.*

[3] Iolaus derived his descent from Lynceus through Iphicles, Amphitryon, Alcæus, Perseus, Danae, Acrisius, and Abas, son of Lynceus. The use of the plural verb, addressed to one individual, is illustrated by Matt. Gr. Gr. § 511, 2; Lobeck, Ajax, 191, who adduces many instances of this usage, and its opposite, the verb singular addressed to many. Cf. Philoctet. Soph. 646, and for the opp. Œd. Col. 1104. Heinrich compares Virg. Æn. ix. 525, Vos, O Calliope, precor.

[4] This is addressed to Hercules.

[5] *λιπέειν*, and *οὐτάμεν*, (335,) are instances of infin. for imperat Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 546.

[6] The car of Hercules. Goettling shows, by reference to Il. v. 837, that Heinrich wrongly supposes Minerva to have come in a chariot of her own. She sate in the car of Hercules, rendered in visible by the helmet of Orcus, which she had put on.

urged on his steeds: and they by reason of his shouting were bearing hurriedly along the swift chariot, raising-a-dust[1] through the plain; for the gleaming-eyed goddess Minerva had inspired them with spirit, by having brandished the ægis; and the earth was groaning around.

They then were advancing together, like unto fire[2] or a storm, Cycnus, tamer-of-steeds, and Mars, insatiate in the battle-cry. Whose steeds indeed then *on* facing one another, neighed shrilly:[3] and Echo rang brokenly around. The mighty Hercules addressed him (*Cycnus*) first.

"O soft-hearted Cycnus, why now direct ye your swift steeds against us two, men who are experienced in toil and trouble: nay, drive your well-polished chariot outside, and yield to go[4] outside of the path. Now look you I pass to Trachis, to *the court of* King Ceyx;[5] for in power and reverence he hath pre-eminence at Trachis—and you yourself also know it right well, for you are spouse of his dark-eyed daughter Themistonoe. O craven, not assuredly will Mars ward off from you the end of death, that is, if we two shall meet in fight. Already, methinks, even elsewhere, he has made some trial of my lance, when in behalf of sandy Pylos he stood opposed to me, madly desirous for the fight. Thrice indeed stricken by my spear, he supported himself on the earth, his shield having been pierced,[6] the fourth time, pressing with all my might, I smote his thigh, and broke-through his huge

[1] κονίοντες πεδίοιο. This phrase is used, in Od. viii. 122, of men running, but in Il. xiii. 820, xxiii. 372, of horses, as always in the Iliad.

[2] Somewhat similar is Virgil's Emicat et ventis et fulminis ocior igne. Æn. v. 319.

[3] ὀξεῖα χρέμισαν. Guietus reads ὀξέα τ' ἐχρέμισαν, to avoid the difficulty of a neuter adj. in the acc. plural ending in εῖα from νς. Goettling quotes Arat. Dios. 336, θήλεια μῆλα, and suggests that ὀξεῖ', in Il. xi. 272, is not feminine but neuter for ὀξεῖα, and used adverbially.

[4] εἶκε παρὲξ ἰέναι. Goettling compares Hom. Od. ii. 5, βῆ δ' ἴμεν. See more examples in Matt. Gr. Gr. § 532, c.

[5] Ceyx, king of Trachys. Vid. Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Biog. i. 676.

[6] οὐταμένου. The aor. mid. used for the aor. pass. So κτάμενος in ver. 402. See more in Matt. Gr. Gr. § 496, 8. In the next line the reading, σαρκὸς, which some MSS. have, is defended by Hermann.

shield. Then truly had he become dishonoured among immortals, if he had left[1] under my hands his gory trophies."

Thus spake he. Nor, I ween, was Cycnus, skilled in the spear, minded to restrain his chariot-drawing steeds, in obedience to the other. Then truly quickly leapt from their well-compacted chariots to the earth both the son of mighty Jove and *the son of* King Mars. But the charioteers drove near[2] their steeds with-flowing-manes: and beneath them, as they rushed on, the broad earth was resounding with feet. Even as when rocks from the lofty top of a high mountain leap-with-a-bound, and fall one upon another: and many oaks of lofty foliage, many pines, and poplars with wide-stretching-roots, are crashed[3] by them, as they roll down quickly, till they have reached the plain; thus fell they one upon another, loudly shouting. Then all the city of the Myrmidons,[4] and renowned Iolchus, and Arne, and Helice, and grassy Anthea, echoed loudly with the voice of both. They met together with a wondrous battle-cry; and loudly thundered Jove the counsellor, and down from heaven, I ween, he hurled drops of blood,[5] making *that* a signal of war to his greatly-daring son.

[1] There is no need to suppose any apodosis to have slipt out here, since λιπών, as Goettling shows from Matt. Gr. Gr. § 508, c., is equivalent to ἔι ἔλιπε.

[2] ἔμπλην, from ἐμπελάζω, used in Hom. Il. ii. 526, with a genitive.

[3] Are crashed.] ῥήγνυνται seems to be for ῥηγνύωνται, as the other verbs are in the subjunctive.

[4] Goettling quotes Müller, Ægin., to show that Hellas Phthiotis is meant by "the city of the Myrmidons." Hellas and Phthiotis seem to have been equally names for that part of Thessaly where the Myrmidons dwelt. The Schol. says Pharsalus was meant. It can hardly be that Arne in Bœotia, and Helice and Anthia in the Peloponnese, are meant by the names which follow, especially if, as Goettling suggests, we compare ver. 473, which indicates that the towns named were near the city of Ceyx, Trachys. Perhaps they mark cities round the scene of the combat, as Strabo may be inferred to suppose, from his quoting this passage in regard to an Helice in Thessaly, mentioned by Strabo, lib. viii. c. 7, p. 221, (Tauchn.) Otherwise it is a marvel which Hesiod must have wished his hearers to believe, if they could.

[5] Compare Il. xvi. 458. Such portents were not uncommon in the annals of Rome. Cic. De Divin. ii. 27, Sanguinem pluisse senatui nunciatum est Livy, iv. 19, In areâ Vulcani sanguinem pluit.

Like as in the glades of a mountain a boar with-jutting-tusks *and* fierce to look upon, in his spirit ponders upon fighting with hunting men, ay and twisting himself side-ways whets his white tusk, but foam drops about his jaws as he gnashes[1] his teeth, and his eyes are like shining fire;[2] and he bristles with mane erect on his crest and about his neck; like such *a beast* the son of Jove leapt from his horse-chariot. But when the dusky-winged songster cicala,[3] perching on a verdant bough, begins to sing of summer for man, *the cicala* whose meat and drink is the life-giving dew,[4] and both all-day-long, and in-the-morning pours he forth his voice in the fiercest heat,[5] when Sirius parches the skin, [then truly the beards spring around the millet, which men sow in summer, when unripe grapes begin to colour, *gifts* which Bacchus has given to men as matter of joy and grief,] at that season they began to fight, and a great tumult uprose. [And as two lions, for a slain buck, in wrath have rushed one on the other, and fierce roaring and gnashing of teeth at the same time arises between them:] but they, like vultures with curved-talons and hooked-beaks, screaming loudly, fight on a lofty rock for a mountain-roving goat, or a wild stag, *a* fat *one*, which a youth has stricken and slain with a shaft from his bow-string, but himself has wandered else-

[1] *μαστιχόωντι*, from *μαστὰξ*, or *μαστίχη*, (which is from *μαστὰξ*, the mouth). Ovid describes the boar, Fast. ii. 231, 232.

> Sicut aper longè silvis Laurentibus actus
> Fulmineo celeres dissipat ore canes.

[2] Compare Hom. Od. xix. 446, *ὁ δ' ἄντιος ἐκ ξυλόχοιο φρίξας εὖ λοφιὴν, πῦρ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι δεδορκὼς*. Cf. also Virg. Æn. vi. 300, Stant lumina flamma; xii. 102, Oculis micat acribus ignis.

[3] *τέττιξ*. Cf. Op. et D. 580; Virg. Ecl. v. 77, Dum thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ. Il. iii. 151, where good orators are called *τεττίγεσσιν ἐοικότες*, &c. For the Æolic *ἠχέτα*, see Matt. Gr. Gr. § 68, 8, and the translation of Theocritus, (Bohn's series,) p. 47, note 9. In the next line, Goettling compares Anacreon's Ode to the Cicala, *θέρεος γλυκὺς προφήτης.—δενδρέων επ' ἄκρων ὀλίγην δρόσον πεπωκὼς Βασιλεὺς ὅπως ἀείδεις*—

[4] *θῆλυς ἐέρση*, for *θήλεια*. See Hom. Od. v. 467; Theocr. xx. 4, (notes to translation,) *ἀδέα χαίταν*; and Matt. Gr. Gr. § 119, b. 4.

[5] *ἶδος* is akin to the Sanscrit "svid," according to L. and S. Lexicon. *Σείριος ἄζει*. Compare Op. et D. 587. *τῆμος δὴ*: Hermann regards 398—400 as a further description of the season the poet would indicate in 393—397, inserted by a later poet. So he considers 402—404 to be the work of a later hand, trying to add to the simile 405—411 another of like import.

where, being ignorant of the spot; whilst they quickly spy *it*, and hastily engage in a sharp fight about it; so these *heroes* rushed, shouting, one on another.

Hereupon of a truth Cycnus, eager to slay the son of almighty Jove, drove his brazen lance against his buckler, but broke not through the metal; for the gifts of a god protected[1] *him*. But Amphitryon's son, strong Hercules, struck violently with his long spear the neck exposed quickly underneath the chin between the helm and shield: and the murderous ashen-beam cleft away the two nerves;[2] for the vast strength of the hero had fallen on *him*. Then fell he, as when some oak has fallen,[3] or some impassable rock, stricken with the smoking lightning of Jove. So he fell, and around him his curiously-wrought brazen armour rattled. Him then Jove's enduring-hearted son let alone, and he himself watching the approach of Mars, a pest-to-mortals, *and* looking fiercely with his eyes, like a lion, having chanced on a beast,[4] which very eagerly tears the skin with strong claws, and with all speed deprives it of sweet life, while with fury, I wot, his dark heart is filled: and glaring[5] fearfully with his eyes, and lashing sides and shoulders with his tail, he tears the earth with

[1] ἔρυτο, the syncop. form of aorist from ῥύομαι. The penult is long in Il. xxiii. 19, though short in Theog. 301. Cf. Butm. Lex. p. 306, 307, and Liddell and Scott's Lex. in voc.

[2] ἄμφω—τένοντε. Compare Hom. Il. iv. 521; v. 307, θλάσσε δὲ οἱ κοτύλην, πρὸς δ' ἄμφω ῥῆξε τένοντε.

[3] Horace, in his Odes, II. x. 9, Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens Pinus —feriuntque summos culmina montes; III. iii. 6, Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus; xvi. 11, Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius Ictu fulmineo.

[4] σώματι. Either the living body, or carcase of a beast. Cf. Hom. Il. iii. 23, and xviii. 161, 162. The Scholiast, on the first of these passages, explains σῶμα = μέγα ζῶον, "for 'tis said lions will not touch a dead body." *Robinson.* Two lines below, θυμὸν is, as Grævius observes, i. q. ψυχήν.

[5] γλαυκιόων. Il. xx. 172. From these two passages the signification of γλαυκῶπις, in reference to Pallas, is clearly made out to be "glancing-eyed." *Goettling.* Homer's words are, οὐρῇ δε πλευράς τε καὶ ἰσχία ἀμφοτέρωθεν μαστίεται—γλαυκιόων δ' ἰθὺς φέρεται μένει. Heyne quotes, on that passage, Plin. N. H. viii. 18, Leonum animi index cauda, sicut et equorum aures:—in principio terra verberatur, incremento terga seu quodam incitamento verberantur. Compare also Virg. Æn. xii. 4—9; Lucan, i. 205—210, Mox ubi se sævæ stimulavit verbere caudæ.

his feet, nor does any one dare, having seen him face to face, approach or contend with him: such, I ween, stood the son of Amphitryon, insatiate in the battle-cry, in array against Mars, gathering courage in his soul, promptly: but he drew near him grieving in heart, then rushed both, one on the other, with shouting. Yea, as when from a tall jutting-rock a crag has tumbled, and rolls with far boundings, it comes then on impetuously, but a tall hill has stood-in-its-way;[1] where, in truth, it dashes against it, there *the hill* detains it: with just as great a shouting the one, namely, chariot-pressing[2] destructive Mars, rushed on with an outcry, but the other quick received him. But Minerva, child of ægis-bearing Jove, stood in the way of Mars with the dark ægis, and scowling at him terribly, addressed to him winged words.

"Hold, Mars, thy strong spirit, and unconquered hands. For it is not lawful for thee to slay and strip Jove's bold-hearted son, Hercules, of his famous armour. Nay come, cease from the battle, and oppose not me."

So spake she: yet did she not prevail upon the high-hearted spirit of Mars: but with a great shout, brandishing weapons like unto flame, he quickly rushed on mighty Hercules, in eagerness to slay him:[3] and, in truth, from wrath on account of his dead son, hurled his brazen spear violently against the broad shield. Then glancing-eyed Minerva, stretching herself from the chariot, turned off the force of his spear. Keen grief seized Mars: and having drawn his sharp hanger, he sprang upon stout-hearted Hercules, but the son of Amphitryon, insatiate in terrible war, violently wounded him in his onslaught, when he had exposed his thigh under the curiously wrought shield, and smote strongly through his flesh, having made a thrust with his spear: so he prostrated him to the

[1] I have translated according to Goettling's explanation of this passage, who considers *τῳ̃* to be equivalent to *ᾗ*, *ᾗχι*, and translates "ubi (*τῳ̃*) cum monte illo colliditur rupes, ibi eam mons sistit."

[2] *βρισάρματος*. Goettling observes that Heinrich properly explains this of the weight of divine bodies, quoting Hom. Il. v. 838, 839, *μέγα δ' ἔβραχε φήγινος ἄξων βριθοσύνῃ*, where Heyne observes, "Gravat currum, ex opinione vulgari, de deorum specie." Compare with this act of Pallas, Il. v. 835—863; Virg. Æn. xii. 468—480, of Iuturna.

[3] *κακτάμεναι*. i. q. *κατακτάμεναι*. *Guyetus.*

ground in the midst. Then Terror and Fear[1] drave quickly nigh to him his well-wheeled chariot and steeds, and from the spacious earth placed him in his variously-wrought car: and quickly then they lashed the steeds, and came to vast Olympus.

But Alcmena's son and glorious Iolaus, after spoiling Cycnus of the beautiful arms from his shoulders, returned *home:* and speedily then came they with fleet-footed steeds to the city of Trachis. Glancing-eyed Minerva, however, arrived at vast Olympus, and the halls of her sire. But Cycnus, on the other hand, Ceyx buried, and a countless people,[2] who, near the city of the illustrious king, were dwelling in Anthe, and the city of the Myrmidons, and famed Iaolchos, and Arne, and Helice.[3] And a vast host collected, in honour of Ceyx, dear to the blessed gods. His tomb, however, and monument, the Anaurus[4] swept from sight, swelling with wintry rains. For so Apollo, son of Latona, bade it, because, I ween, he was wont to lie in wait, and spoil whoever happened to lead hecatombs to Delphi.

[1] Terror and Fear, charioteers of Mars. See above at 195.

[2] λαὸς ἀπείρων. Populus magnus, i. e. a vast multitude. Virg. Æn. i. 148, Ac veluti populo in magno cum sæpe coorta est Seditio. Cf. Ov. Met. vi. 197, Fingite demi Huic aliquid populo natorum posse meorum So Grævius in his Lectiones Hesiodeæ.

[3] Compare ver. 380, 381.

[4] Anaurus, a river of Magnesia in Thessaly, mentioned by Apollon. Rhod. i. 8, as a river in which Jason lost a sandal, Ἰήσων χειμερίοιο ῥέεθρα κιὼν διὰ πόσσιν Ἀναύρου. Lucan, vi. 370, Nec tenues ventos suspirat Anaurus. Cf. Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Geography, vol. i. p. 131.

THE

WORKS AND DAYS.

This poem of Hesiod is a Didactic poem, having for its main object the inculcation of agricultural precepts and the management of domestic matters connected with the farmer's vocation. The latter portion of the work, *ἡμέραι*, is a sort of Calendar, while the former, *ἔργα*, (by which name alone the whole is sometimes called,) details the whole process of husbandry and country labours. There are two or three episodes, e. g. the story of Pandora, the ages of the world, and the description of winter, (504—558,) all of which some have thought the work of later poets. Virgil has borrowed much of the ground-work of his Georgics from this poem, which, after his manner, he has admirably worked up, and polished with rare skill.

Ye Muses[1] from Pieria, celebrating in songs, come speak of Jove, and chaunt your[2] sire, through whom mortal men *are* alike famed and fameless, named and nameless, by the will of mighty Jove. For with ease indeed he maketh strong,[3]

[1] Pausan. ix. 31, § 4, states that the Bœotians showed him a leaden plate of very great antiquity, whereon was inscribed Hesiod's poem the Works and Days, without the lines 1—9, which other writers have disowned for Hesiod. Goettling conceives them to have been part of an ancient hymn to Jove, attached to this poem, which lacked a beginning, on the principle of "A Jove principium."—*Μοῦσαι Πιερίηθεν*, i. e. Pierian Muses. So Homer, *Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἰδηθεν μεδέων*. Virg. Ecl. vi. 13, Pergite Pierides. Cf. Theog. 53, &c.

[2] *σφέτερον*, i. e. *ὑμέτερον*. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 149, obs. 2, note, p. 245. In Theocritus, xxv. 163, it seems to be used for *ἐμός*. In Hom. Il. x. 398, *σφίσιν* is used for *ὑμῖν*. The repetitions in lines 3 and 4 are arguments for the antiquity of this proem. *ἔκητι* is used in the Odyssey.

[3] *βριάει—μινύθει*. Both are here used transitively, whereas *βριάοντα* here, and *μινύθουσι* in 244, are intransitive Compare with

and with ease bringeth low the strong: and easily he minisheth the illustrious, and increaseth the obscure: easily too doth high-thundering Jove, who dwelleth in mansions highest, straighten the crooked, and blast the proud of heart. Hear and behold and heed, and direct the judgments righteously, O thou![1] Now would I narrate what is true, O Perses.

Not, I ween, was there one kind only of Contention,[2] but there are two upon the earth: the one a sensible man would commend, but the other is blameworthy: and they have spirits *minded* different ways.[3] For the one fosters evil war and discord, cruel *as she is:* her at any rate no mortal loves, but of necessity, by the counsels of the immortals, they honour harsh Strife. The other, however, gloomy Night bare first,[4] and her, by far the best, the high-throned son of Cronos, dwelling in the heavens, placed at earth's roots and among men: *'tis she* also who still rouses *a man* to work, even though he be inactive. For any one when idle having looked upon another *being* rich, he,[5] *I say,* makes haste to plough and to

these and the two following lines Herodot. vii. 10 (the speech of Artabanus); Horat. Od. I. xxxiv. 12, Valet ima summis Mutare et insignem attenuat Deus, obscura promens; and in Holy Writ Hannah's song, 1 Sam. ii. 7; Psal. cxiii. 7, 8; Luke i. 51—53. *Van Lennep* and *Goettling.*

[1] There seems no simpler way of understanding this passage than by placing a stop after *τύνη*, and none before it; and referring it, with Proclus, Tzetzes, and most who have followed them, to Jove. The contrast between *τύνη* and *ἐγὼ δε* is in favour of this view. Hesiod invokes the god to guide the right. For himself he would try to advise his brother what is true. *τύνη* is used hortatorily by Hesiod, Theog. 36, and in Hom. Il. v. 485; xii. 237, &c.—Of Perses see more at ver. 27.

[2] "Non, sicut ante existimabam, unum est genus contentionis." *Spohn* Hesiod, at Theog. 225, had spoken of but one Ἔρις, a daughter of Night. He recants this error here. That such is the force of *ἄρα* is shown by Van Lennep, from Il. xvi. 60, *οὐδ' ἄρα πω ἦν.* Od. ix. 475; Œdip. Tyran. 1697. Goettling, however, treats *ἄρα* here as an initiatory particle, "ergo, ut incipiamus."

[3] *διὰ δ' ἄνδιχα θυμὸν ἔχουσι,* i. e. *διέχουσι δε ἀνδιχα τὸν θυμόν.* Cf. Hom. Il. xx. 32, *δίχα θυμὸν ἔχοντες.*

[4] The Scholiast explains that what is good is eldest, evil comes after; and Goettling instances the particularity of Hesiod in placing Jove as eldest among Saturn's sons, and Calliope among Muses. Both "Strifes" are called daughters of Night.

[5] ὅς, i. q. *οὗτος.* See Matt. Gr. Gr. § 289, obs. 7, and Wordsw. Gr. Gr. § 147. Goettling quotes Hom. Odyss. xvii. 172; i. 286.

plant, and well to order his house; for neighbour rivals neighbour, when hastening toward riches; but this contention is good for mortals. [1] Both potter is jealous of potter, and craftsman of craftsman; and poor man has a grudge against poor man, and poet against poet.

But do thou, Perses,[2] lay up these things in thy mind, nor let Contention rejoicing-in-ills hinder thy mind from work, *whilst it* gapes at strifes, *and* is a listener in the forum.[3] For rare indeed is the time for contentions and suits-in-the-forum to him, whose substance is not yearly stored up within, in season, *substance* which Earth bears, the gift of Ceres.[4]

When thou hast satisfied thyself with these,[5] *then, and not till then*, further contentions and strife concerning the possessions of others: but it will never again be allowed you to do thus: let us however forthwith[6] put an end to the dispute by righteous judgments which are the best from Jove. For already in sooth have we divided the inheritance, and thou

[1] This line is quoted in full by Plato, Lysis. p. 215, C., and partly by Aristot. Rhet. II. iv. § 21; Polit. v. 10. *Van Lennep.* We have more than one homely proverb in English to the same effect. Van Lennep observes on the next line, that, strange though it may sound to our ears, "beggar" and "poet" were not so far removed in Epic times, and each was entirely dependent on the rich.

[2] Hesiod and his brother Perses had divided their patrimony. Perses spent his share in riot and luxury, and then sought to recruit his fortunes, by bringing his brother to trial for having received more than his share, before corrupt judges, whom Perses had bribed (cf. 39). The passage from 27—41 seems to urge him to leave off litigation, and rely on toil and labour for a competence

[3] Grævius illustrates *ἀγορῆς ἐπακουὸν ἐόντα* by Aristoph. Nub. 447, *δικῶν περιτρίμματα*. Cf. Demosth. de Coron. 269, 19, *ἀγορᾶς περιτρίμματα*. Liv., Qui concionibus adfixi hærent, et in foro vivunt. Cic. De Orat. I. chapter last, Qui in subselliis habitant. Such persons are said by Plautus, foro operam dare; and by Terence, "lites sequi."

[4] *Δημήτερος ἀκτήν*. Cf. Scut. Herc. 290.

[5] Hesiod bids Perses give up the frequenting of the forum, and connexion with lawsuits, till he was rich. The brother appears not merely to have had a taste for attending the courts, but also to have hoped to improve his fortunes by litigation. He was, as Goettling observes, what is called by Festus, lib. xiii. in voc., "Ordinarius," i. e. improbus qui ipse in litibus moraretur. *σοὶ δ' οὐκέτι δεύτερον ἔσται*, you will never have the alternative. The phrase was used when of two conditions the first did not please, and the option of the second was or was not allowed.

[6] *αὖθι*, extemplo, illico, for *αὖτοθι*.

didst carry off much more by plunder: flattering much the bribe-swallowing judges,[1] whose will it is to give judgment thus. Fools! and they know neither how much half exceeds the whole,[2] nor how great advantage is in mallow and asphodel.

Now[3] the gods keep hidden for men *their* means of subsistence: for *else* easily mightest thou even in one day have wrought, so that thou shouldest have *enough* for the year, even though being idle: *else* straightway wouldst thou lay-by the rudder above the smoke,[4] and the labours[5] of oxen and of toil-enduring mules would be undone. But Jove in wrath at his heart concealed it, because wily Prometheus[6] had beguiled him. Therefore, I ween, he devised baneful cares[7] for men. And fire he hid, which indeed the good son of Iapetus stole back for mankind from counsellor Jove in a hollow fennel-

[1] *βασιλῆας*, (cf. Odyss. viii. 40, 41,) the judges. In the kingdoms of the Heroic age the functions of judge appertained to the kingly office. When aristocracies took the place of monarchies, these functions were divided, and so, as touching administration of justice, there became many *βασιλεῖς* in lieu of one. Cf. V. Lennep.

[2] *πλέον ἥμισυ παντός*. This proverb is quoted by Plato, Polit. v 466, C., and De Legg. iii. p. 690, D., as Hesiod's. In each case it is directed against violent and rapacious judges: and the scope of the phrase seems to be "the superiority of the mean between excess and defect." Cf. Ovid, Fast. v. 718.—In the next line, the mallow and asphodel are used to express the dinner of herbs, which was the lot of the poorest classes. Cf. Aristoph. Plut. 543, *σιτεῖσθαι μαλάχης πτόρθον*. Cf. also Horat. Od. I. xxxi. 15, Me pascunt olivæ Me chicorea, levesque malvæ. Homer, Od. iv. 565, places the dead heroes in a mead of asphodel, (*τῇπερ ῥηΐστη βιοτὴ πέλει ἀνθρώποισι,*) because the dead and the gods are supposed by him to live most sparingly and lightly. *Clericus*. Compare Plin. H. N. xxi. 17, § 68.

[3] Hesiod here resumes the thread dropped at ver. 31, 32, and *γὰρ* in ver. 43 implies *εἰ μὴ ἔκρυψαν*. Goettling compares here Virg. Georg. i. 121, Pater ipse colendi Haud facilem esse viam voluit.

[4] Cf. Aristoph. Aves, 711, *καὶ πηδάλιον τότε ναυκλήρῳ φράζει κρεμάσαντι καθεύδειν*; and Virg. Georg. i. 175, Et suspensa focis explorat robora fumus.

[5] *ἔργα βοῶν*. Cf. Virg. Georg. i. 118, Boumque labores, and Odyss. x. 48.

[6] Compare Theogony, 507—516, 562, 563. The difference is explained by keeping in mind, that the poet is here dwelling rather on the consequences of the sin of Prometheus than his story, which he gives in the Theogony. Cf. Vollbehr. Prolegom. p. 28.

[7] *ἐμήσατο κήδεα*. So Virg. Georg. i. 121, Curis acuens mortalia corda.

stalk, after he had escaped the notice of Jove delighting in the thunderbolt.

Him then cloud-compelling Jove addressed in wrath: "O son of Iapetus, knowing beyond all in counsels, thou exultest in having stolen fire, and deceived my wisdom, a severe woe[1] to thyself and to men that shall come after. To them now will I give evil instead of fire, wherewith all may delight themselves at heart, hugging their own evil." So spake he: and out-laughed[2] the sire of men and gods: but he bade Vulcan the illustrious with all speed mix earth with water,[3] and endue it with man's voice and strength, and to liken in countenance to immortal goddesses the fair, lovely beauty of a maiden: then *he bade* Minerva teach her work, to weave the highly wrought web; and golden Aphrodite to shed around her head grace,[4] and painful desire,[5] and cares that-waste-the limbs: but to endue her with a shameless mind[6] and tricksy manners he charged the conductor, Argicide Mercury.

So he bade: but they obeyed Jove, the sovereign son of Cronus: and forthwith out of the earth the famous crippled-god fashioned one like unto a modest maiden, through the counsels of *Jove*, the son of Cronus: and the goddess, gleaming-eyed Minerva, girdled and arrayed her: and around her

[1] Homer uses nearly the same words about Paris, Il. iii. 50; vi. 283.

[2] ἐκ τ' ἐγέλασσε. Clericus quotes Virg. Æn. x. 742, Ad quem subridens tacitâ Mezentius irâ. Robinson compares Milton, P. L.,

"Mighty Father, thou thy face
Justly hast in derision, and secure,
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain."

So in Psal. ii. 4, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision."

[3] ὕδει, an Epic dative of *ὑδώρ*, used also by Theognis, 955, ὕδωρ δ' ἀναμίσγεται ὕδει, from which (see Liddell and Scott) Callimachus, Fragm. 466, formed a nom. ὕδος.

[4] χάριν ἀμφιχέαι. Compare Virg. Æn. i. 190, 191, Lumenque juventæ Purpureum et lætos oculis afflarat honores.

[5] πόθον ἀργαλέον. Cf. Catull. lxvi. 18, Non est Dea nescia nostrî, Quæ dulcem curis miscet amaritiem.—γυιοκόρους (from κείρειν, in the sense of wasting): Compare Virg. Georg. iii. 458, Atque artus depascitur arida febris.

[6] κύνεόν τε νόον. Cf. Homer's epithet, κυνώπης.—ἐπίκλοπον ἦθος. Cf. Apollon. Rhod. iii. 781, μῆτις ἐπίκλοπος.—Van Lennep notes the propriety of these gifts from Mercury, himself called κλεψίφρων in the Hymn to Merc. 413.

skin the goddess Graces and august Persuasion hung golden chains, whilst fair-tressed Hours[1] crowned her about with flowers of spring: and Pallas Minerva adapted every ornament to her person. But in her breast, I wot, conductor Mercury wrought falsehoods, and wily speeches, and tricksy manners, by the counsels of deep-thundering Jove: and the herald of the gods placed within her, I ween, a winning voice:[2] and this woman he called Pandora, because all, inhabiting Olympian mansions, bestowed *on her* a gift, a mischief to inventive men.

But when he had perfected the dire inextricable snare, father *Jove* proceeded to send to Epimetheus the famous slayer-of-Argus, swift messenger of the gods, carrying her as a gift: nor did Epimetheus consider how Prometheus[3] had told him never to accept a gift from Olympian Jove, but to send it back, lest haply any ill should arise to mortals. But he, after receiving it, felt the evil, when now he possessed it.

Now[4] aforetime indeed the races of men were wont to live on the earth apart and free from ills, and without harsh labour, and painful diseases, which have brought death on mortals. [For in wretchedness men presently grow old.] But[5]

[1] Fair-tressed Hours.] Compare notes at Theog. 901, &c. In the Hymn to Venus, Homer introduces the Hours as her tiring-women. Vid. Hymn the Second to Aphrodite, 5—16.

[2] *φωνὴν*. In ver. 61, Vulcan is said to have endowed her with *αὐδὴ*, that is to say, with "mortal speech." *φωνή* seems here to mean persuasive utterance. Vid. Goettling, and Van Lennep, who observes that Sophocles, Antig. 354, uses *φθέγμα* in the same sense of "eloquium."

[3] Prometheus had given him this warning in consequence of Jove's words recorded at ver. 57, &c. Hesiod, in Theog. 513, gives the same account of Epimetheus receiving Pandora. Cf. Theog. 586, as to the time and place.

[4] In the fifteen next verses it is shown how the ills with which sea (101) and land abound, and especially how diseases (92) render harder man's lot, particularly as regards seeking that subsistence, which the gods had made difficult at the best (cf. 42). And the outpouring of these evils on men formerly free from them (90, &c.) was caused by Pandora lifting the lid from the vessel wherein they were contained (94, &c.).

[5] Comparing this passage with Hom. Il. xxiv. 527, &c., Van Lennep infers, that though the two differ, the fable of Pandora's box was known commonly before the age of Homer and Hesiod.

the woman having with her hands removed the great lid from the vessel, dispersed them: then contrived she baneful cares for men. And Hope[1] alone there in unbroken abode kept remaining within, beneath the verge of the vessel, nor did it flit forth abroad: for before *that*, she had placed-on the lid of the vessel, by the counsels of ægis-bearing, cloud-compeller Jove. But myriad other ills have roamed forth among men. For full indeed is earth of woes,[2] and full the sea: and in the day as well as at night diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ills[3] to men, for counsellor Jove hath taken from them their voice. Thus not in any way is it possible to escape the will of Jove.

[4] But if you will, another tale will I briefly-tell you well and skilfully, and do you ponder it in your mind, that from the same origin[5] are sprung gods and mortal men. First-of-

Proclus relates a tradition that Prometheus had deposited with Epimetheus a vessel full of ills closely covered, which he had received from the Satyrs. This was opened, contrary to Prometheus's warning, by Pandora, therein evidencing her nature.

[1] Hope, as the only solace man has for the ills of life, remains behind. It is often fallacious, (hence Æsch. P. V. 298, *τυφλὰς ἐλπίδας*,) but still a boon to men. Cf. Theognis, 1131, 1132,

Ἐλπὶς ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μόνη θεὸς ἐσθλὴ ἔνεστι,
Ἄλλαι δ' Οὐλυμπόν δ' ἐκπρολιπόντες ἔβαν.

[2] Horace imitates this, Od. I. iii. 29,

Post ignem æthereâ domo
Subductum macies et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors.

Servius quotes Hesiod, 100, 101, in his note on the words of Virgil, Ecl. vi. 42, Caucaseasque refert volucres furtumque Promethei.

[3] *φοιτῶσι*. Proclus refutes the objection of elder critics against this personification of diseases, showing that Homer has introduced Ἔρις and Δεῖμος as in bodily forms. So one of our own poets has, "Lo! there sits Danger, with his feet upon the hearth."—At 105, cf. Theog. 614.

[4] Goettling thinks that from this verse to 201 is the complete work of some other, added to this poem by the rhapsodists. But, as Van Lennep urges, they not inaptly come in to point the admonition of Hesiod to his brother to labour for an honest livelihood, and to avoid injustice. Volbehr, in his Prolegomena, holds them to belong to Hesiod, p. 40, 41.

[5] Goettling, contrary to other editors, joins this line with the foregoing, not with the following. — *ὁμόθεν*. Cf. Soph. El. 153, *οἷς ὁμόθεν εἶ*. Eurip. Iph. Aul. 503. See also Pindar, Nem. vi. 1, *ἓν ἀνδρῶν, ἓν θεῶν γένος, ἐκ μιᾶς δὲ πνέομον ματρὸς ἀμφοτέροι*, viz. the

all the immortals holding the mansions of Olympus made a golden race of speaking men. [They indeed were under Cronus,[1] what time he ruled in heaven.] And as gods they were wont to live, with a life void-of-care, apart from, and without labours and trouble: nor was wretched old age at all impending, but, ever the same in hands and feet, did they delight themselves in festivals out of the reach of all ills: and they died, as if o'ercome by sleep;[2] all blessings were theirs; of-its-own-will the fruitful field would bear *them* fruit,[3] much and ample: and they gladly used to reap the labours of their hands in quietness along with many good things, being rich in flocks,[4] and dear to the blessed gods. But after that Earth had covered this generation by the hests of mighty Jove, they indeed are dæmons,[5] kindly, haunting-earth, guardians of mortal men, who, I ween, watch both the decisions of justice,

earth. Hence the conceit of giving to ages of men the names of the various metals which are contained in her womb. *Goettling.* For allusion to these ages by other poets, see Aratus, (Phænom. 100—134,) who mentions three—golden, silver, and brazen; Ovid, Met. i. 89—150, who adds the iron; and Juvenal, xiii. 27—30, who calls his own age, as Hesiod does his, worst of all.

> Nunc ætas agitur pejoraque sæcula ferri
> Temporibus, quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
> Nomen, et a nullo posuit natura metallo.

None of these mentions Hesiod's fourth age, the heroes or demigods.

[1] For Saturn's blissful reign, see Virg. Georg. i. 125, Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni. Tibull. I. iii. 35—48, Quam bene Saturno vivebant rege, &c. Virg. Ecl. iv. 6, Redeunt Saturnia regna.

[2] A beautiful picture of Euthanasia. Some of our own poets have the image of one in death,

> "who sinks to rest,
> Like a tired child upon his nurse's breast."

[3] Compare Ovid, Met. i. 101—105, &c.

[4] μήλοισι, Grævius and others interpret "fruits," from Ovid, Met. i. 104, q. v.; but Goettling and Van Lennep agree in rendering it "flocks," comparing Tibull. I. iii. 45, Ultroque ferebant Obvia securis ubera lactis oves.

[5] This notion of Genii, of Eastern origin, was unknown to Homer. Socrates is made to quote these lines in Plato's Cratylus, and to explain "golden" to signify good, and "iron" bad, § 398, E. (Ast.). Cf. Macrobius, Comm. in Somn. Scip. i. 9, who translates these lines,

> Indigetes divi fato summi Jovis hi sunt
> Quondam homines, modo cum superis humana tuentes,
> Largi ac munifici, rerum jus nunc quoque nacti.

and harsh deeds, going-to-and-fro everywhere over the earth, having wrapt themselves in mist,[1] givers of riches *as they are:* and this is a kingly function which they have.

Afterwards again the dwellers in Olympian mansions[2] formed a second race of silver, far inferior; like unto the golden neither in shape nor mind: but for a hundred years[3] indeed a boy was reared and grew up beside his wise mother,[4] in her house, being quite childish: but when *one* happened to come to age and reached the stature of manhood,[5] for but a brief space used they to live, suffering griefs through their imprudences: for they could not keep off rash insult one from the other, nor were they willing to worship the gods, nor to sacrifice[6] at the holy altars of the blessed, as it is right men should in their abodes. Them indeed afterwards, Jove, son of Cronus, buried[7] in his wrath, because they gave not *due* honours to the blessed gods, who occupy Olympus. Now when earth had ingulfed this race also, they, beneath the ground, are called blessed mortals, second *in rank;* but still honour[8] attends these also.

And yet a third race of speech-gifted men formed father Jove of brass, not at all like unto the silver, formidable and

[1] Cf. *Ἠεροφοῖτος Ἐριννύς*, Hom. Il. ix. 571.—*πλουτοδόται*. Goettling compares the Lares and Penates of the Etruscans. The rest of the verse seems to signify, that to do justice and dispense wealth, which was an attribute of these Genii, was a kingly function.

[2] The dwellers in Olympian mansions.] i. e. the gods mentioned in ver. 110, not Jove, who is named in ver. 137, where he is said to have buried the silver race for not according due honours to the *Μάκαρες θέοι*, himself and the Cronidæ. Cf. Theog. 881. *V. Lennep.*

[3] This seems to mean that in mind and body men were infantile and under mother's care till their hundredth year.

[4] *ἐτρέφετ' ἀτάλλων*. The latter word seems to be here used in a neuter sense, as in Il. xiii. 27; Soph. Aj. 559. The kindred *ατίταλλων* is used actively at Theog. 480.

[5] *ἡβήσειε*. The optative used of a matter frequently repeated, as often. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 521.

[6] *ἔρδειν*, "facere." So Virg. Ecl. iii. 77, Cum faciam vitulâ. So also Georg. i. 339, Lætis operatus in herbis. In the next line, cf. with *ἤθεα*, Il. vi. 511, *μετὰ τ' ἤθεα καὶ νόμον ἵππων*; and Op. et D. 167.

[7] *ἔκρυψε*, "buried," i. e. in the earth; because the Genii were *ὑποχθόνιοι*.

[8] Their *τιμὴ* or rank is that of *μάκαρες*. They are among the *μάκρες* of mortal birth, as distinguished from the *ἀθάνατοι* of ver. 136. who are also called *μάκαρες*.

mighty by reason of *their* ashen-spears:[1] whose care was the mournful deeds of Mars, and insults: neither did they at all eat wheaten food *only*,[2] but had stout-spirited hearts of adamant; unapproachable. Now vast force and hands unvanquished grew from their shoulders upon sturdy limbs. These had brazen[3] arms, and likewise brazen houses, and with brass they wrought: for there was not yet dark iron. They indeed subdued[4] beneath their own hands, entered the squalid abode of chilling Hades, inglorious: for terrible though they were, black Death seized them, and they quitted the bright sunlight.

But when earth had covered this race also, again Jove, son of Cronus, wrought yet another, a fourth, on the many-nourishing ground, more just and more worthy, a godlike race of hero-men,[5] who are called by the former[6] age demigods over the boundless earth. And these baneful war, as well as the dire battle-din, destroyed, a part fighting before

[1] This is according to Goettling's punctuation, who illustrates it by Soph. Trach. 671, ἐξ ὅτου φοβεῖ, and shows that ἐκ μέλιᾶν δεινὸν is to be taken passively. For the other punctuation at μελιᾶν, Van Lennep adduces Virg. Æn. viii. 315, Gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata; Statius, Theb. iv. 276, 279; Virg. Georg. i. 63; Hom. Od. xix. 163; and Aristoph. Acharn. 180; pointing to the widespread ascription by the ancients of man's origin to stocks and stones.

[2] Not bread *only, but flesh also.* Ovid, Met. i. 125, 126, says of this race,

> Tertia post illas successit aenea proles
> Sævior ingeniis, et ad horrida promptior arma.

[3] Robinson observes here, that this age derives its name from the metal of which arms were made, and quotes Herodot. ii. 152, respecting a raid of Ionians and Carians, who placed Psammitichus on the throne of Egypt, and who are called by an oracle χάλκεοι ἄνδρες.

[4] This corresponds with the mythic end of the early children of the Greek soil, with whom, under the name of Earth-born, or children of the Dragon's seed, the stranger Cadmus fought. *V. Lennep.*

[5] Then comes the age of heroes, born of Jove, or of some other god, and a mortal woman, as we find, in the end of the Theogony. These succeeded the aborigines, who had fallen by mutual slaughter, and were renowned in Epic poetry.

[6] πρότερῃ, i. e. by the age preceding the fifth, that of Hesiod. The poet would seem to say, that in his own age the men of this fourth race were called ἥρωες rather than ἡμίθεοι. There is only one place in Hom. (Il. xii. 23) where the Greeks at Troy are called ἡμιθέοι. See Van Lennep, Hermann, &c.

seven-gated Thebes, in the Cadmean land, for the flocks[1] of Œdipus, and part also in ships beyond the vast depths of the sea, when it had led[2] them to Troy for fair-haired Helen's sake. There indeed the end of death enshrouded them; but to them Jove, the son of Cronus, their sire, having given life and settlements apart from men, made them to dwell at the confines of earth, afar from the immortals. Among these Cronus rules. And they indeed dwell with careless spirit in the Isles of the Blest,[3] beside deep-eddying Ocean; blest heroes, for whom thrice in a year doth the fertile soil bear blooming fruits as-sweet-as-honey.[4]

Would that then I had not mingled with the fifth *race of* men, but had either died before, or been born afterward.[5] For now in truth is the iron[6] race, neither will they ever cease[7]

[1] Because, in the Heroic age, wealth consisted in exceeding many flocks and herds, whence kings got the title of *ποίμενες λαῶν*. Œdipus amassed such wealth; and what is here meant is, that Etrocles and Polynices contended for it, and so sprang war between Thebes and Argos.

[2] *ἀγαγὼν*, sc. *πόλεμος*.

[3] Homer, Od. iv. 563, speaks of the Elysian plain, which he fixed at the extremities of Earth, and at the Ocean. Pindar, Ol. ii. 128, has *ἔνθα μακάρων Νᾶσον ὠκεαν ἔες Αὔραι περιπνέουσι*, and there, as here, Saturn is called King of the Isles of the Blest. Van Lennep, Goettling, and Heyne at l. c. Pindari, quote Monument. Regillæ, 9, *ἐν μακάρων νήσοισιν ἵνα Κρόνος ἐμβασιλεύει*. Callistratus, in his celebrated Scolium, (515, Anthol. Polyglott,) places Harmodius there with Diomed and Achilles.

[4] Van Lennep quotes Pomponius Mela, III. x. 12, Fortunatæ insulæ abundant suâ sponte genitis; et subinde aliis super aliis adnascentibus nihil sollicitos alunt.

[5] Goettling compares Hom. Il. iii. 40, *αἴθ' ὄφελες ἄγονός τ' ἔμεναι ἄγαμός τ' ἀπολέσθαι*—and with the former part of the wish Robinson compares Hor. Sat. II. ii. 92, 93,

Hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

[6] *σιδήρεον*, of iron, as the fifth race had need to be, to sustain the toils and hardships incident to it. Cf. Hom. Il. xxiv. 205; Hesiod, Theog. 764; Aristoph. Acharn. 491; Eurip. Medea, 1279; Virg. Georg. i. 63, Unde homines nati, durum genus; Ov. Met. i. 414,

Inde genus durum sumus experiensque laborum,
Et documenta damus, quâ simus origine nati.

Clericus observes with truth, that every age looks upon itself as having come to the extreme point of wickedness, forgetting the past ages.

[7] All these futures, *παύσονται, δώσουσι, μεμίξεται*, refer to the re-

by day, nor at all by night, from toil and wretchedness, corrupt *as they are:* but the gods will give them severe cares: yet nevertheless even for these shall good be mingled with ills. But Jove will destroy this race also of men endowed with speech, as soon as, immediately after having been born, they become silvery-templed.[1] Nor will sire be like-minded to sons, nor sons at all *to parent*, nor guest to host, nor comrade to comrade, nor will brother be dear, even as it was aforetime, *to brother*. But quickly will they dishonour parents growing old, and will blame them, I ween, addressing them with harsh words, *being* impious, and unaware of the vengeance of the gods;[2] nor to aged parents would these pay back the price of their nurture, using the right of might:[3] and one will sack the city of another: nor will there be any favour to the trusty, nor the just, nor the good, but rather they will honour a man that doeth evil and *is* overbearing;[4] and justice and shame will not be in their hands, and the bad will injure the better man, speaking in perverse speeches, and will swear a false oath. But on all wretched mortals envy with-its-tongues-of-malice, exulting-in-ills, will attend with hateful look. Then also in truth to Olympus from earth

maining years of the lives of Hesiod and his brother Perses, whom he warns that labour is man's lot, and that he will have, as all men, ills mixt with good things.

[1] Vollbehr, in his Prolegomena, p. 44, (note 108,) explains this passage of the narrowing gradually, and from age to age, of the distance or interval between infancy and old age, birth and death.—In the degenerate age of iron, men's bodies and minds should be quick to decay, and give evidences thereof from their very birth. *ὁμοῖος*, in the next line, is agreed by the best commentators to be equivalent to *ὁμονοητικὸς*, and not to refer to countenance.

[2] *οὐδὲ θεῶν ὄπιν ἰειδότες*. Cf. Tibull. I. viii. 72, Nescius ultorem post caput esse Deum; and compare Hom. Il. xvi. 388, *θεῶν ὄπιν οὐκ ἀλέγοντες*. Od. xxi. 28; Theog. 222.—*γηράντεσσι*, Ep. dat. plur. of *γηράς*, aor. 1, particip. from *γήρημι*.

χειροδίκαι. Goettling refers us (inter alia) to Herodot. viii. 89, for the phrase *ἐν χειρῶν νόμῳ*. To this may be added Æsch. Choeph. 418 (Blomf.); Herodot. ix. 48.

[4] *ὕβριν ἀνέρα*. Either *ὕβριν* is here a subst. used as in Lucian, Conviv. § 12, *ἀνδρα βοὴν ἀτεχνῶς ὄντα*, as Lobeck suggests, or it is an adj. used for *ὑβριστήν*. See Liddell and Scott. Goettling supports the former view with references to Soph. Antig. 320, *λάλημα δῆλον ἐκπεφυκὸς εἶ*: Aristoph. Nub. 445; Hom. Il. xvi. 498. Robinson adds Lucret. iv. 1156; Martial, xi. 92, Non vitiosus homo

with-its-broad-ways shall Shame and Retribution, having abandoned men, depart,[1] when they have clad their fair skin in white raiment, to the tribe of the immortals: but the baneful griefs shall remain behind, and against evil there shall be no resource.

Now then will I speak a fable to kings, wise even though they are. Thus the hawk addressed the nightingale of variegated-throat, as he carried her in his talons, when he had caught her, very high in the clouds.

She then,[2] pierced on all sides by his crooked talons, was wailing piteously, whilst he victoriously addressed his speech to her. "Wretch,[3] wherefore criest thou? 'tis a much stronger *that* holds thee. Thou wilt go that way by which I may lead thee, songstress though thou art: and my supper, if I choose, I shall make, or shall let go. But[4] senseless *is he* who chooses to contend against *them that are* stronger, and he is robbed of victory, and suffers griefs in addition to indignities."

So spake the fleet-flying hawk, broad-pinioned bird. But do thou, Perses, hear the right, nor help on wrong: for wrong is both ill[5] to a poor mortal, nor in truth can a well-to-do man easily bear it, for he is also weighed down by it, having fallen upon the penalties of crime;[6] the better way *is* to arrive

[1] Shall Shame and Retribution depart.] ἴτον is clearly used in a future sense. According to Hesiod's view, (273,) they had not yet gone. προλιπόντε for προλιπουσα. Cf. Theog. 826; Hom. Il. viii. 455.—πληγέντε for πληγεῖσα, said of Juno and Minerva. Compare, for the whole statement, Juvenal, vi. 19; Ovid, Met. i. 150.

[2] Vollbehr, in Comment. p. 49, refers this fable of the hawk and nightingale to the wish of the poet to hold up to censure that worse contention, (cf. 14, 15,) which is the instigator of his brother and the corrupt judges. Vollbehr adds, that Hesiod must have meant himself by the *nightingale*, or he would have adhered to common usage, and substituted the dove or pigeon, as in Horat. I. xxxvii. 17; Soph. Aj. 140, 168; Æsch. Prom. 857.

[3] δαιμονίη, Guietus translates "infelix." Van Lennep prefers to consider it ironical, "O bona," Good mistress! In the next line, εἶς is used in a future sense, and is equivalent to a mild imperative.

[4] Ver. 210, 211, which Aristarchus deemed spurious, Goettling considers only in their wrong place.—ἀντιφερίζειν, i. e. by crying and wailing, which were useless. *Van Lennep*

[5] ξειλῷ, ἐσθλὸς. The former of these is equivalent to ασθενέστερος, genere et opibus inferior; the latter to ὁ τῇ τύχῃ καὶ τῇ ξυμμει προέχνω.

[6] i. e. when he comes in for the punishment of it, then he fin ds

at what is right in the contrary path; and justice surmounts injury, when it has reached to the end. When he has suffered,[1] the senseless man learns *this*. For along with crooked judgments straight runs the avenger of perjury;[2] and a resistless course *is that* of Justice, though she be dragged whithersoever bribe-swallowing men may lead her, and with perverse judgments decide upon the *existing* rights. And she follows lamenting city and settlements of peoples, clad in mist,[3] bringing ill on men, who shall have driven her out, and dispense not a fair decision.[4] But[5] whoso give fair judgments to strangers and to citizens, and do not overstep aught of justice, for these a city blooms, and her peoples flourish within her: peace rears her young men through the land, nor ever to them doth wide-seeing Jove ordain[6] troublous war: nor ever doth famine, nor ruin, company with men who judge the right, but in festivals they enjoy the fruit of carefully-tended works. For them bears Earth much substance: on the mountains the oak[7] at its top indeed yields acorns, and midway bees: the woolly sheep are weighed down with fleeces; women bear children like unto their sires:[8] in blessings they flourish still:

that the wrong he has done has power to weigh him down.—ἑτέρηφι (ὁδῷ, sc.) contrario modo. Dat. sing. See Matt. Gr. Gr. § 87.

[1] *παθὼν δὲ τε, κ. τ. λ.* Cf. Hom. Il. xvii. 32. This passage is quoted by the Scholiast on Æsch. Agam. 177, *τὸν πάθει μάθος θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.*

[2] Ὅρκος. The avenger of perjury. Cf. Theog. 231; Sophocl. Œd. C. 1767, *χὠ πάντ' ἄτων Διὸς ὅρκος*; and Herodot. vi. 86, the oracle to Glaucus. In the next line I have translated as Liddell and Scott, who understand *ἔστι*, though there is probability in the view of Van Lennep, who makes *τρέχει* the verb to *ῥόθος* as well as *ὅρκος*, and understands *ῥόθος* of the noise of Justice, dragged perforce, whither she would not.

[3] *ἠέρα ἑσσαμένη.* She is hidden by a vapour, because she would watch and punish wrong-doers, unseen; and that, once embarked in wrong, they may not seem to have her countenance.

[4] *ἰθεῖαν ἔνειμαν*—sc. *δίκην.*

[5] Ver. 225—247. Van Lennep compares Callimach. H. in Dian. 120—135.

[6] *τεκμαίρεται*, destinat immittendum. Cf. Hom. Il. vi. 349; vii 70. *Van Lennep.*

[7] Plat. de Rep. ii. p. 363, B.; Plin. N. H. xvi. 8, Robora ferunt et viscum et mella, ut auctor Hesiodus. Cf. Virg. Ecl. iv. 30, Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella. Ov. Met. i. 112, Flavaque de viridi sudabunt ilice mella. Cf. Georg. ii. 452.

[8] Compare Horat. Od. IV. v 23 Laudantur simili prole puerperæ

nor ever travel they on board ship;[1] but the fertile field yields its increase. But they, to whom evil, wrong, and hard deeds are a care, to them wide-seeing Jove, the son of Cronus, destines punishment. Oft[2] hath even a whole city reaped the *evil* fruit of a bad man, who sins and puts in practice deeds of infatuation.

On them then[3] from heaven the son of Cronus is wont to bring great calamity, famine and pestilence at the same time: so the peoples waste away. Neither do the women bear *children:* and houses come to nought, by the counsels of Olympian Jove; and at other times again the son of Cronus either destroys their wide army, or he *lays* low their walls,[4] or in the deep he punishes their ships.

Now do ye too,[5] ye judges, ponder likewise yourselves this vengeance: for being among men *and* nigh unto them, the immortals observe as many as with perverse judgments wear-and-waste each other, disregarding the punishment of the gods. For on the many-nurturing earth are thrice ten thousand[6] immortals, Jove's watchers over mortal men; who, I ween, watch both just judgments and daring acts, clad in

[1] Goettling explains this as meaning, that they are so little covetous of wealth, that none of them are merchants, but are content with their own land. Van Lennep would read, εὖ δ' ἐπὶ νηῶν—because only those with whom Jove was wroth for their injustice met with shipwrecks. He shows that the poet had often crossed to Eubœa. But Goettling's view renders this nugatory.

[2] Cf. Æschines contra Ctesiph. p. 427; Bekk. Herodot. vii. 147; Sophocl. Œd. T. 25, &c.

[3] Compare with this and the six next lines, Hosea ix. 11—14, a denunciation of God's vengeance on Ephraim's idolatry.

[4] For this emphatic use of ὄγε in the second clause, cf. Op. et D. 321; Virg. Georg. iv. 255,

Tum corpora luce carentum
Exportant tectis, et tristia funera ducunt:
Aut *illæ* pedibus connexæ ad limina pendent.

Æn. v. 457, Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistrâ. To which add Horace, Od. I. ix. 15, 16; Epod. ix. 29.

[5] The connexion is, "Heed the vengeance with which the gods pursue a state for the sin of an individual, ye judges; for evil deeds cannot escape Jove's eye, seeing that thrice ten thousand immortals, not from afar, but near and amongst men, are keeping watch on them."

[6] τρισμύριοι, i. e. very many. Definite for indefinite. Cf. Horat. Od. III. v. 79, Amatorem trecentæ Pirithoum cohibent catenæ; Sat. I. v. 12, Trecentos ingeris! one! and Plaut. Menœch. 795, where Sexcenties is so used. See Hildyard's edition of that play for other parallels.

misty-darkness, and haunting everywhere over the earth. And Jove's virgin daughter, Justice, besides, is *a watcher*, illustrious and venerable, with the gods who occupy Olympus. Yes, and whenever any one wrongs her by perversely railing at her, forthwith taking her seat[1] beside Jove, son of Cronus, her sire, she speaks of the unjust mind of mortals, that so the people may atone for the infatuations of kings,[2] who, with pernicious intents, turn *her* the wrong way by speaking judgments perversely. Heeding these things, ye judges, swallowers-of-the-bribe, make straight your sentiments, and entirely forget crooked judgments. For himself doth a man work evil, in working evils for another, and the evil counsel is worst to him that hath devised it.[3] Jove's eye, having seen all things, and observed all things, also regards these things, if he so please, nor does it escape him, of what nature, in truth, is this justice,[4] which the city encloses within. Now might in truth neither I myself, nor my son, be just among men, since to be a just man is an evil, if so be that the more unjust man is to have the stronger justice. But this I hope that Jove, delighting in thunders, will not yet bring about.[5]

Yet, O Perses, do thou ponder these things in thine heart, and heed justice in sooth, and forget violence entirely. For this law hath the son of Cronus ordained for men,[6] for fishes

[1] *ὀνοτάζων*. Cf. Hom. H. in Merc. 30, and Æsch. Suppl. 11, *γάμον Αἰγύπτου παίδων ἀσεβῆ τ' ὀνοταζόμεναι*. With the next line Van Lennep compares Soph. Œd. C. 1382, *Δίκη ξύνεδρος Ζηνὸς ἀρχαίων νόμων*.

[2] Compare Horat. Ep. I. ii. 14, Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi. But Van Lennep observes that the ground-work of that line is Hom. Il. i. 410, *ἵνα πάντες ἐπαύρωνται βασιλῆος*, where Heyne quotes *πολλάκι καὶ σύμπασα πόλις κακοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀπηύρα*.

[3] This line is quoted by Aristotle, Rhet. iii. 9, § 6. Pausanias, II. ix. 5, (quoted by Van Lennep,) speaks of this verse as *σὺν θεῷ πεποιημένον*. A. Gellius, iv. 5, gives the next line translated thus, 'Malum consilium consultori pessimum.''

[4] *τήνδε δίκην*, i. e. this corrupt administration of justice.

[5] *οὔπω*, not yet; i. e. not till the iron age, which he seems to imply, at ver. 271, would be neither in his nor his son's day. *τελεῖν* is i. q. *τελέσειν*, the future.

[6] Here Vollbehr, in his Prolegomena, p. 56, note 144. quotes Archilochus, Fragm. 73, p. 190, Schneider:

> Ὦ Ζεῦ, πάτερ Ζεῦ, σὸν μὲν οὐρανοῦ κράτος
> σὺ δ' ἔργ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώπων ὁρᾷς
> λεωργὰ καὶ θεμιστά, σοὶ δὲ θηρίων
> ὕβρις τε καὶ δίκη μέλει.

indeed and beasts, and winged fowls to eat each other, since justice is not among them: but to men hath he given justice, which is far best. For if a man choose to know and speak out what is just, to him also wide-seeing Jove gives felicity; but whoso in his testimony, wilfully having sworn a false oath, [1]shall have lied, and by it having marred justice, shall have gone astray incurably, of him then the race is left more obscure for the future. Of a man, however, of-true-oath, the generation *is* more excellent thereafter.[2]

Now will I speak to thee with good intent, thou exceeding foolish Perses. Badness,[3] look you, you may choose easily in a heap: level is the path, and right near it dwells. But before virtue the immortal gods have set exertion: and long and steep and rugged at the first is the way to it,[4] but when one shall have reached the summit, then truly it is easy, difficult though it be before.

This man, indeed, is far-best,[5] who shall have understood everything for himself, after having devised what may be best afterward and unto the end: and good again is he likewise

[1] This verse shows that what was said before, at ver. 279, 280, had reference to evidence given in law-courts. Cf. 280. In 283, *ψεύσεται* is the Epic form for *ψεύσηται*.

[2] This verse is found word for word in the oracle given to Glaucus, a Spartan, recorded by Herodot. vi. 86, where *Ὅρκου παῖς* is said to be the avenger of perjury. This story of Glaucus is given by Juvenal, Sat. xiii. 199—210.

[3] *κακότης* appears here, as Van Lennep observes, to signify "ignavia," as in Hom. Il. ii. 368; xiii. 108, and elsewhere. For the sentiment in line 289, cf. Theognis, 463, 464, *Εὐμαρέως τοι χρῆμα θεοί δόσαν οὔτε τι δειλὸν οὔτ' ἀγαθὸν· χαλεπῷ δ' ἔργματι κῦδος ἔπι.*

[4] According to Dionys. Halic. the ancient poets purposely shaped the structure of their verse to the matter which was being described: —e. g. Hom. Il. iii. 363, *τριχθὰ τε καὶ τετραχθὰ διαρῥὼξ ἔκπεσε χειρός*, where you might almost fancy, as Eustathius observes, you heard the iron shivered. Cf. Hom. Od. ix. 71, and Virg. Æn. viii. 596, Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum. Robinson sees in this line and the two next, first the ruggedness of the beginning of the way of virtue, and then its after-ease and smoothness. For the sentiment, cf. Simonid. Fr. 20; Tyrt. ix. 43; Pind. Nem. vi. 24

[5] Cf. Livy, xxii. 29, Sæpe ego audivi, milites, eum primum esse virum qui ipse consulat, quid in rem sit: secundum eum, qui bene monenti obediat: qui nec ipse consulere, nec alteri parere sciat, esse extremi ingenii;—the last two words answering to *ἀχρηΐος*, i. e. ineptus, in 297. And see Cic. pro Cluent. c. 31. This passage of Hesiod is quoted by Aristot. Eth. N. I. 4.

who shall have complied with one advising him well: but whoso neither himself hath understanding, nor when he hears another, lays it to heart, he on the other hand is a worthless man. Do thou then, ever mindful of my precept, work on, Perses, of stock divine,[1] that so famine may hate, and fair-chapleted Demeter love thee, august as she is, and fill thy garner with substance. For famine, look you, *is* ever the sluggard's companion.

And with him gods and men are indignant, who lives a sluggard's *life*, like in temper to stingless drones,[2] which lazily consume the labour of bees, *by* devouring *it:* but to thee let it be a pleasure[3] to set in order seemly works, that so thy garners may be full of seasonable substance. From works men become both rich-in-flocks and wealthy: by working too, thou wilt be dearer far to immortals and to mortals. For greatly do they hate sluggards. Now work is no disgrace, but sloth is a disgrace. And if thou shouldst work, quickly will the sluggard envy thee growing rich; for esteem and glory accompany wealth.[4] So to a sensible man,[5] such as thou wert, to labour is best, if having turned a witless mind from the possessions of others towards work, thou wouldst study thy subsistence, as I recommend thee.

But a false shame possesses a needy man, shame[6] which greatly hurts or helps men. Shame, look you, is beside

[1] Goettling thinks that *δῖον γένος* only signifies here "a probo patre genitus," as *δῖος Εὐμαῖος* in the Odyssey. But Proclus shows that Hesiod's genealogy was traced up to Orpheus and Calliope.

[2] *κηφήνεσσι κοθούροις*. Compare Virg. Geor. iv. 167, Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcet; 244, Immunisque sedens aliena ad pabula fucus. Van Lennep adds Phædr. III. xiii. 2. In Theog. 594, Hesiod compares women to drones.

[3] *φίλ' ἔστω*, the neut. plur. for neut. sing. For a similar construction, Van Lennep refers to Hom. Odyss. xvii. 15, *ἦ γὰρ ἐμοὶ φίλ' ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι*.

[4] *πλούτῳ δ' ἀρετὴ, κ. τ. λ.* Robinson here would render *ἀρετὴ*, pulchritudo, and quotes Horat. Epist. I. vi. 36—38, Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat. Plutarch considered it equivalent here to *δόξα, δύναμις*, or *εὐτυχία*.

[5] *δαίμονι δ' οἷος*. Here Van Lennep follows the Scholiast, in interpreting *δαίμονι* as equivalent to *τύχῃ*—"sorte, vel fato," to such as you are by Fates' decree. But Goettling follows Plato, Cratyl. 398, and Archiloch. iv. 4, in considering *δαίμων* the same as *δαήμων*.

[6] *αἰδὼς ἥτ'*. Compare with this verse, Il. xxiv. 44, 45; Odyss.

wretchedness, but confidence beside wealth; and possessions not gotten-by-plunder, *but* given-by-the-gods, are far best. For if any one even with his hands shall have taken great wealth by violence, or *if* he for his part shall have plundered it[1] by his tongue, even as often happens, as soon as in truth gain hath deceived the minds of men, and shamelessness comes suddenly on shame, then,[2] *I say*, easily do the gods darken his name: the family of such a man is minished, and but for a brief space doth his wealth accompany him.

And alike he who shall have done evil to suppliant and to guest, and he who mounts the couch of his kinsman, for stealthy union[3] with his wife, doing *acts* unseemly; and whoso through the senselessness of any one wrongs orphan children, and whoso reproaches an aged parent on the threshold of wretched age, assailing him with severe words; against such an one, I say in truth, Jove himself is wroth,[4] and at the last, in requital for wrong deeds, lays on him a bitter penalty. Then keep thou wholly a witless mind from these *deeds*. But after thy power do sacrifice to the immortal gods,[5] holily and purely, and burn moreover sleek thighs *of victims*, and at

xvii. 347. Robinson adds Ecclesiasticus iv. 21, "For there is a shame that bringeth sin; and there is a shame which is glory and grace."

[1] ληΐσσεται. This is of course the Epic form of the first aorist conjunctive. The whole phrase is equivalent to, "shall have borne false witness for a bribe."

[2] Note here the δε in apodosis, an Epic usage especially. Vollbehr quotes on this passage Solon, El. ii. 7, et seq.

χρήματα δ' ἱμείρω μὲν ἔχειν, ἀδίκως δε πεπᾶσθαι
οὐκ ἐθέλω· πάντως ὕστερον ἦλθε δίκη.
πλοῦτον δ' ὃν μὲν δῶσι θεοί, παραγίνεται ἀνδρὶ
ἔμπεδος ἐκ νεάτου πυθμένος εἰς κορυφήν.

[3] κρυπταδίης εὐνῆς. Supply ἕνεκα or διὰ. It is at any rate such a genitive as in Hes. Scut. Herc. 406, μαχέσθην Αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμου.

[4] ἀγαίεται. Cf. Odyss. xx. 16; Herodot. vi. 61. Its first sense is to admire; hence (2) to envy, (3) to be annoyed at, to be wroth with. In Hom. l. c. it takes an accusative. *Van Lennep.*

[5] This verse was often quoted by Socrates. Xenoph. Memorab. I. iii. 3. The inf. for imperat. here is very common to Hesiod; but in use with other poets. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 546. Robinson quotes here Horace, Od. II. xvii. 30—32; and III. xxiii. 1, Cœlo supinas si tuleris manus.—ἁγνῶς καὶ καθαρῶς, i. e. purâ mente puroque corpore. *Goettling;*—who notes here three modes of propitiating the

ther times propitiate *them* with libations, and incense, both when you go to rest, and when the holy light shall have risen: that so to thee they may entertain a propitious heart and spirit, that thou mayest buy the land of others, not others thine. Invite the man that loves thee to a feast,[1] but let alone thine enemy: and especially invite him that dwelleth near thee: for if, mark you, anything strange shall have happened at home,[2] neighbours are wont to come ungirt, but kinsfolk gird themselves *first*. A bad neighbour is as great a misfortune as a good one is a great blessing.[3] Who gains a worthy neighbour, hath truly gained a meed of honour: neither would an ox perish, if there were not a bad neighbour.[4] Duly measure *when thou borrowest* from a neighbour, and duly repay, in the very measure, and better still, if thou canst,[5] that so when in want thou mayest find that which may be relied on in future.

Gain not base gains: base gains *are* equal to losses. Love him that loves thee; and be nigh him that attaches himself *to thee:* and give to him who may have given: give not to him that hath not given. To a giver on the one hand some have given: but to the withholder none give. A gift is good: but plunder[6] evil,—a dealer of death. For whatsoever man shall

gods, 1. burnt offerings; 2. libations; 3. incense-offerings. This last was the morning sacrifice; the libations, the evening sacrifice.

[1] Having dwelt upon *libations* to the gods, which commonly were attended with solemn feasts, the poet naturally goes on to consider who should be the guests. Vollbehr, pointing out this, quotes Plautus, Rudens. II. iii. 11—13, Non est meum, Ampelisca, Sed quam mox coctum est prandium? Am. Quod prandium, obsecro te? Tr. Nempe rem divinam facitis hic.

[2] χρῆμ' ἄλλο, Res inexpectata. ἐγκώμιον, i. e. in Hesiod's κώμη, namely, Ascra. *Goettling.*

[3] Compare with this line, Alcmann. Fr. 33, μέγα γειτονι γείτων, sc. ἀγαθόν, and Xenoph. Memorab. II. ii. 12.

[4] It appears from Heraclides Ponticus, quoted by Van Lennep and Goettling, that the Cumæans, whence Hesiod's family sprung, had a sort of "*association for the prosecution of felons.*" Hence it was the interest of all to guard each other's property. βοῦς stands for "riches" generally. Cf. 120.

[5] This verse is quoted by Cic. ad Att. xiii. 12, and alluded to, Cic. de Off. i. 12. For ἄρχιον, in ver. 351, see Butmann. Lexil. p. 163, 164.

[6] ἅρπαξ is here for ἁρπαγή, as in ver 191, ὕβριν for ὑβριστήν.

have given willingly,[1] he too would give much. He exults in his gift, and is pleased in his spirit. But whoso shall have seized, in compliance with his shamelessness, even though it be but a little, yet that little curdles his heart's blood.[2] For if thou shouldst lay up even a little upon a little, and shouldst do this often, soon would even this become great. He who brings, in addition to what is *in store*, this man shall escape dark hunger: nor does that at least which is laid up in the house distress a man. Better *is it* that it should be at home, since that which is without is attended with loss.[3] 'Tis good to take from what is at hand, but a woe to the spirit to want of that which is far *from you:* which *truths* I bid thee ponder. At the beginning too of the cask, and at the end, take thy fill, *but* spare it in the middle:[4] for sparingness is *too* late at the bottom. Let the recompence fixed for a friend be sufficient, and, as in sport, with a brother even call in witnesses:[5] for trust, I wot, look you, as well as mistrusts, has ruined

[1] ἐθέλων. Understand δώῃ, and take κἄν, with Goettling, as used for καὶ ἄν, not for καὶ ἔαν. Hermann would read, ὅτε καὶ μεγὰ δώῃ, in which case ἀνὴρ is the nominative to χαίρει.

[2] It seems the simplest plan here to refer τόγ' to σμικρὸν ἐόν, and to understand φίλον, as constantly in Hom. in the sense of "*suum.*" The unlawful seizure of ever so small a sum freezes a man's heart, and hardens him thenceforward.

[3] Goettling considers lines 363, 364, 365, as separate proverbs; the last of which he refers to woman kind, as a general recommendation to them to remain at home, according to the general view of the Greeks, cf. Æsch. S. c. Theb. 182; Eurip. Med. 216, &c. Hermann refers it to the master of the family, whose presence is wanted at home. But Van Lennep seems right in connecting the three lines, and referring to τὸ κατακείμενον as the subject of βέλτερον εἶναι.—βλαβερὸν will be taken in the sense of "noxium."

[4] Vollbehr explains this as advice to the wealthy man, and to him whose estate is well nigh squandered away, to enjoy freely what they have, but to the man of moderate means to be sparing. He compares Senec. Ep. 1, fin., "Nam ut visum est majoribus nostris, sera parsimonia in fundo est. Non enim tantum minimum in imo, sed pessimum remanet."

[5] This verse is in Plutarch, Thes. 2, ascribed to Pittheus, the father of Theseus. ἄρκιος is used here in the sense of "to be relied upon." If you engage a friend to do aught, though there be no witness to the compact, carry out your engagement. Nay, even with a brother call in witnesses, as if jokingly. The next verse is imitated by Phædrus, III x. 13, "Periculosum est credere et non credere."

men. Nor let a woman with sweeping train[1] beguile thy mind, winningly coaxing, *and* seeking after thy dwelling: for who trusts a woman, that man, I wot, trusts knaves.[2] And let there be one only-son to tend his father's house:[3] for so shall wealth increase in the dwelling. But if old, you may die and leave another son. For easily to more might Jove provide vast wealth. For of many greater is the care, and greater the gain. Now if thy spirit desires wealth in thy mind, thus do, and moreover do work upon work.

When the Pleiads, born-of-Atlas, rise, begin thy harvest; but thy ploughing, when they set.[4] Now these, look you, are hidden for forty nights and days;[5] and again in revolving years they appear when first the sickle is sharpened. This truly is the law of fields, as well for them who dwell near the sea, as for those who inhabit wooded valleys, a fertile soil afar

[1] *πυγοστόλος.* Anglicè, "with a bustle." Passow thinks that the word is a parody of Homer's *ἑλκεσίπεπλος.*—For *κωτίλλουσα,* see Theocr. xv. 97.

[2] *φιλήτησι.* Goettling considers this an euphemism. "Lovers of other men's goods." Scaliger makes it i. q. *πιλητής,* pilator, a "pilare." Others consider it i. q. *φηλήτης,* which Tzetzes would read.

[3] Hesiod's drift in this and the three next lines appears to be, An only son is best, for then there are no lawsuits, and the property increases; but suppose there be two sons to inherit, 'tis best the father should die old, that so he may himself settle the disposition of his inheritance, and avoid litigation. But even should there be many sons, if they do not strive with each other, Jove may grant each a sufficiency, since the joint care of their substance will bring gain worth dividing. This seems Vollbehr's explanation.

[4] Here begins the second part of the poem, which treats of agriculture, and gives the poem its name in part, viz. *ἔργα.* It follows naturally after the injunction to work, for agriculture was the Bœotian's proper work and means of subsistence.—The Pleiads were the daughters (seven in number) of Atlas and Pleione. They were transformed into a cluster of stars at the back of Taurus, whose rising was from April 22 to May 10, and commonly brought in fine weather; and their setting in November. Compare Theocr. Idyll. xiii. 25; Virgil, Georg. iv. 231, 232, Taygete simul os terris ostendit honestum Pleias; and especially here Georg. i. 221—223,

> Ante tibi Œoæ Atlantides abscondantur,
> Gnosiaque ardentis decedat stella coronæ,
> Debita quàm sulcis committas semina.

See also art. Pleias, Dict. G. and R. Biog. iii. 412.

[5] Forty days.] Strictly forty-four, between the 4th of April and 18th of May, the Heliacal setting and the rising of the Pleiads — *περιπλομένου ἐνιαυτοῦ,* anno se convertente. *Van Lennep.*

from the swelling sea:[1] sow stript, plough stript and reap stript, if thou shouldst wish to gather the works of Ceres, all in their seasons, that so each may grow for thee in due time, lest in anywise, being in need meanwhile, thou shouldst go begging to other *people's* houses, and accomplish nothing.[3] As e'en now thou hast come to me; but I will not add more to thee, nor measure out[4] aught in addition: work, senseless Perses, the works which the gods have destined for mortals, lest ever, with children and wife grieving thine heart, thou shouldst seek thy subsistence among neighbours, and they should neglect thee. For twice indeed or thrice perhaps thou wilt obtain, but if thou trouble them further, thou shalt avail nought, but wilt speak many words in vain: and useless will be thy range of words.[5] I recommend thee then to study both payment of debts, and avoidance of hunger. First of all get a house, and a woman, and a ploughing ox; *a woman* purchased, not wedded,[6] who may also tend your cattle, and all fitting implements in your house, lest you should ask of another, and he refuse, and you be in want *of it*, so the season should pass by, and your labour's fruit be lessened

[1] Both these descriptions of locality apply to portions of Bœotia, the poet's country.

[2] *γυμνὸν σπείρειν.* Cf. Virg. Georg. i. 299, Nudus ara: sere nudus; and Aristoph. Lysistr. 1173.

[3] The consequence of slackness in the husbandman, in sowing, ploughing, and reaping, may be a bad crop, or no crop; in which case he must be a beggar till next harvest. Tyrtæus is quoted here by Vollbehr, Fragm. 7,

> *πτωχεύειν πάντων ἔστ' ἀνιηρότατον,*
> *πλαζόμενον σὺν μητρὶ φίλῃ, καὶ πατρὶ γέροντι*
> *παῖσι τε σὺν μικροῖς κουριδίῃ τ' ἀλόχῳ.*

[4] *ἐπιμετρήσω.* Van Lennep points out that *μετρεῖν* is properly said of meting out corn or grain; *μετρεῖσθαι*, of receiving what is so meted out. Cf. 349. *διατεκμαίρεσθαι* is used in the next line in the same sense as *τεκμαίρεσθαι* in lines 229, 239.

[5] *ἐπέων νόμος.* Cf. Hom. Il. xx. 249, *ἐπέων δὲ πολὺς νόμος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα*, where Heyne translates *ἐπ. νομ.* "verborum campus," and quotes as parallel, Horace's "Carmina *divides*;" *νόμος* being from *νέμω*.

[6] *κτητήν οὐ γαμετήν.* These adjectives seem to define *γυναῖκα* more exactly. Aristotle, in Œcon. i. 2, referring to this passage, evidently considers *γυναῖκα* as wife, and hence some think that the second line is spurious. But it seems in place here, and to indicate Hesiod's anxiety that his brother should understand his meaning.

Nor put off till to-morrow or the-day-after; for not, if he works-sluggishly or puts off, doth a man fill his garner: but diligence increaseth the fruit of toil.[1] A dilatory man ever wrestles with losses.[2]

When now the violence of the keen sun abates his sweat-causing heat, as all-powerful Jove rains in-the-autumnal-season, and the body of man moves itself far more lightly,[3] for at this season in truth the star Sirius[4] comes in the day-time for a short space above the heads of men born-to-death, but has more share of the night; then is the timber least worm-eaten,[5] if felled with the axe, and sheds its leaves on the ground, and ceases from budding; then truly, bearing it in mind, fell a timely work.[6] Hew a mortar[7] three feet *in diameter*, and a pestle three cubits, and an axle-tree seven feet long, for, look you, it is very serviceable thus; but if you should cleave it eight feet, you might also cut from it a mallet.[8] And hew a wheel three spans long for the plough-car-

[1] Cf. Pindar, Isthm. vi. 97—99, Λάμπων δὲ, μελέταν Ἔργοις ὀπαξών, Ἡσιόδου Μαλα τιμᾷ τοῦτ' ἔπος.

[2] Clericus compares here Persius, Sat. v. 66—69.

[3] Moves itself far more lightly.] "Movetur levius." *Græv. Goettling. Lanzius.* This seems the best interpretation. Vollbehr takes it to mean the change of complexion.

[4] Σείριος ἀστὴρ. The Scholiasts take this to refer to the Sun, not the Dog-star. So Grævius: and to this view Van Lennep against Goettling inclines, arguing that if Pindar and Alcæus apply the term ἄστρον to the Sun, Hesiod may have done the same with ἀστὴρ.

[5] τῆμος ἀδηκτοτάτη. This seems to be what Virgil means, where, in Georg. i. 256, he says, Aut *tempestivam* silvis evertere pinum, which is explained by Servius as having reference to its being most free from worms.

[6] ὥρια ἔργα are the timbers which are hewn, just as elsewhere ἔργα are the fruits of husbandry. μεμνήμενος is used as it were adverbially.

[7] ὅλμον, (from ἕλω. ἁλέω, see Butm. Lex. 451; or ὅλω, volvo, according to V. Lennep.) ὅλμος, the mortar, was to be three feet; ὕπερον, pistillum, the pestle, three cubits long. Both were of straight trunks or branches of a tree, the thicker and shorter to be hollowed. See Dict. Gr. and R. Antiq. Smith, 622, *a*. Cf Virg. Georg. i. 179, and Servius' note.

[8] If a foot more is added to the wood cut for an axle-tree, it may be made into a mallet. V. Lennep thinks that the handle of the mallet is not taken into account; and that the waggons must have been very broad.

riage of-ten-palms'-length.[1] Many curved blocks of seasoned wood are at hand; but bring your plough-tail home, when you shall have found it, after search on mountain or in field,[2] of ilex-oak: for this is stoutest for steers to plough; whensoever a servant of Minerva,[3] having fastened it to the share-beam, has attached it with nails, and fitted it to the pole. But make two ploughs,[4] toiling at them at home, *one* with plough-tail of one-piece *with the share-beam, the other* compacted, for 'tis much better thus, if, look you, you should have broken one, you might place the other upon the oxen: and poles are soundest[5] of bay or elm: but provide yourself a share-beam of oak, a plough-tail of ilex-oak, and a pair of males, steers nine-years-old, (for the vigour of such *is* not weak,) having the just mean of age,[6] which are best for working. Such at least would not strive in the furrow and break the plough, and leave there their labour unfinished.

[1] ἄψαν is, in Bœotic dialect, used for ἀψῖδα. For an account of the ἅμαξα, (plaustrum,) see Smith, Dict. Gr. and R. Ant. p. 764, 765. In the next line, κᾶλα (from καίω) is dry, combustible, seasoned wood. ἔπι is i. q. ἐπέστι. γύης is the "Buris" of Virgil (Georg. i. 169, 170). Hesiod says nothing of the pains taken, according to Virgil, to force a tree to the shape required for this plough-tail.

[2] κατ' ἄρουραν seems to indicate the plain or valley, in contradistinction from the *mountain*.

[3] A servant of Minerva, i. e. a smith or carpenter. Clericus compares Virg. Æn. ii. 15, Divinâ Palladis arte. Hom. Il. xv. 411, 412,

> τέκτονος ἐν παλάμῃσι δαήμονος, ὅς ῥά τε πάσης
> εὖ εἰδῇ σοφίης, ὑποθημοσύνῃσιν Ἀθήνης.

Minerva, according to Pausanias, I. xxiv. 3, and IX. xxvi. 5, was worshipped by the Athenians and Bœotians alone as Ἀθήνα Ἐργάνη. See Goettling.

[4] Hesiod bids the farmer have two ploughs, that if one broke, he might use the other. One was called αὐτόγυον, because its plough-tail, (γύης,) and share-beam, (ἔλυμα, dentale,) and pole, (ῥύμος, ἱστροβοεύς, temo,) were of one piece of timber. The other was πηκτόν, "compacted," the three parts in it being of different kinds of timber, and fastened by nails. See art. "Aratrum," Dict. Gr. and R. Ant. 69.—προσαρήρεται, is the perf. pass. conjunctive with a middle sense. See Matt. Gr. Gr. § 493. Compare with all this passage. Virg. Georg. i. 169—175.

[5] ἀκιώτατοι (from κίς, vermis) may be compared with ἀδηκτοτάτη in the 420th line.

[6] ἥβης μέτρον ἔχοντε. Because, as appears in ver. 439, they were too old for wanton mischief, and yet, as we see, (in 437,) they were in full vigour.

And along with these let a lusty ploughman of forty years follow, having made a meal on a loaf four-squared, divided into eight morsels,[1] who, minding his business, will cut the furrow straight,[2] no longer peering round among his fellows, but having his heart in his work; than such an one none other, being younger, is better to disperse the seed,[3] and to avoid after-sowing. For a younger man gapes like one distraught after his fellows.

Mark, too, when from on high out of the clouds you shall have heard the voice of the crane[4] uttering its yearly cry, which both brings the signal for ploughing, and points the season of rainy winter, but gnaws the heart of the man that hath no oxen: then truly feed the crumpled-horned oxen remaining within *their stalls:* for it is easy to say the word, "Lend me a yoke of oxen, and a wain;" but easy is it to refuse, *saying,* There is work for my oxen.[5] Then thinks the man, rich in his own conceit,[6] to build a wain, fool as he is,

[1] *τετράτρυφον, ὀκτάβλωμον.* The loaves, according to commentators on Hesiod, were made with four marks or incisions, (*τρυφῇ,*) four square in fact. Drawing a line right along the whole the baker divided it into eight portions, called *βλωμοί,* from *βλόω,* protubero. Robinson aptly remarks, that hence may be explained the line of Horace, Epist. I. xvii. 49, Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.

[2] *ἰθεῖαν αὖλακ' ἐλαύνοι.* Van Lennep quotes here the word *ὀρθοτομεῖν,* used by St. Paul to Timothy, II. ii. 15. See also Proverbs iii. 6, *πάσαις ὁδοῖς σου γνώριζε αὐτὴν, ἵνα ορθοτομῇ τὰς ὁδούς σου.*

[3] *δάσσασθαι,* so that no place may be unsown, so as to need a second sowing. With *ἐπτοίηται,* in the next line, Robinson compares Callim. H. in Dian. 190, *ἧς ποτὲ Μίνως Πτοιηθεὶς ὑπ' ἔρωτι κατέδραμεν οὔρεα Κρήτης.* Plato in the Phædon uses the phrase *ἐπτοῆσθαι περὶ τὰς ἐπιθυμίας.*

[4] The voice of the crane.] Cf. Aristoph. Aves, 710, *σπείρειν μὲν, ὅταν γέρανος κρώζουσ' ἐς τὴν Λιβύην μεταχωρῇ.*—Theoc. Idyll. x. 31; Virg. Georg. i. 120; Hom. Il. iii. 4. From this last we learn that the cranes fly the approach of winter; migrating to Africa, as Aristophanes and others point out. In 450, Goettling here notes three times of ploughing, before winter, in spring, and in early summer, after which last he thinks the sowing took place. V. Lennep takes *ἄροτος* in this passage to mean ploughing and sowing together, and this a little before the winter, which the migration of the cranes heralds.

[5] *παρὰ δ' ἔργα,* i. e. *πάρεστι.* They would be wanted to haul manure, &c., into the fields.

[6] Rich in his own conceit.] "Riche par imagination." *Guyetus.*

nor knows he this, "but there are also a hundred planks to a waggon,"[1] for which *it is meet* first to take thought, to get them within the house.

But when first the season of ploughing has appeared to mortals, even then rouse thyself, thy servants alike and thyself, ploughing during the season of ploughing, whether dry or wet, hasting very early, that so thy corn-lands may be full. In spring turn up the soil;[2] and the ground tilled afresh in summer will not mock thy hopes: and sow thy fallow-land while yet light. Fallow-land *is* a guardian-from-death-and-ruin, and a soother of children.[3] Make vows, too, to Jove infernal, and chaste Demeter,[4] that they may load the ripe holy seed-corn of Demeter, when first beginning thy ploughing, when thou hast taken in hand the goad at the extremity of the plough-tail, and touched the back[5] of the oxen dragging the oaken peg *of the pole* with the leathern strap:[6] and let

Sibi sapiens. *Spohn.* V. Lennep thinks it means, Rich only in his own fancy, and not really so.—*πῆξασθαι*, the aorist for future. See Theog. 628; Aristoph. Nub. 1144, *καὶ δικάσασθαί φασί μοι.*

[1] This part of a verse appears to be quoted as a proverb, known in Hesiod's day. It was common after it, and is quoted by Plato Theætet. § 207, A. p. 188, vol. ii. Ast.—*οἰκήϊα θέσθαι* is i. q. *οἰκήϊα ἑαυτῷ ποιεῖν. Guyetus.*

[2] *Ἔαρι πολεῖν.* Hesiod here states that the soil must be turned up (invertere solum. Virg. Georg. i. 64) in spring, and tilled afresh in summer (novare, novales, cf. Virg. Georg. i. 71). Comparing this and the next line with Hom. Il. xviii. 542; Od. v. 127, we find that there were three seasons of tillage indicated by the words *πολεῖν, νεοῦν*, and *σπείρειν*. Cf. Smith's Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Ant. p. 70, b. *κουφίζουσαν* is here used in a neuter sense: cf. Eurip. Helen. (Dind.), 1555, *καὶ τἄλλα μὲν δὴ, ῥᾳδίως εἶσω νεὼς ἐθέμεθα κουφίζοντα*: and Soph. Phil. 735.

[3] *εὐκηλήτειρα*—lit. "she that lulls." Van Lennep understands it as "soothing children," who, when bread fails, (owing to bad crops,) are wont to lament and cry about it; whence Quinctilian, L. O. VI. i. 46, Date puero panem, ne ploret.

[4] Pluto, the *Ζεὺς χθόνιος*, and Ceres were connected deities, since he was the husband of Proserpine, or as some say of Ceres.—Horace, in Sat. II. ii. 124, speaks of this worship of Ceres,

Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret uno, &c.

[5] *ἐπί νῶτον ἵκηαι*, i. q. *νῶτον ἐφίκηαι*, by the figure Tmesis.—*ὄρ τηξ*, is properly a young tree or shoot: hence anything made thereof, e. g. a lance, Eurip. Hippol. 221, and here a goad: cf. Tibull. I. i. 30, Stimulo tardos increpuisse boves.—*ἐχέτλη*, the plough-tail, stiva: cf. Virg. Georg. i. 174, Stivaque quæ currus a tergo torqueat imos.

[6] *ἔνδρυον ἑλκόντων μεσάβῳ*—*ἔνδρυον*, the oak-peg fastening the

the servant boy behind, carrying a mattock, cause trouble to birds,[1] whilst he covers over the seed. For good-management is best to mortal men, and bad-management worst. Thus, if the Olympian *god* himself afterwards give a prosperous end, will the ears bend to the earth with fulness, and thou wilt drive the cobwebs from the bins,[2] and I hope that thou wilt rejoice, taking-for-thyself from substance existing within.[3] And in plenty thou wilt come to the white spring, nor wilt thou gaze on others, but another man will be in want from you. But if at the point of mid-winter[4] you shall have ploughed the divine earth, you will *have to* sit and reap but little, grasping what meets your hand, being covered with dust as you tie it up, not much to your pleasure; and you will carry it in a basket, while few will eye you with admiration.[5] Now diverse at divers seasons is the purpose of Jove, and hard for mortal men to understand. But if you shall have ploughed late, this would be your remedy: When the cuckoo sings first on the oak-foliage, and delights mortals over the boundless

yoke to the pole, ἱστοβοεύς, by a leathern strap, *μέσαβον*, subjugium. These straps went round the necks of the oxen, and then through the wooden peg, (which was fastened through the bore in the middle of the yoke into the pole,) and thus uniting the yoke and pole made the whole plough easy to be drawn.

[1] Van Lennep compares Ov. III. Am. x. 31, Cum bene jactati pulsarant arva ligones: and Virg. Georg. ii. 355, Et duros jactare bidentes.

[2] Cobwebs from the bins.] That is, because in unfruitful years there has been no need to brush them off the bins, which were not wanted for use. The words of the text depict an evidence of plenty shown by the necessity for getting rid of the cobwebs. Cf. Catullus xiii. 8, (quoted by Clericus,) Plenus sacculus est aranearum.

[3] Compare 366, ἐλέσθαι *παρεόντος*. In the next line Goettling points out that *πολιὸν* is the same as *λευκόν*, Callimach. Cer. 123; Theocr. Id. xviii. 27. The epithet occurs again in line 492.

[4] *ἠελίοιο τροπῇς*, i. e. at the winter solstice. In the next line the punctuation of Goettling suggested in his note ad loc. has been followed:

> *ἤμενος ἀμήσεις ὀλίγον, περὶ χειρὸς ἐέργων*
> *ἀντία, δεσμευων κεκονιμένος.*

ἀντία will then be joined with *χειρὸς*, and *περὶ* with *ἐέργων*. Clericus compares Psalm cxxix. 7, "Wherewith the mower filleth not his hand; neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom."

[5] We are here reminded of the next verse of the Psalm above quoted. "Neither do they which go by say, The blessing of the Lord be upon you: we bless you in the name of the Lord."

earth, then let Jove rain three days,[1] and not cease, neither over-topping your ox's hoof-print nor falling short of it:[2] thus would a late-plougher be-equal-with an early one. But duly observe all things in your mind, nor let either the spring becoming white with blossoms, or the showers returning-at-set-seasons, escape your notice. But pass-by the seat at the brazier's forge,[3] and the warm lodging-house in the winter season, when cold keeps men from toils; at which time an active man[4] would greatly improve his household *matters;* lest the hardship of baneful winter along with poverty catch thee, and with lean hand thou press a swollen foot.[5] But many ill designs hath the idler, waiting for a vain hope, *and* in need of subsistence, spoken in his spirit. And 'tis no good hope that sustains a needy man, sitting at a lodging-house, and who hath not means-of-life sufficient. Point out, then, to thy servants,[6] when it is still mid-summer, "It will not be summer alway: make you cabins."

[1] Even a late sower may reap plenteously, if at the first sound of the cuckoo, i. e. in mid-spring, there be three days' steady rain. Aristoph. Av. 505, speaks of the cuckoo's note warning the Phœnicians to begin harvest. Vine-dressers, too, used to prune their vines before the spring equinox. When they did it later, they were saluted by wayfarers with the cry, Cuckoo. See Hor. Sat. I. vii. 31.

[2] *ὁπλήν*, properly of horses, *χηλή* being more strictly applied to beasts having a cleft hoof, as oxen, &c. Cf. Schol. ad Aristoph. Acharn. 740.

[3] *χάλκειον θῶκον*, the seat at the brazier's forge, a warm lounge, whither idlers went in cold weather, and where beggars and needy persons passed the night; cf. Hom. Od. xviii. 328; cf. Hor. Epist. vii. 50, 51. *λέσχαι* were common lodging-houses for the poor and starving, founded in many cities of Greece at the public cost. Pausan. x. 25. Goettling reads *ἐπ' ἀλέα*, taking *ἐπί* for moreover, as in Soph. Œd. T. 179, *ἓν δ' ἄλοχοι πολιαί δ' ἔπι μητέρες*, &c. *ἀλέα*, in that case, will be from *ἀλής*, confertus. The ordinary reading is *ἐπαλέα*, warm, from *ἀλέα*, warmth.

[4] Virg. Georg. i. 260-1, gives the same advice for rainy weather.

> Frigidus agricolam si quando continet imber,
> Multa, forent quæ mox cœlo properanda sereno,
> Maturare datur.

[5] Scaliger, on this passage, gives a translation of a sentence of Aristotle's Problems, Famelicis superiora arescunt, inferiora tument. With the 499th line Guyetus compares Psalm xiv. 1, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

[6] *δείκνυε*. Van Lennep rightly translates this "dic, præcipe." Grævius quotes Cicero, Sallust, and C. Nepos, for a like use of

But the month Lenæon,[1] (evil days, all galling the oxen,) this *month* avoid, and the hoar frosts, which, when the North-wind blows, are hard upon the earth: *the North-wind*, which sweeping through steed-rearing Thrace,[2] upon the broad deep, is wont to heave *it*, and land and forest re-echoes:[3] and falling on them, brings to many-feeding earth many lofty-foliaged oaks, and branching pines in the mountain-dells, so then all the immense forest resounds.[4] The wild-beasts cower, and place their tails beneath their legs, though their skin is covered over with hair: yet even through these, chilly as it is, *the North-wind* pierces, even though they are shaggy-breasted. It goes also through the hide of an ox, nor does *that* keep it out, ay, and blows through *the skin of* the long-haired goat; but flocks of sheep, because their fleeces last a whole year,[5] the violence of the North-wind does not at all penetrate; but it makes the old man bent."[6] And through

"ostendo" among the Latins.—*ποιεῖσθε καλιάς*. The slaves of old lived in the open air all the summer, and only in winter sought the shelter of huts.

[1] The month Lenæon.] Plutarch, quoted by Proclus, says that the Bœotians had no month called Lenæon, but that the month corresponding to that month in the ordinary Greek calendar was called Bucatius (*Βουκάτιος*). It corresponded to part of December and part of January. Some have hence questioned the genuineness of this line of Hesiod. But it may be answered with Van Lennep, that Hesiod, though a Bœotian, used that name of the month by which it would be known in most parts of Greece.—*βουδόρα*, from *βοῦς* and *δέρω*, to flay, may be compared with the phrase of Latin poets. Hor. Od. III. i. 29, Non *verberatæ* grandire vineæ. Virg. Æn. ix. 669, Verberat imber humum. Cf. Lucretius, v. 955, &c. *V. Lennep.*

[2] *ὅς τε διὰ Θρήκης*. Cf. Hom. Il. ix. 5, *Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τώ τε Θρήκηθεν ἄητον*, and Callimach. H. in Del. 62—65. Virg. Æn. xii. 365,

> Ac velut Edoni Boreæ cum spiritus alto
> Insonat Ægæo.

[3] *μέμυκε* seems to be from *μύκω*, an old form of *μυκάω*, *μυκῶ*, as is shown by a reference to Hom. Il. xviii. 580, *βοῦς μακρὰ μεμυκώς*. It is translated, remugit, reboat, by Spohn and others.

[4] *νήριτος*. This word, which is found in Apollon. Rhod. iii. 1288, iv. 58, is derived from *ἀρίω*, *ἀρίθω*, the root of *ἀριθμὸς*—*νὴ ἀρίτος*, *νήριτος*. *Guyetus.*

[5] *ἐπηεταναί*—totum in annum durantes, V. Lennep; who compares Op. et D. 607; Hom. Od. viii. 233.

[6] *τροχαλὸν* is used of one who bends and contracts his body be-

the soft-skinned maiden it does not pierce,[1] who bides within the house beside her dear mother, as yet inexperienced in the deeds of golden Aphrodité; when, having bathed her tender form, and anointed herself with rich oil, she shall rest during the night[2] within the house in the wintry season, when the boneless one[3] (the polypus) gnaws at his own foot, in an abode without fire, and in dismal haunts. For the Sun doth not show him a feeding-range[4] to assail: but turns toward the nation and city of tawny men, and more slowly shines on the Panhellenes.[5] Then at length the horned and unhorned tenants of the wood, sorely grinding their teeth, fly up and down the woodland thickets, (and this is the care of all of them in their thoughts,) where seeking a shelter they have thick-covered lairs and rocky caves: then truly are they like to a man that-goes-on-a-stick,[6] whose back is *well-nigh* broken, and head looks toward the ground: like such an one they roam, shunning the white snow.

cause of the cold, the metaphor being taken from the wheel, τροχός, according to Proclus.

[1] Goettling considers these verses unworthy of the grave Hesiod, and ascribes them to some later sophistical poet. But V. Lennep and Hermann agree that the simplicity of thought and expression indicate a very early poet. V. Lennep quotes Catullus, as having these verses in mind in lxii. 86—88,

Virgo
Regia (quam suaves expirans castus odores
Lectulus in molli complexu matris alebat).

[2] νυχίη. Some have here read μυχίη, "in the recesses of the house." But, as Goettling observes, this would be superfluous, as we have ἔνδοθι οἴκου in the same line.

[3] Note the contrast between the last beautiful image and this unpleasant one. The ancients believed that the polypus (ἀνόστεος without its substantive expressed just as at ver. 529, ὑληκοίτας: 571, φερέοικος: 605, ἠμερόκοιτος: 742, πέντοζον) through hunger gnaws its own claws. This notion is controverted by Aristotle H. A. viii 2, and Plin. H. N. ix. 29.

[4] νόμον, i. e. τόπον τῆς νομῆς, a place of pasture; Schol. κυανεων ἀνδρῶν, the Æthiopians. τὰ ἄνω τῆς Λιβύης, Herod. ii. 24. The city was probably Meroe, Herod. ii. 29.

[5] According to Thucyd. i. 3, the Greeks collectively were not called Hellenes or Panhellenes till after Homer's time. Cf. Hom. Il. ii. 530, where the term is applied to the Thessalians. Strabo, in his 8th Book, says that Hesiod and Archilochus first applied the word to the whole Greek nation.

[6] τρίποδι βροτῷ. This phrase arose from the riddle of the Sphinx, and was current among the Bœotians and other Greeks for "an old

Even then, as I bid you, clothe yourself in a defence for your body,[1] a soft cloak, and a frock reaching to the ground; and into a scant warp weave an abundant woof: this cast around you, that your hairs may not shiver, nor bristle raised erect about your body.[2] And about your feet bind suitable sandals of the *hide of an* ox slaughtered with your might,[3] having covered *them* thick within with felt. Then, when the season of cold has come, stitch together with the sinew of an ox the skins of first-born kids, that so upon your back you may throw a shelter from the rain; and on the head above keep a well-wrought felt hat, that you may not get your ears drenched. For bleak both is the morn, when the North-wind falls *upon one*,[4] and in-the-morning over the earth from the starry heaven a wheat-bringing mist is spread above the tillage of the rich,[5] *a mist* which also having drawn *water* for itself from ever-flowing streams, and borne high above the earth by a storm of wind, one while indeed rains toward evening, and at another descends-in-blasts, the Thracian North-wind driving the dense clouds.[6] Anticipating this,

man," going on a stick. Cf. Æsch. Agam. 80, *τρίποδας μεν ὁδοὺς στείχει*,—and Arg. to Sophocl. Œd. T., where the riddle is given. With the next line Clericus compares Horat. Sat. I. i. 5, Multo fractus jam membra labore. *ἐπὶ εἄγε*, is of course a case of Tmesis.

[1] So Hom. Il. iv. 137, *μίτρης θ' ἣν ἐφόρει, ἔρυμα κροός*. With *τερμιόεντα χιτῶνα* here cf. Hom. Od. xix. 242. It is equivalent to *χιτὼν ποδήρης*, and shows the meaning of the epithet applied to the Ionians, *ἑλκεχιτῶνες*.

[2] The effects of cold; or of horror, as in Hamlet, act i. sc. 5,

> And each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

[3] See Hom. Od. xxiv. 228, 229, and xiv. 23, 24.—*ἴφι καμένοιο*, that is slain for sacrifice or feast: not having died a natural death; because the skin of this last would be less sound. Below, at ver. 543, the skins of first-born kids are to be taken in preference to those of kids born after, because the latter would be less thick and stout.

[4] *Βορέαο πεσόντος*, according to Spohn, means cessante Borea (cf. Virg. Ecl. ix. 58, and Georg. i. 354, Quo signo caderent Austri). But Goettling and others agree in considering *πεσόντος* equivalent to *ἐμπεσόντος*.

[5] *μακάρων*, locupletum: Beatorum. Hom. Il. xi. 68, *Ἀνδρὸς μάκαρος κατ' ἄρουραν*.

[6] Van Lennep quotes at this passage Lucret. vi. 476—480,

> Prætereà fluviis ex omnibus et simul ipsâ
> Surgere de terrâ nebulas æstumque videmus,
> Quæ velut halitus hinc ita sursum expressa feruntur.

return home, when you have finished work, lest ever a-dark cloud from the sky should surround you, and drench your skin, and soak your garments; rather avoid it: for this wintry month[1] is most severe, severe to flocks,[2] and severe to men. Then to oxen *give but* half, but let man have a larger share, of the allotted food,[3] for long nights are great helpers. Observing these things to the completion of the year, equalize *the allowance* nights and days, until again Earth, the mother of all, has put forth her various fruits.[4]

But when after the winter solstice Jove hath fulfilled sixty days of-winter,[5] even then it is that the star Arcturus, having left the sacred stream of Ocean, first rises brightly beaming in-the-twilight. After him is wont to rise Pandion's daughter, the swallow with-its-plaint-at-dawn,[6] for a light to men,

> Suffunduntque suâ cœlum caligine et altas
> Sufficiunt nubes paulatim conveniundo.

[1] *μεῖς*, an old form of *μὴν*. See Il. xix. 117; Herod. ii. 82; Pind. Nem. v. 82; Plat. Crat. 409, C. Goettling finds its root in *μεν*, from *μένω*. Hence, perhaps, the Latin "mensis."

[2] *προβάτοις*, cattle of every kind, not in the later sense "sheep." See the Schol. at Hom. Il. xiv. 124, who explains the word by deriving it from *πρὸ* and *βαίνω*, front feet or steps (*βασεῖς*) before hind ones.

[3] *ἁρμαλιῆς*: cf. Theocr. Id. xvi. 35, *Ἁρμαλιὰν ἔμμηνον ἐμετρήσαντο πενέσται*. The reason for the injunction in 559 is, that in winter oxen are free from work, but men are not so, and in addition encounter then greater hardship, to be compensated by more food. Long nights help the oxen, because they have less work, and men, because they are better fed and enjoy the comforts of winter keep. Cf. Virg. Georg. i. 302. *εὐφρόναι* is here first used in this sense.

[4] *ἰσοῦσθαι νύκτας*. That is, food is to be meted out according to the amount of day-labour and night-rest, so that the length of days and their shortness regulate the allowance.

[5] Sixty days,] in round numbers, strictly fifty-seven, viz. from Dec. 29th to Feb. 24th, when Arcturus rose. At ver. 566, cf. Hom. Il. v. 5, (of Sirius,) *ὅς τε μάλιστα λαμπρὸν παμφαίνῃσι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο.—ἀκροκνέφαιος* in ver. 567 is the same as *νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ* in Homer.

[6] *ὀρθρογόη Πανδιονὶς*, i. e. Procne, the daughter of Pandion, king of Attica, and wife of Tereus. According to the tradition which Hesiod follows, she was changed into a swallow, Philomela into a nightingale, and Tereus into a hawk. See Dict. Gr. and R. Biog. iii. p. 1002; Virg. Ecl. vi. 78; Ovid. Fast. ii. 853—856; Horat. Od. IV. xii. 5, Nidum ponit Ityn flebiliter gemens; and Horat. Epist. I. vii. 12, 13,

> Te, dulcis amice, reviset
> Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine primâ.

when spring is fresh-beginning. Anticipating this, prune your vines:[1] for *'tis* better thus.

When, moreover, the snail climbs up the plants from-off the ground, shunning the Pleiads, then *'tis* no longer the season for hoeing the vines: but you should sharpen sickles, and rouse your servants. Fly shady seats and sleep at-morning-time,[2] at harvest-season when the Sun parches the skin. Then make *you* haste, gather-and-bring home your corn, rising at the dawn, that you may have substance sufficient. For the morning obtains by lot a third share of the day's work: The morn, look you, furthers *a man* on his road, and furthers *him* too in his work; the morn, I say, which, at its appearing, sets many men on their road, and places the yoke on many oxen.

When the artichoke flowers,[3] and the tuneful cicala, perched on a tree, pours forth a shrill song oft-times from under his wings, in the season of toilsome summer, then goats are fattest, wine is best, women most wanton, and men weakest,[4] since Sirius parches head and knees, and body also is dried-up by reason of heat. But then at last be *thine* the rocky shade, and Biblian wine,[5] a light-well-baked cake, the milk of

[1] Plat. Leg. viii. p. 844, fixes the time of vintage at the rising of Arcturus. In the next line *φερέοικος* corresponds with the phrase "domiporta cochlea" of an old poet quoted by Cicero De Divin. ii. 64, Terrigenam, herbigradam, domiportam, sanguine cassam. For the Pleiads, see ver. 383—385.

[2] The great temptation in hot weather is idleness and self-indulgence. Cf. Virg. Georg. i. 341—343,

> Tunc pingues agni, et tunc mollissima vina,
> Tum somni dulces, densæque in montibus umbræ.

[3] Vollbehr quotes here Alcæus, (p. 275, Schn.) who describes the same season when *ἀχεῖ ἐκ πετάλων ἀδέα τέττιξ—ἀνθεῖ δὲ σκόλυμος*. This *σκόλυμος* mentioned by Pliny, H. N. xxii., who alludes to the passages of Hesiod and Alcæus, is supposed to be the cinara cardunculus of Linnæus. *V. Lennep.* For the *τέττιξ* see Hom. Il. iii. 15, and Theocr. Id. ix. 31; Aristoph. Pax, 1159—1163.

[4] *μαχλόηται δε γυναῖκες*: this is alluded to by Pliny H. N. x. 62, and by Alcæus in the passage quoted above. With the next line compare The Shield of H., 397.

[5] Cf. Virg. Georg. i. 343, quoted at 574.—Rocky shade. Clericus quotes Isaiah xxxii. 2, "As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." See also Virg. Georg. ii. 486—489,

> Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,

goats which-are-now-off-their milk,[1] and the flesh of a heifer browsing-the-forest, which has not yet calved,[2] and of first-born kids—then sit in the shade, and drink moreover dark-hued wine, (having your soul satisfied with viands, and turning your face to catch the brisk-blowing Zephyr,)[3] and the ever-running and forth-gushing spring, which is untroubled-by-mud. Pour in three cups of water first, and add the fourth of wine.[4]

Urge your servants, too, to thrash the holy gift of Demeter, when first Orion's strength[5] shall have appeared, in a breezy place, and on a well-rounded thrashing-floor: and by measure store it well in bins. But when at length you have laid up all your substance, duly prepared within your house, I recommend you to get a houseless hireling,[6] and to seek a female servant without children: for a female-servant with children *is* troublesome. And maintain a sharp-toothed dog;[7] stint

> Flumina amem silvasque inglorius: O ubi campi
> Sperchiusque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
> Taygeta! O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hemi
> Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ.

Biblian wine. Cf. Theocr. Idyll. xiv. 15. Biblinè is the name of a Thracian district, the wine of which was approved for its sweetness and lightness. See Athenæus, i. p. 31, A.

[1] *μᾶζα ἀμολγαίη.* Proclus explains this word *ἀκμαία—τὸ γὰρ ἀμολγὸν ἐπὶ τοῦ ἀκμαίου τίθεται.* Some consider it i. q. "pain au lait." But see Butm. Lexil. p. 90, 91, and note there.

[2] Theocr. Id. i. 6, says *χιμάρῳ δὲ καλὸν κρέας ἔς τε κ' ἀμέλξῃς.*

[3] *ἀκραέος.* V. Lennep shows from Proclus that the right interpretation of this word is "clear, searching," the derivation being from *κεράννυμι.*

[4] This must have been generous wine to bear this infusion. Cratinus in Athenæus i. p. 29, D., asks *ἆρ' οἴσει τρία*; will it bear three parts water? Cf. Equit. Aristoph. 1195; Alcæus, 33, 34. *Van Lennep.*

[5] *σθένος Ὠρίωνος*, a paraphrasis like *ἧς Τηλεμάχοιο—βίη Ηρακληείη.* The rising of Orion would be about the 9th of June, or a little earlier. For Orion, see Virg. Æn. i. 535; iii. 517; iv. 52; Hor. Od. I. xxviii. 21; Theoc. vii. 53. In the next line compare with *ἐϋτροχάλῳ ἔν ἀλωῇ*, Vir. Georg. i. 178, Area cum primis ingenti æquanda cylindro.

[6] *θῆς ἄοικος*, "villicus, qui non habet familiam." *Goettling. ἔριθος*, villica. Both were hired servants, of the nature of bailiff and female overseer. See Theocr. xv. 80 on *ἔριθος.* They were to be unmarried, so as to have no concern but for their master's interests.

[7] Virg. Georg. iii. 401, Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema. In the next line at *ἡμερόκοιτος*, cf. Horat. Epist. I. viii. 32, Ut jugulent homines surgunt de nocte latrones. Plautus, in Trinumm. IV. ii 20, calls such an one a "dormitator."

not his food lest ever a day-slumbering man shall have plundered thy property. Gather in hay and litter,[1] that your oxen and mules may have *fodder* for the year. Afterwards refresh the limbs of your servants, and unyoke your pair of oxen.

But when Orion and Sirius shall have reached mid-heaven, and rosy-fingered Aurora looked on Arcturus,[2] then, Perses, cull and carry home all thy grape-clusters. Then expose them to the Sun[3] ten days and ten nights, shade them five days, and on the sixth draw into vats the gifts of joyous Bacchus. But when now the Pleiads, Hyads,[4] and strong Orion set, then be thou mindful of ploughing in due season. And may the year[5] be prosperous *to thee* in thy rustic matters.

But if a longing for dangerous[6] voyaging seizes you, when fleeing the impetuous might of Orion, the Pleiads sink into the misty deep,[7] then rage the blasts of winds of every de-

[1] συρφετόν (from σύρω, συρετὸς, συρφετὸς); Latin, "Quisquiliæ;" "Du fourage," French. In the next line observe that ἐπιετανὸν is pronounced as if quadrasyllabic, (ιε as if "*yet*,") by Synezesis.

[2] When Arcturus rises with the dawn, then is the vintage-time. This was about the 18th of September. Plato De Leg. viii. p. 844, D., τὴν ὥραν τὴν τοῦ τρυγᾶν Ἀρκτούρῳ ξὺνδρομον.

[3] Δείξαι δ' ἠελίῳ. Cf. Virg. Georg. ii. 261, Aquiloni ostendere glebas. For this drying process compare Hom. Od. vii. 123, 124, τῆς ἕτερον μὲν, θειλόπεδον λευρῷ ἐνι χώρῳ τέρσεται ἠελίῳ. Cf. Plin. H. N. xiv. 8.

[4] For the Pleiads and their setting, see ver. 314. The Hyades or Suculæ (from ὗς, sus) set a little later, as did also Orion. Virg. Æn. iii. 516, Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona. Cf. Georg. i. 138; Horat. I. iii. 14, Nec tristes Hyadas. Cf. also Smith, Gr. and R. Biog. ii. 533.

[5] Goettling thinks this verse an addition of some rhapsodist, as bearing the marks of a later date, in the use of πλειὼν for the year; but Van Lennep answers that Callimachus (H. in Jov. 89) was addicted to the use of ancient words: and that no argument as to the spuriousness of the line can be drawn from its use by Callimachus and Lycophron.

[6] ἐυσπεμφέλου. Cf. Theog. 440. Here a new portion of the poem begins, having reference to navigation, a rasher way of money-getting than agriculture, as Hesiod would think.

[7] Goettling observes that the Greeks generally represented the stars which have been here and elsewhere mentioned by Hesiod as the chase of Orion, the Nimrod of Greece: He with his dog Sirius chases the Bear (Ἄρκτον), the Pigeons (Πληϊάδας), the Hyades (Ὑάδας). Hence the image here. That the sea was hazardous at the setting of the Pleiads as testified Theocr. Epigr. ix. 5, 6, δύσις δ' ὑπὸ Πλειάδος αὐτὴν Ποντοπορῶν αὐτῇ Πλειάδι συγκαιέδυς Cf.

scription: then also keep no more your ships on the dark sea, but remember to till your land, as I recommend you. Haul ashore your ship, and cover-it-thick with stones on all sides,[1] that they may keep off the violence of moist-blowing winds, when you have drawn out the keel-plug, that Jove's rain may not rot it. Store away in your house all the ship's tackle[2] duly arranged, and furl in good order the sails of your deep-skimming bark, and hang up above the smoke your well-wrought rudder. And wait you for a passage in due season, until it shall have come: then drag down to the sea your swift ship, and store in it also a prepared freight, that so you may bring home gain, even as my sire and yours,[3] very senseless Perses, used to sail in ships, in search for honest substance: who of old came hither too, when he had traversed much sea, *after* having left Cuma in Æolia, in dark ship; forsaking nor plenty, nor riches and wealth, but evil poverty, which Jove gives to men. Near Helicon[4] he dwelt in Ascra, a wretched hamlet, bad in winter, oppressive in summer, and never genial.[5]

Callimach. Ep. xix. (Ernesti,) and Propert. I. viii. 10, Et sit iners tardis navita Vergiliis.

[1] These stones are the *εὐναὶ* of Homer; and the *ἔρματα νηός*, Il. i. 486; ii. 154. Some commentators argue from *πυκάσαι*, i. e. cover, that the ships were to be buried beneath stones for the winter, to protect them from the rain and other evil influences of weather.

[2] *ὅπλα*, all the ship's tackle. See Hom. Od. xiv. 346; xxi. 390, where the cables are chiefly meant; here, the oars, &c. likewise. *ὅπλα*, like the Latin "arma," signifies "implements." In the next line *πτερὰ* corresponds with the Latin "alas:" cf. Virg. Æn. iii. 520, Velorum pandimus alas. Some, however, consider *πτερὰ* to be the oars. Cf. Virg. Æn. vi. 19, Remigio alarum; and Propert. IV. vi. 47, Centenis remigat alis. In the next line at *ὑπὲρ καπνοῦ*, cf. Virg. Georg. i. 175, Et suspensa focis explorat robora fumus. See also above at line 45.

[3] This, with the next eight lines, is a digression, to show how toilsome and fruitless had been the sea to the sire of Hesiod and Perses. Ephorus and Suidas say that Hesiod, as well as his father, was born at Cuma in Æolia. But see 649, 650, which militates against this.

[4] See for confirmation of this, Pausan. ix. 29, § 1, where the poet Hegisinoüs is quoted, saying, *Ἄσκρην, ἥ θ' Ἑλικῶνος ἔχει πόδα πιδακόεντα.*

[5] Velleius Paterc. (i. 7) says of Hesiod, "Sed pa- iam, quià multatus ab eâ erat, contumeliosissimè contestatus est.' And Ovid. E. ex Pont. IV. xiv. 31, 32:

But thou, Perses, be thou mindful of all works in-their-seasons, and most *of all* about navigation. Commend a small vessel:[1] in a large one stow thy freight. Greater will be thy cargo, and greater thy gain upon gain, that is to say, if the winds keep off evil blasts. When thou shalt have turned thy silly mind towards merchandise, and desired to escape debts and unpleasant hunger,[2] then will I show thee the courses[3] of the loud-roaring sea, though neither at all clever in navigation, nor in ships. For never yet have I sailed in ship, at least across the broad deep, save to Eubœa from Aulis,[4] where formerly the Greeks, having waited through the winter, collected together a vast host from sacred Greece[5] for Troy with-its-beauteous women. And there I crossed over to the games in honour of warlike Amphidamas[6] and to Chalcis: the numerous prizes duly proclaimed his noble-spirited sons had set up: there boast I that, as victor in the lay, I carried off an eared tripod.

Esset perpetuo sua quam vitabilis Ascra,
Ausa est agricolæ Musa docere senis.

Observe the synizesis in the words *ἀργαλέῃ οὐ*.

[1] Virg. Georg. ii. 412, Laudato ingentia rura Exiguum colito.

[2] Vollbehr reads here, *Εἰ δ' ἄν ἐπ' ἐμπορίην τρέψας*—and in the next *βούλῃαι χρέα*. If the reading of Goettling is retained, *βούλῃαι* must be read as a dissyllable.

[3] Goettling here quotes the oracle to Crœsus in Herodotus i. 47, *οἶδα δ' ἐγὼ ψάμμου τ' ἀριθμὸν καὶ μέτρα θαλάσσης*.

[4] Cf. note at 633. If Hesiod was born at Cuma, this statement is incorrect. In the next line V. Lennep translates *μείναντες χειμῶνα*, "cum hiemem (ibi) mansissent," as Cæsar in B. G. v. 51.

[5] *ἱερῆς*. Van Lennep and Guyetus translate this "great," "famous." Goettling considers it to mean "sacred," because Olympus, the seat of the gods, was in it.

[6] Amphidamas was king of Chalcis in Eubœa, who fell in a sea-fight with the Eretrians, the cause of war being the land around the river Lelantus, which Callimach. H. in Del. 289, calls *ἀγαθὸν πεδίον Ληλαντίον*. Cf. Thucyd. i. 15; Herod. v. 99; and Strabo, X. i. 323: Thucydides alludes specially to this war.—The games alluded to were funeral games, at which contests of song were wont to take place. These contests were of very early origin; cf. Hom. Il. ii. 594, 595, where Thamyris contends with the Muses. Proclus says that Hesiod conquered Homer at this Eubœan contest of song. But this, beside the discrepancy of dates, is confuted by Pausanias, who saw Hesiod's tripod, and mentioned Homer's name in reference to it. Pausan. IX. xxxi. 3. *ὠτώεντα* is i q. auritum: ansatum: cf. Hom. Il. xviii. 378

This I offered to the Muses of Helicon, where[1] first they initiated me in the tuneful song. Thus much experience *only* have I had in ships with-many-nails: but even so I will speak the mind of ægis-bearing Jove: for the Muses have taught me to sing the divine song.[2] For fifty days after the summer solstice,[3] when summer, a season of toil, has come to an end, sailing is seasonable for mortals: neither *then* would you founder your ship, nor would the sea destroy the crew, unless, that is, of-set-purpose, earth-shaking Neptune, or Jove, king of immortals, should choose to destroy *them:* for with them is the end of good and bad alike. But at that season the breezes are clear,[4] and the deep free-from-danger: then in security, relying on the winds, drag down to sea your swift ship, and duly stow *in it* all the cargo: but hasten with all speed to come back home; wait not the new wine, and autumn rain,[5] the coming winter, and the terrible blasts of the South-wind, which is wont to disturb the sea, when it follows Jove's abundant rain, in autumn, and renders the deep dangerous.

[1] Where first, &c.] i. e. on the spot where they appeared to him, Theog. 9, 10.

[2] Hesiod says that all his practical knowledge of navigation arises from one short voyage: but still he can speak the mind of Jove: because the Muses, when they taught him song, would teach him also the kindred subjects, which they superintended, and which were part of a poet's training, e. g. astronomy. *V. Lennep.*

[3] The Etesian winds blow in the Ægean for forty days after the rising of the dog-star. When they began to blow mildly and more steadily, the summer, which commenced with the rising of the Pleiads, was nearly at an end, as was also the harvest, so that a man might ship his corn, and transport it across the Ægean to the isles, or to Asia Minor, and be back for the vintage, without losing time (cf. 674). The forty days which Apollon. Rhod. ii. 525 speaks of, would become nearly fifty, if we count the eight days which Pliny (ii. 47) calls prodomi before the rising of the dog-star.

[4] *εὐκρινέες.* Eustathius compares with this, Il. xiv. 19, *πρίν τινα κεκριμένον καταβήμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὖρον*, where Arnold explains *κεκριμένον*, decided, blowing steadily towards one point of the compass.

[5] Cf. note at 663. The voyager ought to be back by the time of vintage, and so he might be, considering how short his voyage was. In the next verse with *Νότοιό τε δεινὰς ἀήτας*, cf. Odyss. xii. 325; Soph. Antig. 334, *χειμερίῳ Νότῳ.* Virg. Æn. vi. 355,

> Tres Notus hybernas ventosa per æquora noctes
> Vexit me violentus aquâ.

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Another season of sailing, amongst men, is in the spring.[1] When in truth at the first, as large as the crow, advancing, has left her foot-print, just so large leaves will appear to a man on the top of the fig tree's branch, then, I say, the sea may be traversed; but this is a spring voyage.[2] I praise it not, for it is not pleasant to my thinking, *because* snatched in haste:[3] with difficulty could one avoid evil; yet even this too men do, through foolishness of mind: for riches are life to wretched mortals.[4] But dreadful it is to die in the waves: now thee I recommend to consider all these things in thy mind, as I speak them. Nor do thou stow all thy substance in hollow ships, but leave most behind, and make the lesser *share* thy cargo. For shocking *it is* to meet with loss in the waves of the sea; and sad, if when thou hast lifted an excessive weight on thy waggon, thou crush the axle, and the loads be wasted. Observe moderation.[5] In all the fitting-season is best.—And at mature age bring home a wife to thine house, when thou art neither very far short of thirty years,[6] nor hast added very much *thereto*, for such a marriage,

[1] The time indicated is the middle of the spring, "when the leaves have shown themselves on the top of each twig of a fig tree, just as large as the print of a crow's foot on the ground." V. Lennep observes that the time meant is later than that alluded to by Theophrastus, H. Pl. iii. 6, saying that the fig tree buds a little before the vernal equinox, and prior to that spoken of in St. Matt. xxiv. 32, as a sign of summer nigh at hand, where the full-grown leaves of the fig tree are meant.

[2] Van Lennep seems right in explaining these words as a sort of blame, or reservation. "This is a spring voyage, you run your own risk in it. It is like 'Punica fides,' a questionable movement, '*verna navigatio.*'"

[3] *ἁρπακτός*. We have followed the common reading and the interpretation of Moschopulus, *ἁρπακτός. βίαιος, οὐ τοῦ χαιροῦ διδόντος, ἀλλὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἁρπαζόντων αὐτὸν.* In this sense, V. Lennep observes, Silius Ital. i. 569 uses rapio, Tempore Martis Utendum est rapto.

[4] Compare Pindar, Isthm. ii. 17, *χρήματα, χρήματ' ἀνήρ.* Horat. Sat. i. 153,

O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum,
Virtus post nummos.

With the next line compare Hom. Od. v. 312.

[5] *μέτρα* is explained here rightly by Grævius "justum modum." Guyetus and others render it "tempus opportunum," but that is *καιρὸς*.

[6] Plat. de Rep. v. 460; Leg. vi. 772; Aristot. Pol. vii. 14, are

look you, is seasonable. And let the woman be in her bloom four years, and be married in the fifth.[1] Marry a maiden, too, that you may teach her chaste morals. Most of all, marry her who lives near you, when you have duly looked round on everything, lest you should marry a cause-of-mocking[2] for your neighbours. For nothing better does a man gain than the good wife, whilst than the worse, the banquet-seeker. nought else is more dreadful: though a man be strong, she consumes him without a torch,[3] and consigns him to unripe old age.

And be duly regardful of the vengeance of the blest Immortals: neither make thy friend equal to a brother: but, if thou shalt have made him *so*, be not the first to do him wrong; and lie not, for talking's sake;[4] though, if he should begin either to speak aught distasteful,[5] or even to do it against you, requite him just twice as much, in thy resentment; but if again he lead the way to friendship, and be willing to give satisfaction, accept it; *it is* a wretched man, be sure, that gets now one, now another for his friend,[6] but thy mind let not

quoted by Goettling, as agreeing generally with Hesiod here, though the last of them fixes the fit age for a man at thirty-six or a little less.

[1] Mulier autem pubescat quatuor annos, quinto a pubertate anno nubat. *V. Lennep.* That is, counting from the 14th year, let her wait four more years, and be married in her 19th year.

[2] So Hom. Il. iii. 51, uses *χάρμα. δυσμενέσιν μὲν χάρμα, κατηφείην δε σοὶ αὐτῷ.* In the next line cf. with λητίζεται, Theogon. 444, λητὸ' ἀέξειν, where see note 4 on the word. The commentators quote Simonides,

γυναικὸς οὐδὲν χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λητίζεται
ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.

[3] Cf. Eurip. Orest. 621, *ἕως ὑφῆψε δῶμ' ἀνηφαίστῳ πυρὶ*, at which passage Musgrave quotes Hesiod.—*ὠμῷ γήραϊ*: cf. Hom. Od. xv. 357. Robinson notes that "cruda senectus" had the very opposite meaning among the Latins. Cf. Virg. Æn. vi. 304, Sed cruda deo viridisque senectus. In the next line the word *ὄπιν*, retribution, is derived, according to Guyetus, from *ἐπὶ*, or *ἔπω*. He quotes Tibullus I. viii. 72, Nescius ultorem post caput esse deum.

[4] *γλώσσης χάριν*, "for the sake of vain babbling." So V. Lennep, "linguæ temerè garrientis gratiâ.

[5] *ἀποθύμιον*. Cf. Hom. Il. xiv. 261. With the next line compare Soph. Ajax, 79, *οὔκουν γέλως ἥδιστος εἰς ἐχθροὺς γελᾶν.*

[6] This passage seems to urge "that it is better to make up differences with former friends than cement new alliances." *σὲ δὲ μή τι, ε. τ. λ.* Melancthon explains these words, "Ita cum amico in

thy countenance at all convict. Neither be called the host of many, nor the host of none, nor comrade of the evil, nor reviler of the good. Nor ever have-the-cruelty to reproach a man with wretched, heart-consuming poverty,[1] the behest of the ever-living gods. The best treasure, look you, among men is *that of* a sparing tongue,[2] and the most grace *is that* of one which moves measuredly. If you have spoken ill, haply you will yourself hear worse. Neither be uncourteous in a feast of many guests, *arising* from a general payment:[3] for the pleasure is *then* greatest, the expense least. Nor ever in the morning make libations of dark wine to Jove with hands unwashen,[4] nor to the other gods. For they on their part heed not, and more, they spurn your prayers.

Neither do thou ever cross the limpid wave of ever-flowing rivers[5] with thy feet, *that is*, before thou shalt have prayed, gazing on the fair streams, and having thine hands washen with the pleasant clear water. Whoso shall have crossed a river having his hands unwashen through perverseness, with him the gods are wroth, and are wont to give him griefs afterward. And do not at a festive banquet of the gods pare from the finger[6] with bright steel the dry from the fresh.

gratiam redi, ut neque in animo, neque in vultu supersint ulla simultatis indicia.

[1] Commentators compare Theognis, 155, *μήποτέ τοι πενίην θυμοφθόρον ἀνδρὶ χολωθείς, Μηδ' ἀχρησμοσύνην οὐλομένην πρόφερε.—μακάρων δόσιν.* Cf. Eurip. Alcest. 1071, *καρτερεῖν θεοῦ δόσιν. V. Lennep.*

[2] Cf. Proverbs xv. 23, "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

[3] I have translated here according to Van Lennep's interpretation, "Ne sis parum facilis collator convivii quod multi amici ex communi instruunt." *ἐκ κοινοῦ* is i. q. *ἐξ ἐράνου.* For *δυσπέμφελος* see above in Theogon. 444.

[4] Cf. Tibull. II. i. 13, 14,

> Casta placent superis: purâ cum veste venite:
> Et manibus puris sumite fontis aquam:

and Virg. Æn. ii. 719, 720, Attrectare nefas donec me flumine vivo Abluero. Le Clerc compares Genesis xxxv. 2. See also below, at ver. 739.

[5] The rivers, being accounted gods, are to be propitiated by prayer, before fording. V. Lennep compares Apollon. Rhod. i. 9, in illustration of the common practice in Greece of crossing rivers on foot.

[6] *ἀπὸ πεντόζοιο*: cf. 375, *φιλήτησι*, 571, *φερέοικος*, 526, *ἀνόστεος*, for like euphemisms. *πέντοζος*=five-pointed, i. e. the hand. Goett-

Nor ever place a can above the bowl, when men drink:[1] for a deadly fate is wrought in it. Nor, when building a house, leave it not-finished-off, lest, mark you, perching on *it*, the cawing crow should croak.[2] Nor, having taken from cauldrons not-yet-used-for sacrifice, eat, or wash thyself: since in these, too, there is a penalty. Nor let a lad of twelve years sit inactively;[3] for 'tis better not, since it makes a man unmanly: nor yet a child of twelve months; for this is all the same. Nor, being a man, cleanse thy skin in the woman's bath; for on this, too, there is a dismal penalty for a time. Nor, if thou hast chanced upon lighted sacrifices, mock at *rites of* hidden *import*;[4] the god, look thou, is wroth at this also. Nor ever defile the current of rivers flowing seaward, nor fountains, but specially avoid it. For this is nowise best.

Thus do, and avoid the evil rumour of mortals. For evil

ling and V. Lennep quote from Diog. Laert. viii. 17, a saying of Pythagoras, *παρὰ θυσίαν μὴ ὀρυχίζου*.

[1] Goettling explains this of preferring unmixed wine to wine and water; and considers *ὁλοὴ μοῖρα* drunkenness. Proculus seems to give a pointless explanation; and perhaps V. Lennep's is the most reasonable conjecture, "that as *οἰνοχόη* was the smaller vessel, in which the wine from the *κρητὴρ* was conveyed into the cups of the guests, to place the can over the bowl was to stint the liquor and dishonour the feast."—*πινόντων*, i. e. inter bibendum.

[2] Ipsa ales est inauspicatæ garrulitatis, a quibusdam tamen laudata. Plin. N. H. x. 12. Cf. Virg. Ecl. i. 15. In the next line *ἀνεπιῤῥέκτων* is i. q. *ἀθύτων*; *ῥέζειν*, being the same as *θύειν*. So "facere" and "operari" are used by Horace and Virgil.

[3] Tzetzes and others interpret *ἀκινήτοισι* of tombs, to sit on which was a bad omen. A variety of suggestions not more to the point have been offered, but the most reasonable explanation is that of Goettling based on Proculus and the passage from Plutarch to which he alludes; namely, that the words are an injunction against letting a child of twelve years, or even an infant of twelve months, be suffered to be without exercise fitted for the strengthening of his body. We may compare with *ἐπ' ἀκινήτοισι* used thus adverbially, Theocritus, Idyll. i. 51, *ἐπὶ ζηροῖσι.—οὐ γὰρ ἄμεινον*, a form of dissuading; cf. Herodot. i. 157, and Matt. Gr. Gr. § 457, p. 757.

[4] *μωμεύειν ἀΐδηλα*. Butmann in his Lexilogus (p. 49) shows that the only approach to the common-sense meaning here is Le Clerc's, and that those who take *ἀΐδηλα* adverbially are wide of the mark He observes, that in all ancient religion there were rites, whose origin the people, nay, sometimes even the priest, might not know. A thoughtless person chancing on the celebration of these might ridicule what he did not understand. For the injunction given in the next line, compare a similar observance of the Persians, Herodot. i. 138

report is light to lift with all ease,[1] but painful to bear, and difficult to set aside. And no rumour wholly dies away, which many peoples shall have spread abroad; in sooth she, too, is a kind of goddess.

Mind well, too, and teach thy servants fittingly the days[2] *appointed* of Jove; *to wit*, the 30th day of *each* month, the best both for inspecting work done, and distributing allotted sustenance, when the peoples observe it, *in* deciding the right.[3] For these following days are from counselling Jove.[4] In the first place, the first, thé fourth, and the seventh, is a holy day: for on this *last*, Latona gave-birth-to Apollo of-the-golden-sword:[5] the eighth and ninth; *these* are two days, I ween, of the month far advancing, for getting ready the works of mortal' and the eleventh and twelfth, both in

[1] Van Lennep observes that Rumour is here compared to a burden easy to be lifted, but hard to bear, most hard to be deposited. She is here added to the list of the goddesses of the Theogony. For an elaborate description of her, see Virg. Æn. iv. 174—188.

[2] Here follows Hesiod's Calendar, curious on account of its antiquity. A catalogue of lucky and unlucky days was acceptable to his agricultural friends. Virgil imitates it in Georg. i. 276, &c., where see Servius's note. Hesiod's month, according to Goettling, was one of 30 days, divided into three decads, (*μὴν ἱστάμενος, μεσῶν, φθίνων,*) so that in ver. 782 *ἕκτη μέση* is the 16th, in the 785th *πρωτὴ ἕκτη* the 6th, and in the like manner throughout.—Hermann, however, thinks that Hesiod divided only into *ἱσταμένος* and *φθίνων*. *τριηκάδα μηνὸς*. Hesiod begins with this, to show that all his months were 30 days long. On this day the Greeks seem to have distributed the *ἁρμαλιὴ* (Lat. Demensum) to their retainers. The 1st of the month, the Calends, was the Roman pay-day. Cf. Plaut. Stichus, I. ii. 3.

[3] *εὖτ' ἄν, κ. τ. λ.* Eo die, quo populi lites dijudicantes festa agunt. *Goettling.*

[4] This verse is connected by *γὰρ* with ver. 765, and the list that follows is that of days settled and defined by Jove in contradistinction to the *ἀκήριοι*, unfixed, unmarked days, mentioned below at ver. 823.

[5] Van Lennep seems right in following Scaliger and the Scholiasts, interpreting *ἕνη* the *first* of the month, i. q. *νουμηνία*; for we have the authority of Herodot. (vi. 57) to show that the 1st and 7th of every month was sacred to Apollo; who was called *ἑβδομαγέτας*, (Æsch. S. c. Theb. 806,) and supposed to have been born on the 7th of the month Thargelion. Cf. Blakesley's note at Herod. l. c. and Spanheim on Callimach. H. in Del. 251. The 4th day was sacred to Mercury; the 8th was sacred to Neptune; the 9th (cf. Virg. Georg. 286) Nona fugæ melior, contraria furtis.

truth are good, the one for shearing sheep, the other for reaping laughing corn: but the twelfth is far better than the eleventh, for on it, look you, the high-hovering spider[1] spins his threads in the long *summer* day, when also the wise *ant* harvests his heap. On this day, too, a woman should set up her loom, and put forth her work. But on the thirteenth of the beginning of the month[2] avoid commencing *your* sowing: though to set plants it is best.

The sixteenth, however,[3] is very unprofitable to plants, but auspicious for the birth of men, though for a girl it is not propitious, either to be first born, or to be joined in wedlock. Nor, in truth, is the first sixth day[4] suitable for the birth of girls, but a favourable day for cutting kids and flocks of sheep, and for enclosing a fold for sheep. Fortunate *is the day* on which a man is born: but it is fond[5] both of uttering railleries, and of falsehoods, and wily words, and stealthy fond discourses. On the eighth of the month emasculate the boar and loud bellowing bull, and on the twelfth the toil-enduring mules. But on the longest twentieth day,[6] in broad day, generate a wise man, for he will be very cautious of mind. And lucky for raising sons is the tenth day, and the fourteenth for girls. On this, too, tame sheep, and trailing-footed,

[1] *ἀερσιπότητος ἀράχνης*. Cf. Scut. 316, *κύκνοι ἀερσιπόται*—the form *ἀράχνης* is found in Pindar. fr. 257 (according to L. and S. Lexicon). *ἤματος ἐκ πλείου* is to be construed, with V. Lennep, "from the time when the day lengthens," i. e. the 12th day of the summer month. To explain it "medio die" is contrary to fact and experience; for the spider weaves from dawn to midnight, and does not wait till noon to begin.—*ἶδρις*, i. e. the ant, just as we have seen *πεντόζοιο* at ver. 742.

[2] Here Hesiod would seem to divide his month into two parts, not, as in every other place, into three decads. The division here followed would seem to be regulated by the full moon.

[3] *ἕκτη δ' ἡ μέσση*, i. e. *ἡ ἕκτη καὶ ἑκάτη. Pollux.*

[4] *ἡ πρώτη ἕκτη*=the 6th of the month. Diana, according to the Delians, was born on the 6th of the month Thargelion. Apollodor. in Diogen. Laert. ii. 44.

[5] *φιλέει*. Goettling, following Proclus, considers the subject of *φιλέει* to be "the boy born on that day." But Van Lennep considers *φιλέει* to refer to the "day itself." In 789 we have the word *ἀρισμοὺς*, recalling the 27th Idyll of Theocritus, called *ἀριστὺς*.

[6] *εἰκάδι δ' ἐν μεγάλῃ*. According to Goettling *εἰκὰς πλέῳ ἤματι* means the 20th day of the month in which the year's longest day falls, and *εἰκὰς μεγάλη* the same day in the cycle of three years, or Trieteris.

crumple-horned oxen, and sharp-toothed dog, and patient mules, applying your hand *to them*.[1] But be cautious in your mind to avoid gnawing the heart with grief on the twenty-fourth and fourth of the month: it is in truth a very perfect day.[1]

Then on the fourth[2] of the month lead home a bride, after having examined the omens, which *are* best in this matter. But avoid the fifth days, since *they are* both mischievous and destructive; for on the fifth 'tis said that the furies attend upon Orcus born *on that day*,[3] whom strife brought forth, as a woe to the perjured. On the seventeenth[4] watch well, and cast upon the well-rounded thrashing-floor Demeter's holy gift; and let the wood-cutter cut timbers for chamber-furniture, and many blocks for naval purposes, which are fit for ships. And on the fourth begin to put together slight vessels. But the nineteenth is a better day towards evening. And the first ninth day *in a month* is wholly harmless[5] to mortals; since lucky indeed is this day for planting and for birth, to man as well as woman; and never is it a day alto-

[1] ἐπὶ χεῖρα τιθείς, a case of τμῆσις. "palpans et attrectans eorum terga." πεφύλαξο δε θυμῷ, &c. Goettling tries to resolve the awkwardness of construction by supposing ἄλγεα θυμοβορεῖν, to be i. q. μὴ ἐν αὐτῇ ἄλγεά σε θυμοβοροῖ. But Van Lennep's suggestion that in τεταδ' not "α" but "ι" is elided, seems a simpler and more probable solution, and is adopted in the text of this translation.

[2] This day was sacred to Aphrodite and Hermes. *Proclus*. The Greeks and Romans attached great weight to omens in this matter. Hence Catullus, lix. 20, Bona cum bonâ Nubit alite virgo; and Horat. Od. I. xv. 5, 6,

Malâ duces avi domum
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite.

[3] The reading τιννυμένας is shown by Butmann, Lexil. p. 435, to be fitly superseded by Ὅρκον γεινόμενον. The Furies on the fifth of the month, his birth-day, protect Ὅρκος, and avenge any wrong offered to him, i. e. perjury of all kinds. Virgil, imitating this passage, speaks of another Orcus, i. e. Hades or Pluto. Ὅρκος, the personification of a righteous oath, was unknown as a deity to the Romans. See Virg. Georg. i. 277, Quintam fuge; Pallidus Orcus, &c., and cf. Œd. Col. (Sophocl.) 1767, Διὸς ὅρκος.

[4] Virgil, Georg. i. 248, ascribes to the 17th day the luck which Hesiod gives to the 12th, the 13th, and the 14th of the month, as connected with the commencing various works.

[5] The first ninth in the month is wholly harmless, whereas the line before tells us that the 19th. or second ninth, is only good in a qualified sense, i. e. towards evening. ἐπὶ δείελα is used adverbially.

gether bad. Now few, again, know that the twenty-ninth[1] of the month is best both for broaching a cask, and placing a yoke on the neck of oxen and mules and fleet-footed steeds: *then* draw down your swift, many-benched ship to the dark sea; yet few call it a truthful day. On the fourth day open your cask: the fourteenth is a day sacred beyond all others: and few know that the *fourth* after the twentieth of the month is best,[2] at the break of day: but toward evening it is worse. These days indeed are to men-on-the-earth a great benefit. But the others falling-between[3] are harmless, bringing nothing *of moment*. One man praises one day, another another. But few know them. Sometimes a day is a step-mother,[4] sometimes a mother. Blest and fortunate is he who knowingly does all these things with reference to these days, unblamed by the immortals, discerning omens, and avoiding transgressions.

[1] Some commentators explain τρισεινάδα as i. q. τρίτην εἰνάδα, the 29th; others as the 27th. V. Lennep inclines to the former because the ninth and nineteenth have been mentioned before: and he illustrates τρὶς for τρίτην by Pliny's expression Ter (i. e. tertium) consul.

[2] Παῦροι δ' αὖτε. Goettling understands κικλήσκουσι. But it would follow more appropriately on ἴσασι, in ver. 814, which would not be so far removed, but that ἴσασι might be taken up, if with Goettling and Vollbehr we take verses 815 and 816 as spurious.

[3] μετάδουποι = αἱ μεταξὺ τῶν ῥηθεισῶν πίπτουσαι. V. Lennep shows from Hom. Il. iv. 455, that δοῦπος is the noise of anything falling or dashed to earth.

[4] V. Lennep adduces a similar metaphor from Claudian de Raptu Proserp. iii. 39, 40, where Nature complains,

> Se jam, quæ genitrix mortalibus ante fuisset,
> In duræ subito mores transisse novercæ.

THE HYMNS OF CALLIMACHUS.

THE HYMN TO JUPITER.

At the libations to Jove,[1] what else can be better to celebrate, than the god himself, ever mighty, ever king, driver of the earthborn,[2] justice-dealer to the Celestials? How, then, shall we celebrate him, as Dictæan, or Lycæan: much in doubt is my mind; since his birth-place is disputed. Thou, Jove, men say, wast born on the mountains of Ida:[3] and

[1] The first Hymn is with propriety in honour of Jove. Virg. Ecl. iii. 60, Ab Jove principium. Spanheim shows from various authorities that hymns were wont to be chaunted during, as well as after, libations. In ver. 2 he compares with *αἰὲν ἄνακτα*, Soph. Œd. T. 905-6, and Æsch. Suppl. 574, *Ζεὺς αἰῶνος κρέων ἀπαύστου*.

[2] *Πηλόγονοι*, i. e. *γηγενεῖς*. (The other reading is *Πηλαγόνων*, from *Πηλαγών*, Pelagonum.) They are the same as the *γηγενεῖς* mentioned in the Bath of Pallas, ver. 8. Blomfield for *ἐλατῆρα* reads *ὀλετῆρα*, from a comparison of copyists of Callimachus, Nonnus, and Antipater Sidonius, instituted by Ruhnken. For *δικασπόλον* cf. Hom. Il. i. 238. In the 5th verse Callimachus imitates Hom. Il. ix. 230, *ἐν δοιῇ δὲ σαωσέμεν ἢ ἀπολέσθαι*.

[3] Dictæan, Lycæan, Ida, Arcadia.—The rivals for the honour of Jove's birthplace, are Crete, of which Dicte and Ida were mountains; and Arcadia, one of the mountains of which is Lycæus. For the Cretan Ida see Virg. Æn. iii. 105, Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto, Mons Idæus ubi, and Servius's note on that passage. In Georg. iv. 152, Virgil follows the tradition that he was born on Dicte. For the claim of Arcadia, we have the allusion of Pindar, Ol. xiii. 154, *Λυκαίου βωμὸς ἄναξ*, and Pausan. viii. 38, § 3, who states that the Arcadian tradition is that Jove was reared on Lycæus by certain nymphs. Callimachus determines Jove's birthplace to have been Arcadia, and his early nursing-place Crete. For Hesiod's account see Theog. 477—484.

thou, Jove, *others affirm* in Arcadia: which of the twain, O father, have uttered-falsehood. The Cretans are ever liars:[1] for a tomb to thee, O king, the Cretans have constructed. But thou art not dead. For thou existest ever. Thee Rhea bare on the Parrhasian[2] *height* where the mountain is most screened with bushes. Thence is the spot sacred, neither doth any-thing-that-moveth-on-the-earth, *when* in need of Ilithyia, nor any woman, draw nigh to it; but the Apidanes[3] call it the olden child-bed of Rhea. There when thy mother had laid thee down from her divine lap, straightway she began to seek a stream of water, wherein she might bathe the filth from her offspring,[4] and lave in it thy skin.

But not yet was vast Ladon flowing, nor Erymanthus, clearest of rivers: as yet all Arcadia was unwatered, (though it was destined afterwards to be exceeding-well-watered,) since at that time, when Rhea loosed her zone *in child-birth*,[5]

[1] For this character of Crete compare St. Paul's quotation from Epimenides, in the Ep. to Titus, i. 12. See also Ovid. A A. i. 297-8,

Non hoc centum quæ sustinet urbes.
Quamvis sit mendax Creta negare potest.

The same poet identifies Crete with Jove's birth-place in his Heroides, Phædr. to Hippol. 163, Ariadne to Theseus, 68, Puero cognita terra Jovi. That the Cretan lie, relative to Jove's tomb, was the cause of the island's bad name, is implied by Lucan, Pharsal. viii. 872, Tam mendax Magni tumulo, quam Creta Tonantis.

[2] Parrhasian.] Arcadia was called Parrhasia from Parrhasus, a son of Lycaon. Ovid (Fast. i. 478) has Deserit Arcadiam, Parrhasiumque Larem. With the account of the reverence paid to Rhea's cave compare Pausanias, viii. 36, § 2, and the description of Eve's bower, Milton's Paradise Lost, iv. 703, quoted by Dodd in his translation.

[3] Ὠγύγιον, olden, from Ogyges, a very early king of Attica. Cf. Callim. H. in Del. 160; Æsch. S. c. Theb. (Blomf.) 310. The Apidanes are the aboriginal inhabitants of the Apian land, Apia (from Apis, son of Phoroneus) being the first name of the Peloponnese. For the fabulous antiquity of the Arcadians, see Ovid. Fast. i. 469—470, Orta prior Lunâ, &c.

[4] λύματα χυτλώσαιτο. Cf. Pausan. viii. c. 41, § 2, who quotes Hom. Il. i. 314. For Ladon in the next line, see Pausan. viii. c. 25, § 7, who considers it equal to any river, Greek or Barbarian; and for Erimanthus, ibid. 27, § 6. In the next line καλέεσθαι is used like κεκλῆσθαι in Hesiod, Theog. 410.

[5] There were two periods to which this phrase applied,—marriage and child-birth. With reference to this latter time Lucina

of a truth moist Iaon reared many hollow[1] oaks above it, and Melas bare many waggons, and above Carnion,[2] moist though it *now* is, many serpents had made their lurking-holes, and a man would go a-foot over Crathis, and over pebbly Metope[3] thirsting, though the plenteous water was lying 'neath his feet. Then, I wot, constrained by perplexity, august Rhea said: "Dear Earth, do thou, too, bear; for easy are thy throes." The goddess spake, and having uplifted on high[4] her great arm smote the mountain with a staff. So it was rent widely asunder at her bidding, and poured forth a vast flood. Therein having cleansed thy skin,[5] O king, she swathed thee, and gave thee to Neda to carry into a secret-place in Crete, that so thou mightest be reared stealthily: *to Neda* most honoured[6] of the Nymphs, who then were her mid-wives, *and* eldest-born after Styx and Philyra.[7]

is called in Theocritus, Idyll. xvii. 60, Λυσίζωνος Εἰλείθυια.—See Translation.

[1] σαρωνίδας (a σαίρω).—In the next line ὤκχησεν is retained by Blomfield as the Doric form from ὀχέω. Iaon and Melas, rivers of Arcadia: the former mentioned by Dionysius in his Periegesis, ver. 416.

[2] Carnion.] The common reading is Καρίωνος, which has been altered to Καρνιῶνος by Arnaldus from Pausan. viii. 34, § 3; and Plin. N. H. iv. 6.—ἀνὴρ for τις, which would be more classic.

[3] Crathis, Metope.] Both rivers of Arcadia: a commentator (following Strabo) derives the former from κεράννυμι, because two rivers combine and join their floods in the Crathis. In the next line διψαλέος is i. q. siccus. Cf. Hymn. in Cer. ver. 6, αὐαλέος.

[4] ἀντανύσασα, ὑψόθι. Blomfield reads ὑψόσε, comparing Hom. Il. xxii. 34, ὑψόσ' ἀνασχόμενος, and shows that ὑψόσε is "in altum:" ὑψόθε, "de alto:" ὑψόθι, "in alto:" as with τηλόθι, τηλόθε, τηλόσε.

[5] φαιδρύνασα, i. e. λούσασα: Steph. who shows that this is so by comparison of Hymn in Del. 6, λοῦσέ τε καὶ σπείρωσε. In the next line Ernesti's emendation, Κευθμῶν' ἐς Κρηταῖον, is preferable to the other readings. Blomf. compares Eur. Helen. 24, Ἰδαῖον εἰς κευθμῶνα.

[6] πρεσβυτάτη, maximè venerandæ. Ernesti. Compare Æsch. S. c. Theb. 390, and Blomf. Gloss. ad loc.— Neda is mentioned with Ithome, by Pausan., iv. 32, § 2, as the nurse of Jove, and, in book viii. c. 38, § 3, with Thisoa and Agno. These gave names to a city and a fountain, whilst Neda gave her name to a river.

[7] For Styx, who is named by Hesiod προφερεστάτη ἀπασέων, (Theog. 361,) was eldest of the Oceanids. Philyra was also a daughter of Oceanus, and the mother of Chiron by Cronos. Cf. Apollon. Rhod. ii. 1241; Pind. Nem. iii. 82. Hesiod calls Chiron Φιλυρίδης, Theog. 1002.

Nor did the goddess pay back vain thanks: for she named that flood Neda, which in full force somewhere over-against the very city of the Caucones,[1] which is called Leprium, mingles with the sea;[2] and the sons of Lycaon's daughter,[3] the she-bear, drink it *as* the most ancient water. When the nymph was leaving Thenæ, carrying thee, father Jove, towards Cnossus, (Thenæ was nigh to Cnossus,) then fell thy navel, O god: whence[4] afterward the Cydonians call that plain Omphalian. But thee, O Jove, the associates of the Corybantes, the Dictæan Meliæ,[5] took-to-their-arms: Adrastea lulled thee in a golden cradle:[6] thou suckedst the full teat of the goat-Amalthea,[7] and moreover atest sweet honey. For

[1] Caucones,] i. e. the most ancient dwellers in what was afterwards Elis. Strabo calls them a migratory people of Arcadia, part in Triphylia, part in Hollow Elis. Strabo, viii. p. 321. Lepreon was the capital of Triphylia. Cf. Smith, Dict. Gr. and R. Geography, vol. i. 572; Niebuhr's Lect. on Ethnography, i. 77. The Neda forms in part of its course the southern boundary of Elis.

[2] Νηρῆϊ. This use of the name of the god for the element of which he is the god, is easy of illustration. Eur. Androm. 161, Δῶμα Νηρῇδος. So Virg. Eclog. vii. 60, Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbre; ver. 69, Et multo imprimis hilarans convivia Baccho.

[3] The fable of Lycaon's daughter Callisto, changed into a she-bear by Juno, and mother of Arcas, the ancestor of the Arcadians, by Jove, is told by Ovid in his Metamorph. ii. 400—495.

[4] *Ὁ*θεν ἐκεῖνο. Blomfield illustrates ἔνθεν in this sense by τοῦ ἔνθεν eâ de causâ, H. in Del. 314.—Thenæ, Cnossus, Omphalus, Cydones. The three former were towns, the latter a people of Crete.

[5] The Meliæ (see Hesiod, Theog. 187) lived in woods and groves; and so are called the associates of the Corybantes, who were fond of the same haunts, and were priests of Cybele, i. q. Rhea. Cf. art. Cabiri and Rhea, in Smith's Dict. of Gr. and R. B. Adrastea is mentioned as Jove's nurse in Apollon. Rhod. iii. 133, &c., as having given him a ball, κεῖνο τὸ οἱ ποίησε φίλη τροφὸς Ἀδρήστεια.

[6] λίκνῳ ἐνὶ χρυσέῳ, properly a golden "winnowing fan." It was a good omen to place a child in one of these, instead of a cradle. Bacchus, who is called Λικνίτης, (Hesych.) is represented as carried in a "vannus" or "λίκνος" by two dancing Bacchants. So Jove here, and Mercury, see Hom. H. in Merc. 254. Warriors' children were placed in a shield. Cf. Theocr. Idyll. xxiv., χαλκείαν κατέθηκεν ἐς ἀσπίδα.

[7] αἰγὸς· Ἀμαλθείης. Cf. Ovid, Fast. ver. 115—128, Naïs Amalthea, &c. For ἐθήσαο see Hom. Il. xxiv. 58.—γλυκὺ κηρίον. So Bacchus was fed. See Apollon. Rhod. iv. 1136, and Comatas in Theocr. vii. 84. Cf. Isaiah xiii. 15, "Butter and honey shall he eat." Song of Solomon iv. 11; v. 1, &c., quoted by Dodd from Isaac Vossius ad Bar-

on a sudden sprung up the labours of the Panacrian bee on the mountains of-Ida, which *men* call Panacra. But around thee vigorously danced the Curetes[1] the war-dance, rattling their arms, that so Cronus might hear with his ears the sound of the shield, and not thee crying. Nobly didst thou thrive, and nobly wast thou reared, heavenly Jove. And quickly didst thou grow up, quick came for thee the first growth of beard. Yet whilst still boyish thou musedst on all things proper-to-mature-age:[2] wherefore even thy brothers, though being elder-born, grudged not heaven *to thee* to hold *as* thine allotted home. Now, ancient poets were not altogether true. They said the lot divided homes to the sons of Cronus in-three-divisions; but who, that was not foolish, would draw lots in the case of Olympus[3] and Hades? For on equal terms 'tis meet to draw *lots:* but these differ in the highest degree. *If I must fable*, fain would I fable what might convince the ears of my audience.[4] Not lots, but deeds of prowess, and thy Force and Might, which thou placedst near thy seat,[5] made thee sovereign of the gods. And thou madest a bird distinguished-far-beyond *others*, messenger of thy portents,[6] which I would thou wouldst manifest propitious to my friends. Thou

nabæ Epist. p. 313. Virgil alludes to the work of the bees in Jove's nurture, Georg. iv. 149—152.

[1] οὖλα, neut. adj. used adverbially. Cf. H. Dian. 246, Οὖλα κατεκροτάλιζον. Hom. Il. xvii. 756. Lucret. ii. 63, quoted by Blomf., renders οὖλα "pernice choreâ."—Curetes, i. q. Cabiri: Corybantes: cf. 46, and see Horat. Od. I. xvi. 8.—πρύλιν. H. in Dian. 240.

[2] Meursius compares Ammianus Marcellinus speaking of Julian as "Virtute senior, quàm ingenio." Plautus, Trinumm. 337; Bothe, says, "Ingenio, non ætate apiscitur sapientia."—γνωτοί, brothers. Cf. Apollon. Rhod. i. 53. In what follows Callimachus agrees with Hesiod respecting Jove being youngest-born. Cf. Theog. 468.

[3] Callimachus does not here follow Homer, Il. xv. 193, where Earth and Olympus are said to be common to all three. Cf. Il. xv. 185—195.—In ver. 64 διὰ πλεῖστον ἔχουσι is by Tmesis for διέχουσι πλεῖστον.

[4] Cf. Hom. Od. xix. 203, ἴσκειν ψευδέα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα, and Hesiod, Theog. 27.—ἐσσήν, a priest of Artemis at Ephesus. Pausan. viii. 13, § 1. It seems to have meant the "*king-bee*."

[5] Κράτος and Βίη are so placed as persons in Hesiod, Theog. 385, and by Æsch. Prom. V., see opening scene, and at Theocr. iv. 8, they are mentioned together.

[6] So Theocr. Id. xvii. 72, Διὸς, αἴσιος αἰετὸς ὄρνις. Horat. Od. IV. iv. 1,

chosest, too, the foremost of young men; not thou the knowing in naval-matters, nor the shield-brandishing warrior, no, nor the poet; but thou didst give up these at the instant to the lesser blessed-gods,[1] different *cares* for different *gods* to care for; whilst for thyself thou chosest-out rulers-of-cities themselves; beneath whose hand is the tiller-of-the soil, and the skilful-in-arms, the rower, and all things. For what is not beneath the power of a ruler?

For example,[2] we tell of the smiths of Vulcan, the armed-men of Mars, and the hunters of tunic-clad[3] Diana, and of Phœbus them that duly know the courses of song. But from Jove *are* kings;[4] since nothing is more godlike than Jove-sent kings. Therefore thou determinedst them *to be* thine allotment, and gavest them cities to guard,[5] but thou thyself sittest in high citadels, overlooking such as govern the people under unjust judgments, and such as rule in the opposite

> Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
> Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
> Permisit.

Hom. Il. viii. 247, *τελειότατον πετεηνῶν.*

[1] *ὀλίζοσιν.* *ὀλίζων* is Ionic and Doric for *ὀλίγος*, according to Eustath. at Il. xviii. 519, where the compound *ὑπολίζων* is used. But see Liddell and Scott.

[2] *αὐτίκα.* "Exempli gratiâ." Ernesti. Heyne, in note at Georg. i. 60, illustrates "continuò" by this use of *αὐτίκα*, not as "principio," but as a formula of beginning a sentence. *ὑδείομεν* is used, says Spanheim, by Nicander, Ther., and Apollon. Rhod. ii. 530, as well as by Aratus, Phæn. 253. It is plainly an Alexandrine word.

[3] *ἐπακτῆρας*, hunters. Hom. Od. xix. 445; Il. xvii. 135, uses *ἐπάγοντες* in the same sense. In Apollon. Rh. i. 625, it is used of "fishermen."—*Χιτώνης:* see H. in Dian. 225.—*λύρης εὖ εἰδότας οἴμους*: cf. Theocr. Id. xvi. 69; Pind. Ol. ix. 72, *ἐπέων οἶμον λιγῦν.*

[4] Theocr. xvii. 74, *Διῖ Κρονίωνι μέλοντι Αἰδοῖ οἱ βασιλῆες.* Hor. Od. III. i. 4, 5,

> Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
> Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

Cf. also Proverbs vii. 15; Rom. xiii. 11; 1 Pet. ii. 13; quoted by Dodd. Add to these Æsch. Agam. 43, *διθρόνου Διόθεν καὶ δισκήπτρου*, and Pers. 532, &c. These lines convey a compliment to Ptolemy Philadelphus, the patron of Callimachus.

[5] *φυλασσέμεν.*—In the same sense Jove and other gods are called by the Latins "Custodes." Cf. Hor. Od. I. xxviii. 29, Ab Jove Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti; and xxxvi. 3, Custodes Numidæ deos. With *ἐπόψιος* cf. Philoct. Sophoc. 1040, *θεοί τ' ἐπόψιοι*: Apoll. Rhod. ii. 1123, *Ἀντόμεθα πρὸς Ζηνὸς Ἐποψίου*: and with the active use of the word contrast Hom. Il. iii. 42, *ἐπόψιον ἄλλων*, "aliis spectaculo." At ver. 83, compare Hesiod, Theog. 85, 86.

manner. And amongst them thou hast placed affluence, and abundance of fortune, among all indeed, but not certainly in equal share. Now one may guess this in our ruler,[1] for exceeding widely hath he distanced *the rest.* At even I wot he achieves what he may have devised at dawn;[2] at even the matters of-chief-moment, and lesser matters at the time when he has conceived them. But others *accomplish* some *projects* in a year, others not in one year: whilst from others thou hast thyself entirely cut short accomplishment, and frustrated their eager-desire.[3]

All hail, supreme son of Cronus, giver of good things, giver of security! Thy works who can celebrate? There hath not been, there will not be, *one.* Who could celebrate the works of Jove?[4] Hail, Sire, hail again. But grant excellence and wealth. Neither without worth can[5] wealth prosper men, nor worth without wealth. Give, then, both worth and wealth.[6]

THE HYMN TO APOLLO.

How hath the laurel-shoot of Apollo heaved![6] How the whole of the shrine! Afar, afar *be ye,* sinners.[7] Now verily

[1] *ἡμετέρῳ μεδέοντι.* See H. in Ap. 35, *Πυθῶνι κε τεκμήραιο.* Ptolemy is alluded to.—*περὶ πρὸ γὰρ εὐρὺ βέβηκεν.* Metath. for *προβέβηκε γὰρ περὶ εὐρύ.* Hom. Il. xi. 180, *περὶ πρὸ γὰρ ἔγχεϊ θῦεν.*

[2] Compare with this the character of Ptolemy by Theocritus, Idyll. xvii. 13—15; and see Hom. Od. ii. 272. For *Ἑσπέριος,* the adj. for adv., cf. Soph. Ajax, 217, *νύκτερος* for *νυκτὶ,* and Horat. Epod. xvi. 51, Vespertinus. Ernesti compares with this passage Thuc. i. 70, *Μόνοι ἔχουσί τε καὶ ὁμοίως ἐλπίζουσι, ἃ ἂν ἐπινοήσωσι.*—In the next line but one we find *πλειῶνι,* a word used by Hesiod, Op. et D. 617, and derived from *πλέος,* because in a year "tempora omnia complentur." Hor. Carm. III. xviii. 5, Sitener pleno cadit hædus anno.

[3] *ἐνέκλασας.* So Jupiter's projects are thwarted by Juno, Il. viii. 408, *αἰεὶ γὰρ μοι ἔωθεν ἐνικλᾶν, ὅττι νοήσω.*

[4] The reading here adopted is *ἀείσαι,* which Blomfield suggests.

[5] *οὐκ ἐπίσταται* is i. q. *οὐ δύναται,* as in Latin, Horace, Ars Poet. 390, Nescit vox missa reverti. Dodd compares with the sentiment here, Proverbs xxx. 8, "Agur's prayer;" and Eccles. vii. 11, "Wisdom is good with an inheritance," &c.

[6] Cf. Juvenal, iii. 164,

> Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
> Res angusta domi.

Hor. Sat. II. v. 8, Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algâ est.

[7] Virgil imitates closely in Æn. iii. 90—92,

doth Phœbus knock-at the doors with beauteous foot, See you not?[1] The Delian palm has nodded in a pleasant fashion on a sudden, and the swan sings sweetly on the air. Now of your own accord[2] fall-back, ye bolts of the doors, and of-yourselves, ye bars. For no longer *is* the god afar-off. Make ready, ye young men, for the song and the choir.[3] Not to every one doth Apollo manifest himself, but to only the good.[4] Whoso shall have seen him, great is he: small that man who hath not seen him.

We shall behold thee, O Far-darter, and shall be no more of small account. Nor silent lyre nor noiseless tread[5] should the servants of Phœbus have, when he sojourns *among them*,

> Tremere omnia visa repenti
> Liminaque laurusque Dei: totusque moveri
> Mons circum, et mugire adytis cortyna reclusis;

and in Æn. vi. 238, the next line is found in a Latin dress, Procul, o procul este, profani, Conclamat vates. See also Lucan, v. 154, Nulloque horrore comarum Excussæ laurus.

[1] See you not?] *οὐχ ὁράᾳς*; is referred, as Ernesti shows, to *κύκνος ἀείδει* as well as to *ἐπένευσεν*, as in Horace, Od. I. xiv. 4, Nonne vides is as much referred to the remoter word "gemant," as to the nearer words "nudum remigio latus." Verbs of seeing are used by poets to express other senses. For the Delian palm see H. in Del. 210; and for the swans, ibid. 249, where they are introduced as singing at the birth of Apollo and Diana.

[2] *αὐτοί*, "ipsi," or "sponte suâ," cf. Virg. Ecl. iv. 21; Georg. iv. 10, &c. Cic. Catil. ii. 1, Vel ejecimus, vel emisimus, vel ipsum egredientem, &c. With the whole passage we may compare Isaiah vi. 4, "And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke;" and Psalm xxiv. 7—9.

[3] *μολπήν τε καὶ ἐς χορὸν*. The preposition before the second substantive instead of the first, but applying equally to both. So H. in Del. 17; Dian. 246; Horat. Od. III. xxv. 2, Quæ nemora aut quos agor in specus. Soph. Œd. T. 861.

[4] A faint shadow of the Divine word, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

[5] Cf. H. in Del. 302. Blomfield quotes Soph. Trach. 969, *ἄψοφον φέρει βάσιν*. Ov. Fast. I. vii. 109,

> Vestigia furtim
> Suspenso digitis fert taciturna gradu.

Tibull. I. x. 34, Tacito clam venit illa pede. With *ἔχειν* in line 13, understand *χρὴ*.—*ἐπιδήμησαντος*. Apollo passed his six winter months in Lycia, and his six summer at Delos. See Virg. Æn. iv. 143, 144,

> Qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
> Deserit, ac Delon maternam invisit Apollo.

if they have a mind to accomplish marriages, and to cut off gray hair,[1] and that their walls should stand firm on ancient foundations. I honour the boys, since the lyre is no more idle.

Listen, and keep-holy-silence[2] at the song *in honour* of Apollo. Even the deep keeps-holy-silence,[3] when minstrels celebrate on lyre or bow the implements of Lycorean Phœbus. Nor does Thetis, his mother, plaintively[4] bewail Achilles, whenever she has heard the Io Pæan, Io Pæan. And even the tearful rock defers its sorrow, *the rock*, which remains fixt, a dripping stone, in Phrygia, the marble in the place of a woman, with a mournful utterance.[5] Sing Io! Io *it is* ill to contend with the gods. Whoso contends with immortals, would contend with my king, and whose with my king, would strive even with Apollo. Apollo will honour the choir, because it sings to his taste; for he is able, seeing that he sits at Jove's right hand.[6] Nor will the choir sing Apollo for one day only; for he is celebrated-in-many-hymns. Who would not easily sing of Apollo? Golden are both the

[1] πολιήν. sc. τρίχα. Just as the Latins use the adj. "cani" simply for "cani capilli." Cic. de Sen. xviii. 62, Non cani, non rugæ repente auctoritatem arripere possunt.

[2] εὐφημεῖτ' ἀΐοντες. Cf. Horat. Od. III. i. 2, Favete linguis. Hom. Il. ix. 171, εὐφημῆσαι τε κέλεσθε. The ancients were obliged to be scrupulous to avoid using ill-omened words at sacrifices, and they did this most effectually by silence. Hence the use of the phrase εὔφημα φώνει. Aj. Soph. 362; Aristoph. Nub. 263; and the use of στόμα εὐφήμου φροντίδος, in Soph. Œd. Col. 132.

[3] Compare Theocr. Id. ii. 38; Virg. Ecl. ix. 57; and Propert. iv. 5, 6, Ponat et in sicco molliter unda minas.—Lycorean, an epithet of Phœbus from Lycorea, a town at the foot of Parnassus.

[4] αἴλινα. Cf. Soph. Aj. 627, 628; Ovid, Amor. III. ix. 23, 24,

Ælinon in silvis idem pater, Ælinon, altis
Dicitur invitâ concinuisse lyrâ.

Æsch. Ag. 123, αἴλινον αἴλινον εἰπέ.

[5] With this whole passage compare Propert. IV. x. 5—10, ed Paley. And with χανούσης, Propert. II. xxxi. 5, 6,

Hic equidem Phœbo visus mihi pulchrior ipsa
Marmoreus tacitâ carmen *hiare* lyrâ.

[6] Διὶ δεξιὸς ἥσται. Spanheim compares this with the language of the Creed, and of Psalm cx. 1. Ernesti rather points to St. Matt. xx. 27, and the rebuke therein conveyed to the sons of Zebedee. In the Old Test., 1 Kings ii. 19, shows that the king's right hand was the post of honour which Solomon reserved for Bathsheba.

garment, and the clasp of Apollo, his lyre, his Lyctian bow,[1] and his quiver: golden, too, his sandals; for Apollo is rich in gold, and has also many possessions. One might guess this at Pytho.[2] And, indeed, he is ever-beauteous, ever young; never hath so much as a little down[3] come upon the soft cheeks of Phœbus. But his locks distil odorous oils upon the ground. Not mere oil do the tresses of Apollo drop down, but healing itself:[4] and in whatsoever city those dews shall have fallen on the ground, all things are wont to become safe. Great, too, in art is no one so much as Apollo. He has obtained for his lot the archer,[5] he the minstrel; for to Phœbus bow as well as song is intrusted. To him, likewise, belong divinations and diviners: and from Phœbus physicians have learned the art-of-delaying death.[6] Phœbus also we call Nomian, even from that time, even from the time when by Amphrysus[7] he tended the yoked mares, fired with love

[1] Ernesti quotes Ov. Amor. i. 8, 59,

> Ipse Deus vatum, pallâ spectabilis aureâ
> Tractat inauratæ consona fila lyræ.

See also Propert. III. xxiii. 16, Pythius in longâ carmina veste sonat.—*ἐπιπορπίς*. Cf. Theocr. Idyll. xv. 79; Virg. Æn. iv. 138, 139,

> Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
> Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.

His Lyctian bow. Statius, Thebais, vi. 927, Lyctia tela.

[2] *Πυθῶνι κε τεκμήραιο*. For the wealth of the temple at Delphi, see Herodot. i. 14; iv. 162; Pausan. x. 13, § 5; Eurip. Ion, 1140—1145; Dict. Gr. and R. Geogr. vol. i. p. 765, B.

[3] For *οὐδ' ὅσσον χνόος ἐπῆλθε παρειαῖς*. Blomfield compares with this construction Theocritus, ii. 108, 109; and with the "down" spoken of, Theocr. xv. 85, *πρᾶτον ἴουλον ἀπὸ κροτάφων καταβάλλων*. See also Hom. Odyss. xi. 319; Virg. Æn. x. 324; viii. 160.

[4] *πανάκειαν*, universal remedy, properly ascribed to him, one of whose epithets was Σωτὴρ. It is curious to compare Malachi iv. 2, "The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings." In ver. 41 *πρῶκες* is derived by Vulcanius *ἀπὸ τοῦ πρωΐ πέμπεσθαι*. Cf. Theocr. iv. 6.

[5] *οἰστευτήν*—cf. H. in Jov. 70; Virg. Æn. xii. 392,

> Acri quondam cui captus amore,
> Ipse suas artes, sua munera lætus Apollo
> Augurium citharamque dabat, celeresque sagittas.

[6] *θρίαι*: *αἱ μαντικαὶ ψῆφοι. Suidas.* With what follows compare Eurip. Alcest. 970—972, and Ovid, Met. i. 520—524.

[7] Virgil speaks of the Nomian Apollo as "Pastor ab Amphryso," Georg. iii. 2. He was fabled to have been banished to the fields of

for the young Admetus. Easily would the cattle-pasture become abundant, nor would the bleating she-goats[1] lack younglings, on which, as they pasture, Apollo hath cast his eyes. Nor *would* sheep be without milk, or unfruitful, but all would suckle lambs, and the *ewe* that-bare-one would quickly become a dam-of-twins.[2] And following Phœbus men are wont to measure out cities. For Phœbus ever delights in founding cities, and Phœbus himself lays their foundations.[3] At four years of age Phœbus laid the first foundations in fair Ortygia, near the circular lake. The huntress Artemis was wont to bring constantly the heads of Cynthian she-goats,[4] but *from them* Apollo was weaving an altar. The foundations he laid with horns; from horns he built the altar itself, and placed under it walls of horn around. Thus first learned Phœbus to raise foundations. Phœbus, too, pointed-out to Battus my fertile native-country,[5] and to

Thessaly, and pastures of Admetus, for the slaughter of the Cyclops. Cf. Alcest. Eurip. 570—596.

[1] Here Ruhnken reads *δεύοιντο βρεφέων ἐπὶ μηκάδες*, joining in sense *ἐπὶ* with *δεύοιντο*, an instance of "tmesis," which he supports by H. in Jov. 44; Virg. Æn. x. 399, &c. Blomfield alters to *ἔτι μηκάδες*: *μηκάς*, bleating, is an Homeric epithet for *αἶξ*. With *ὀφθαλμὸν ἐπήγαγεν* compare Hor. Od. IV. iii. 2, Nascentem placido lumine videris.

[2] *διδυματόκος*. Cf. H. in Dian. 130, and Æschyl. Eumenid. 879, 880, Linwood, where Blomfield compares Herodot. iii. 65. In the next line Spanheim observes that colonists first consulted the Delphic Oracle; hence the force of *Φοίβῳ δ' ἐσπόμενοι*. He instances the disasters attending a colony not so founded, from Herodot. v. 42. *διεμετρήσαντο*. Cf. Virg. Æn. v. 755, Urbem designat aratro Sortiturque domos.

[3] *ὑφαίνει*, texit,—weaves. Ernesti quotes Cic. ad Att. iv. 15, Paullus basilicam texuit; Ad Quint. fratrem, iii. 5, Sane texebatur opus luculenter.

[4] Delos was called Ortygia from ortyx, a quail, the form which Latona assumed to evade Juno's wrath.—*καρήατα συνεχὲς αἰγῶν* Martial. Lib. Spectac. Epist. i. 3, 4,

> Nec Triviæ templo molles laudentur honores,
> Dissimuletque Deum *cornibus ara frequens*.

Cynthus was a mountain of Delos; see Schol.

[5] The name of Battus was given to Aristoteles, the leader of a colony from Thera to Cyrene, according to Herodot. iv. 155, because it was the Libyan term for "king," and the Delphic oracle in so styling him foretold his destiny. Pausanias, x. 15, § 4, mentions a tradition that, being tongue-tied before, Aristoteles or Battus recovered his voice by the fright of seeing a lion suddenly, on

his people entering Libya a crow, propitious to the leader-of-a colony,[1] was guide, and sware that he would give walls to our sovereigns. Apollo ever keeps-his-oath-inviolate. Many, O Apollo, call thee Boedromian,[2] many Clarian[3] (for everywhere thy name is manifold). But I style thee Carnean:[4] it is my country's wont to do so. To thee, O Carnean god, Sparta, this was the first settlement; a second, again, was Thera; a third, I wot, the city of Cyrene. From Sparta the sixth descendant of Œdipus[5] led thee to the colonizing of Thera, and from Thera vigorous Battus consigned thee to the country of Asbystis.[6] He built thee a very noble temple; and in the city instituted a yearly festival, at which many bulls,[7] great king, fall on their haunches for the last time.

coming to Cyrene. The Cyrenæans set up at Delphi a statue of Battus in a car, driven by Cyrene, with Libya crowning him. Cf. Pind. Pyth. IV. xvii. 311, 451; Justin. xiii. 7.

[1] Bentley reads here *δέξιος οἰκιστῆρι*, which Blomfield adopts. It is more simple to apply the epithet *οἰκιστῆρ* to Battus than the crow. *βασιλεῦσι*, i. e. the Ptolemies, in the reign of two of whom, Lagus and Philadelphus, Callimachus flourished.

[2] Boedromian.] The Scholiast says that the Athenians thus styled Phœbus, because he bade them fall upon their enemies *μετὰ βοῆς*, whence they were victorious. The grammarians refer this to the times of Erectheus, whom Ion aided against Eumolpus, and say that the month was called thence Boedromian.

[3] Clarian;] from Clarus, a city near Colophon in Ionia, where was a Temple and Oracle of Apollo; see Pausan. vii. 3, § 1. Virgil calls Apollo by this epithet, Æn. iii. 360, Clarii laurus.

[4] Carnean.] This was the Dorian title of Apollo, whose festival, 'Carneia," was celebrated at various places of the Peloponnese very early. The name arose, according to the Schol., from the prophet Carnus, slain by Aletus, one of the Heracleids; owing to which Apollo smote the Peloponnese with a pestilence. See more on this festival in Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Antiq. p. 199—209. Cf. Eurip. Alcest. 449—451, *Σπάρτᾳ κυκλὰς ἀνίκα Καρνείου περινίσσεται ὥρα κ. τ. λ.*

[5] *Ἕκτον γένος.* So Virg. Æn. iv. 12, Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse Deorum. This was Theras, son of Autesion, who traced his lineage up to Œdipus through Tisamenus, Thersander, Polynices; see Herodot. iv. 147. Thera was before called Calliste.

[6] *Ἀσβυστίδι.* Herodot. iv. 170, places the Asbystæ inland of Cyrene. The Scholiast explains *ἀσβύστις* "white," which, says Anna Fabri, is partly confirmed by Pind. Pyth. iv. 14, *ἐν ἀργινόεντι μαστῷ.*

[7] In Virg. Æn. iii. 119, we find "Taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi pulcher Apollo." With the next line compare Æn. iv. 200—203

Centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem,

Io! Io! Carnean *god*, much supplicated: thine altars carry flowers indeed in spring as many and various as the seasons bring, when the Zephyr breathes dew; and in winter the sweet crocus. And ever hast thou eternal fire,[1] nor ever do ashes consume yesterday's coal.

Greatly, I wot, joyed Phœbus, when Enyo's belted heroes danced with brown Libyan women,[2] when the settled seasons of the Carnean festival arrived for them. But the Dorians were not yet able to approach the fountain of Cyre,[3] but were inhabiting Aziris thick-girt with woods. These the god himself beheld, and showed them to his bride,[4] as he stood on the point of Myrtusa, when the daughter of Hypsæus slew the lion, ravager of the oxen of Eurypylus.[5]

No other choir saw Apollo more worthy of a god than that, nor to *other* city gave he so many advantages as to Cyrene,[6] being mindful of the ancient rape: no, nor do the

> Excubias divum æternas pecudumque cruore
> Pingue solum, et variis florentia limina sertis.

Spanheim adds Terent. Andr. iv. 14, Ex arâ hinc sume verbenas. Pindar, Isthm. iv. 106, 107, *στεφανώματα βωμῶν*.

[1] We find from this verse, as Spanheim shows, that at Cyrene, as at Delphi, there was eternal fire at the altar of Apollo. See Choeph. 1037, *πυρός τε φέγγος ἄφθιτον κεκλημένον*.

[2] *ζωστῆρες Ἐννοῦς*, a periphrasis for "belted men," warriors. In the festivals of Apollo and Diana, there is constant mention of the dances of young men and maidens. Cf. Horace, Carm. Sæcul. 35, 36, 75,76.—*τέθμιαι*. Cf Hymn. in Dian. 174; Cer. 19.

[3] Cyre.] (Others read Κυρνῆς.) There is mention of this fountain, the name being omitted, in Pind. Pyth. iv. 524. The Dorians meant are the first colonists from Thera. In the next line Ἄζιριν is the reading of Vulcanius.—See Wesseling at Herod. iv. 169.

[4] *νύμφῃ*, i. e. Cyrene, whom Apollo carried off from Pelion to Libya. Cf. Pindar, Pyth. ix. 96—98. Myrtusa, a promontory of Libya Cyrenaica. Cf. Apollon. Rh. ii. 500—508, where the tale of Cyrene is given.

[5] Cyrene was daughter of Hypsæus and Chlidanope, and was mother of Aristæus, Pind. Pyth. ix. 26; Virg. Georg. iv. 317. Eurypylus was a son of Neptune and Celæno, afterwards connected with the Argonauts. See Dict. Gr. and R. B. ii. 113, a. For the origin of the word sinis, see Ovid, Met. vii. 440.

[6] Τόσα—τόσσα. The second of these is for ὅσσα. Cf. Pind. Nem. iv. 6—8, *οὐδὲ θερμὸν ὕδωρ τόσον—τόσσον εὐλογία φόρμιγγι συνάορος*.—*A. Fabri*. Spanheim has a long note recounting the proofs that this is no vain boast. The colony of Cyrene could boast not only highly cultivated lands rising out of a waste, and clear sky and genial atmosphere, famous steeds and skill in chariot-races, but also eminent

Battiadæ themselves honour other god more than Phœbus We hear Io, Io Pæan! for the Delphic people invented this refrain first of all in honour of thee, when thou didst display the far-range of thy golden bow and arrows. As thou wentest down to Pytho there encountered thee a monstrous beast,[1] a terrible serpent. This monster thou killedst, hurling one swift arrow after another: while the people shouted in acclamation, "Io! Io Pæan! let fly thy shaft; thy mother bare thee a helper[2] from-the-first." And thus thou art celebrated even from that time. The envious-tale spake stealthily to Apollo's ears, I love not the minstrel[3] who does not sing as much as doth the sea. The envious speech Apollo both spurned with his foot, and answered thus:

"Vast is the tide of the Assyrian river, but it draws with it the many defilements of earth, and much refuse with its flood.[4] Yet not from every *river* do the Melissæ[5] carry water for Ceres, but a small fount from a sacred spring, which rills pure and unpolluted, the choicest of its kind,[6] *from this* they

men in philosophy and literature, as Carneades, Aristippus, and our poet himself.—At the next line Blomfield gives examples of Callimachus's fancy for Ionic forms in υς, H. in Del. 324; in Dian. 194, &c. &c. q. v.

[1] This monster Python is mentioned by Apollon. Rhod. ii. 705—708, ὥς ὅτε πετραίῃ ὑπὸ δειράδι Παρνησσοῖο Δελφίνην τόξοισι πελώριον ἐξενάριξεν Κοῦρος ἐὼν ἔτε γυμνὸς. Claudian in præf. libr. prim. in Rufinum, i. 2, Phœbeo domitus Python cum decidit arcu, Membraque Cirrhæo fudit anhela jugo, &c. Dodd. refers this passage to a corrupt tradition of what the Redeemer was to do: "The seed of the woman to bruise the serpent's head."

[2] ἀοσσητῆρα, from ἀ and ὀσσὰ, vox, because Apollo "vocatus et non vocatus audit." *Vulc.*

[3] It is supposed that Callimachus here alludes to those who strove to detract from his praise with Ptolemy, who is meant by Apollo, and who was urged by these detractors to prefer Apollonius Rhodius, and his vast poem, the Argonautics, a sea in itself, and in its subject. Callimachus wrote his epic entitled "Hecale" under this pressure.

[4] Blomf. observes that Horace not improbably had this passage of Callimachus in his mind when he described Lucilius "Cum flueret lutulentus," Sat. I. iv. 11.—ἐφ'—ἕλκει. Tmesis for ἐφέλκει. The Assyrian river, i. e. the Euphrates. Lucan. iii. 253, Cum Tigride magnus Euphrates.

[5] The Melissæ.] Priestesses of Ceres, so named from Melissa, daughter of Melisseus, king of Crete. Their office was "petere e vivis libandas fontibus undas," Ovid, Met. iii. 27.

[6] ἄκρον ἄωτον. Cf. Theocr. ii. 2; xiii. 27; Hom. Il. xiii. 598; and

draw Hail, King! and may Momus go thither, where ruin *dwells*.

HYMN TO ARTEMIS.

We celebrate Artemis, for she is not light[1] to minstrels to forget, *Artemis*, to whom the bow and hare-shooting, and the wide choir[2] and disporting on the mountains are a care: commencing, how that when sitting, yet a blooming child, on the knees of her sire, she thus addressed her parent: "Grant me, kind father, to preserve eternal maidenhood,[3] and many-names, that so Phœbus may not vie with me.[4] And give *me* arrows and bow. Grant it, sire! I ask not a quiver of thee, nor a large bow: the Cyclopes will forthwith forge me arrows, and *fashion* me a flexible bow: but *I ask* both bringing-of-light,[5] and to be girt as far as the knee[6] with a tunic

Butmann's Lexil. ad v. *ἄωτον*, which is always used for something best of its kind. Callimachus compares himself to the *ὀλίγη λιβάς*. See also Propert. II. i. 39.—Momus, the god of blame and ridicule. Hesiod, Theog. 214.

[1] *ἐλαφρὸς*. Blomf. prefers this to *ἐλαφρὸν*, cf. Œd. C. 1652; Eur. Androm. 311. The phrase *ἐν ἐλαφρῷ* in the same sense occurs in Theoc. xxii.; Herod. i. 118; Eurip. Iph. in Aul. 969; Helen, 1227; Electr. 530.

[2] *ἀμφιλαφὴς* (used of persons, H. in Ap. 42) is here, according to Spanheim, used of a *circular* chorus, "in orbem chorea."—*ἐν οὔρεσιν ἐψιάασθαι*. (Hom. Od. xvii. 530; Callim. H. in Cer. 39.) Compare Horat. Od. III. xxii., Montium custos nemorumque virgo; Catull. Carm. Sæcul. xxxiv. 9, Montium domina ut fores, Silvarumque virentium. In the next line *ἄρχμενοι* should be read with Blomfield by Syncope for *ἀρχόμενοι*. This recalls Hom. Il. v. 408, *οὐδέ τι μὶν παῖδες ποτὶ γούνασι παππάζουσιν*.

[3] This request is borrowed by Ovid. (Met. i. 486,) and put into Daphne's mouth, Da mihi perpetuâ, genitor carissime, dixit, Virginitate frui: dedit hoc pater ante Dianæ. For *ἄππα* see Theocr. xv. 13, and the note there in the Translation published in this Series.

[4] *πολυωνομίην*. This petition is prompted by jealousy of her brother Apollo, who had many names, cf. H. in Ap. 70. So had Bacchus, Jove, Themis, &c. See Spanheim's note. Catull. Sæc. Carm. xxxiv. 21, 22, Sis quocunque tibi placet Sancta nomine.

[5] *φαεσφορίην*. (Cf. *φαεσφόρος*, 204.) She was called by the Romans Lucifera, and by the Greeks *δαδοῦχος* and *φωσφόρος*.

[6] Huntresses were wont to be girt high, as far as the knee Cf. Virg. Æn. i. 320. Theocr. xiv. 35, *ἀνειρύσασα δε πέπλους Ἕξω ἀ-ώ-χετο θᾶσσον*. Ov. Met. x. 536, Nuda genu, vestem ritu succincta

of-coloured-border, that I may slay wild beasts. And give me sixty ocean-nymphs[1] to-form-my-chorus, all of-the-same-age, all yet unmarriageable maidens. Give me likewise as attendants twenty Amnisian nymphs,[2] who may duly take care of my buskins, and, when I no longer am shooting lynxes and stags, may tend my fleet dogs. Give me all mountains, and assign to me any city,[3] whichsoever thou choosest. For 'twill be rare, when Artemis shall go down into a city. On mountains will I dwell; then only will I mingle in the cities of men, when women harassed by sharp throes call on a helper,[4] *women* whom when I was first born the fates destined me to aid, because my mother, both when bringing me forth, and when bearing me *in her womb*, suffered no pains,[5] but without labours deposited me from her lap." Thus having

Dianæ. Æsch. Suppl. 457, ἔχω στρόφας, ζώνας τε συλλαβὰς πέπλων, i. e. the zones wherewith robes are gathered up. See more in Spanheim's note from which the foregoing is taken.—λεγνωτόν, with a bordered hem, from λεγνόω, to furnish with a hem or border. *L. and S.*

[1] Ocean-nymphs,] a selection from the 3000, mentioned as the children of Ocean and Tethys by Hesiod, Theog. 364. In the next line Ruhnken's reading, *οἰετέας*, æquales, has been followed by Blomfield, and translated here.—*ἀμίτρους*, maidens who have not yet put on their woman's girdle. *Spanheim.* Cf. H. in Jov. 21.

[2] Amnisian nymphs,] i. e. of Amnisus, a town of Crete, at the mouth of a river of the same name. Its nymphs were consecrated to Diana or Eileithya, (Hom. Od. xix. 188; Ap. Rhod. iii. 877,) who had a cave there. Pausanias (I. xviii. § 5) says that the Cretans about Cnossus held that Diana was born at Amnisus.—*ἐνδρομίδας*. Virg. Æn. i. 336,

> Virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram
> Purpureoque altè suras vincire cothurno.

[3] *ἤντινα νεῖμον*. Ernesti here shows that *ἤντινα* is equivalent to *ἤντιναοῦν*, "any." With reference to her mountain-life Catull. in Epithal. Pel. et Thet. ver. 300, says, Unigenamque simul cultricem montibus Idæ. In Æsch. S. C. Theb. 149, &c., she is among the tutelar gods of Thebes; at a later date she was the chief goddess of Ephesus.

[4] Spanheim here quotes Horace, Carm. Sæc. 13—15, Rita maturos aperire partus Lenis Ilithyia, tuere matres, Sive tu Lucina probas vocari, Seu genitalis. Horace a few lines after mentions the Parcæ, (cf. 25,) whence it is inferred that he too connected the Parcæ with Lucina on such occasions.

[5] *φέρουσα*, sc. *ἐν γαστρὶ*, in utero gestans. In the 27th line, *γενειάδος ἤθελε—ἅψασθαι*, is an instance of a custom old as Homer. See Il. i. 500; viii. 371; x. 454.

spoken, the maiden wished to touch the beard of her sire, and oft[1] out-stretched her hands to-no-purpose; until at last she might touch it. Then her father assented with a smile, and said, as he fondled her,[2] "When goddesses bear me such *offspring*, little care should I have for the wrath of jealous Juno: Have, child, whatever you ask of-your-own-choice; but other yet greater gifts will your sire bestow. Thrice ten cities will I present to you, not one fenced-town only; thrice ten cities for you, which shall not learn to honour *any* other god,[3] but thee alone, and *shall learn* to be named *the cities* of Artemis. And I will give thee many cities to measure out in common *with other gods*, on the continent, and islands: in all shall be altars and sacred groves of Artemis,[4] and thou shalt be guardian over ways and harbours." Thus spake he, and with his head ratified his speech. Then went the maiden toward Leucus, a mountain of Crete, tressed with woods;[5] and thence toward ocean: and many Nymphs chose she for herself, all nine-years-old, all yet unmarriageable damsels.

[1] πολλὰς for πολλάκις, adj. for adv., which Markland illustrates by quoting, among other passages, Virg. Ecl. vi. 80,

Et *quibus* ante
Infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis:

and Georg. i. 381, Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis; where quibus and densis are for quomodo and densè.—μέχρις ἵνα, i. e. "usque eo dum."

[2] καταῤῥέζων. Blomf. compares Hom. Il. i. 361, χειρί δέ μιν κατέρρεξεν, Herodot. vi. 61, and Theocr. xxiv. 6.—χωμένης ἀλέγοιμι—for this construction see Matt. Gr. Gr. § 348.

[3] Frischlinus enumerates some of these, Perga, Pitane, Miletus, Ephesus, Pella, and Petra.—ἄεξειν, to honour, or worship. Compare Virg. Æn. ix. 407; Plaut. Mercator, 668, Cedo, qui hanc vicini nostri aram augeam.

[4] βωμοί τε καὶ ἄλσεα. Ovid, in Fast. ii. 263, 264, vi. 755, 756, speaks of the Lake Nemorensis, called from the grove hard by, and near to Rome, dedicated to Diana. See also Virg. Æn. vi. 13, Jam subeunt Triviæ lucos. This last quotation will serve also to illustrate the words ἀγυιαῖς—ἔσσῃ ἐπίσκοπος, from the Latin epithet of Trivia, given her on the same account.

[5] Λευκὸν, a mountain in the west of Crete.—κεκομημένον ὕλῃ. Anna Fabri compares Horace, I. xxi. 5, Nemorum comâ; and Spanheim, Catull. iv. 11, Comata silva;—from which simile arose the application of the verb "Tondeo" to pruning and trimming branches, &c. Virg. Georg. iv. 137, Comam mollis jam tum tondebat acanthi. In ver. 43, Blomfield reads as at ver. 14, οἰετέας.

Right glad was the river Cæratus,[1] glad was Tethys, because she was sending her daughters as attendants on the daughter of Latona. And straightway she proceeded to visit the Cyclopes: whom she found in the island Lipara,[2] (Lipara of-later-times, but then its name was Meligunis,) at the anvils of Vulcan standing around the red-hot-mass.[3] Now a great work was being urged forward.

They were forging a horse-trough[4] for Neptune. But the Nymphs feared, when they saw the terrible monsters, like unto the jutting-crags[5] of Ossa; for all of them had beneath their brows an eye with-one-pupil, resembling a shield made-of-four-ox-hides, fearfully glancing[6] from under *them;* and when they heard the noise of the anvils sounding loudly,[7] and the great blast of the bellows, and the heavy groaning of

[1] Cæratus.] This river washed the walls of Cnossus, which was itself sometimes called by the name of the river. Diana was specially worshipped there, as Spanheim shows, quoting Ovid. Fasti, iii. 81, Pallada Cecropidæ, Minoia (i. e. the Cnossian, of which Minos was king) turba Dianam. Cf. Hom. Od. xix. 178, 179.

[2] Lipara, one of the Æolides Insulæ, of which and its tenants, the Cyclopes, see a noble description in Virg. Æneid. viii. 416—453. Hom. Il. xviii. 369—381, fixes Vulcan's forges, &c. in Olympus. See also Apollon. Rhod. iv. 761, and Lucan, v. 609, about the Æolian islands. Vulcan is called Liparæan in Theocr. Idyll. ii. 134, Juvenal, Sat. xiii. 45.

[3] Cf. Virg. Æn. viii. 453, Versantque tenaci forcipe massam. Æsch. Prom. V. 366, κορυφαῖς δ' ἐπ ἄκραις ἥμενος μυδροκτυπεῖ Ηφαιστος.

[4] ποτίστρην, a trough—for the same purpose the word ὑπολῆνίδας is used at ver. 167.

[5] Compare with this Homer, Od. ix. 191, 192, ἀλλὰ ῥίῳ ὑλήεντι Ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων, ὅτε φαίνεται οἶον ἀπ' ἄλλων, from which probably Callimachus borrowed his idea; and Virg. Æn. ix. 674, Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus æquos. With ver. 53, compare Virg. Æn. iii. 638, Argolici clipei aut Phœbeæ lampadis instar.

[6] ὑπογλαύσοντα. This word occurs in Mosch. Idyll. ii. 86, ὅσσε δ' ὑπογλαύσσεσκε. Cf. Apoll. Rhod. i. 1281, διαγλαύσσουσι.

[7] Compare Virg. Æn. iii. 439, Alii ventosis follibus auras Accipiunt redduntque; and with the next line, αὖε γὰρ Αἴτνη, compare Virg. Æn. viii. 451, Gemit impositis incudibus Ætna, and 419,

> Antra Ætnæa tonant, validique incudibus ictus
> Auditi referunt gemitum, striduntque cavernis.

Cf. Stat. iii. 130, quoted by Spanheim. In ver. 55, ἐπὶ μέγα (the reading of Stephens and Bentley) is equivalent to μεγάλως, and the stop is to be placed after μέγα.

the *Cyclopes* themselves. For Ætna was echoing, and Trinacria,[1] settlement of the Sicani, was echoing, and Italy, her neighbour, whilst Cyrnus was uttering a loud sound in answer, when they lifted above their shoulders[2] their hammers, and toiled with great effort,[3] striking with-alternate-bursts either brass or iron gleaming from the forge. Wherefore the Ocean-nymphs had not the courage either to look them in the face,[4] or to hear their din, without anxiety. And no marvel! for those *monsters*, even those daughters of the blessed gods, who are no longer very-little, never behold without shuddering. But when any one of the maidens acts disobediently towards her mother, that mother calls for the Cyclopes, Arges or Steropes, to her child. Then from the interior of the house comes Mercury,[5] besmeared with black ashes. Straightway he scares[6] the child, and she sinks into her mother's

[1] Cf. Ov. Fast. iv. 287, 288,

> Hinc mare Trinacrium, candens ubi tinguere ferrum
> Brontes et Steropes, Æmonidesque solent.

Cyrnus, the modern Corsica, is mentioned as Φοίνισσα Κυρνὸς in H. in Del. 19.

[2] Virg. Æn. viii. 453, and Georg. iv. 171,

> Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt
> In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum.

But the whole passage may be compared with its Virgilian parallels.

[3] Horace, Od. I. iv. 7, 8, speaks of "Graves Cyclopum officinas." Spanheim thinks that the origin of this and the former line is Hom. Il. xviii. 372, τὸν δ' εὗρ' ἱδρώοντα, ἑλισσόμενον περὶ φύσας.

[4] ἄντην ἰδέειν. Cf. Hom. Il. xvii. 167; Hesiod, Scut. 432. In the preceding line ἀκηδέες is used as "securus" and "quietus" in the Latin poets. Virg. Æn. iv. 379. With οὐ νέμεσις, cf. Hom. Il. iii. 156.

[5] Steropes and Arges are coupled with Brontes in Hesiod, Theog. 140, and Steropes, Brontes, and Pyrachmon are the three mentioned in Æn. viii. 425. In the next line, for Ἑρμείης Ruhnken suggests Ἐρξείης, "castigator." Spanheim suggests that the Hermes here spoken of is not the heavenly Mercury, but a son of Cyllenius, mentioned in Servius's note at Virg. Æn. iv. 577, as having fled to Egypt after killing Argus; and there introducing learning and numbers. For κεχρημένος, we must, without doubt, follow Blomfield in accepting Stephens's emendation, κεχριμένος, from χρίω. Cf. Herod. iv. 189 and 195.

[6] μορμύσσεται. Cf. H. in Del. 297, and Theoc. Idyll. xv. 40; Aristoph. Eq. 693; Ach. 582, &c. μορμὼ was a word used to frighten children. With the passage in general Ruhnken compares Il. vi. 466—470, and Juvenal, iii. 175.

bosom, placing her hands over her eyes. Thou, damsel, too, though *at an* earlier *period*, when as yet three-years-old, (when Latona came with thee in her arms, at the invitation of Vulcan, that he might present thee natal-gifts,)[1] as Brontes placed thee on his brawny knees, graspedst the shaggy hair from his huge chest, and didst tear it out perforce: so even to this time the middle of his chest is hairless, just as when mange having settled on the hairy scalp[2] of a man is wont to consume his hair.

Therefore very boldly didst thou then address them thus: "Ye Cyclopes, come now, forge me likewise a Cydonian bow, and arrows, and a hollow quiver for my darts, for I too, like as Apollo, *am* a child of Latona. And if I with my bow shall have captured a wild beast,[3] or some huge wild-animal, that shall the Cyclopes eat."

Thou saidst. They fulfilled *thy mandate*, and quickly, O goddess, didst thou arm thyself;[4] and straight go again after the whelps, and come to Pan's Arcadian abode.[5] Now he was cutting-up the flesh of a Mænalian lynx, that his bitches with

[1] *ὀπτήρια*, presents-upon-seeing-any-one, Eurip. Ion. 1127. Spanheim compares Æsch. Eumenid. 7, *γενέθλιον δόσιν*, which the interpreters say is equivalent to *ὀπτήριον*. Cf. Donatus on Terent. Phorm. I. i. 12, quoted by Stanley on the passage of Æschylus just referred to.

[2] *κόρση*, the hairy scalp, Æsch. Choeph. (280). *ἀλώπηξ* is what Pliny, N. H. xxviii. 11, calls "capillorum defluvium:" the same as *ἀλωπεκία*, used in Soph. Fragm. 379; and from this disease (Anglicè mange) being most common to foxes, a name here applied to men also. In ver. 81, with *Κυδώνιον* compare Virg. Ecl. x. 59, Ire, libet Partho torquere Cydonia cornu Spicula.

[3] Hesychius interprets *μονίον, τὸ μὴ σὺν τοῖς ἄλλοις συναγελαζόμενον. δακός*, a noxious animal, of dangerous bite or sting (from *δακεῖν*). Eurip. Hippol. 646. *Valken.*

[4] This line is, as Spanheim observes, an example of "dictum factum," "no sooner said than done." Cf. Hymn. in Jov. 87, *Εσπερίος κεῖνος γε τελεῖ τὰ κεν ἠοῖ νοήσῃ.*

[5] *Αρκαδικὴν ἐπί Πανός.* This seems to have been a cave. Spanheim illustrates the passage by Eurip. Ion, 301, 302, *Ὦ Πὰν, τοῖσι σοῖς ἐν ἄντροις*, and Theocr. i. 16. For Arcadia, as the specially favoured haunt of Pan, see Hor. Od. IV. xii. 11, 12, Cui pecus, et nigri Colles Arcadiæ placent; Virg. Ecl. iv. 49; Æn. viii. 344; Propert. I. xviii. 20, Arcadio chorus amata deo; and Theocr. Id. i. 123. — *τοκάδες κύνες* are determined by Spanheim to be "canes fœtæ," in the sense of fœta in Georg. iii 176; such as had very lately borne young ones.

sucking whelps might eat food. Then the bearded *god* gave thee two hounds, pieballed,[1] and three with-hanging-ears, and one spotted; which, I ween, dragging backwards very lions, when they have clutched their necks, are wont to draw them while still alive to their kennel: seven Spartan-hounds too he gave swifter than the winds,[2] which are most fleet in pursuing fawns as well as the hare not-shutting-its eyes, and in marking the lair of the stag, and where are the haunts of the porcupine, and in tracking the footstep of the gazelle.

Departing thence, (and with *thee* sped thy hounds,) thou didst find at the jutting base[3] of the Parrhasian mount bounding does, a rich prize, which ever were wont to pasture on the banks of dark-pebbled Anaurus,[4] larger *in size* than bulls, and gold was gleaming from their antlers. On a sudden thou wast amazed, and saidst to thine heart, "This would be a first-fruit-of-the-chase worthy of Artemis." The whole number was five. And four thou didst capture, by swiftly-running,

[1] *ἥμισυ πηγούς*, canes semialbos seminigros. At Hom. Il. ix. 124, &c., some explain it black, others white. Blomfield suggests the English given in the text. In line 92, *αὖ ἐρύοντες* will be familiar to the reader of Homer from Il. i. 459; xii. 261.

[2] *θάσσονας αὐράων*. Cf. Virg. Æn. v. 319, Emicat, et ventis et fulminis ocyor alis. Spanh. quotes Claudian, R. P. iii. 265, Mobilior Zephyro. The Cynosurides mentioned are Spartan hounds so called from Cynosura, one of the Spartan tribes (see Pausan. III. xvi. § 6). For the fame of Spartan hounds, cf. Soph. Aj. 8; Virg. Georg. iii. 405, &c.

[3] *προμολῆς* is here the reading of most editions; but one or two MSS. read *προβολῆς*, into which Blomf. thinks *προμολῆς* should be changed in the many passages of Apollon. Rhod. where it occurs. Parrhasian mount. Cf. H. in Jov. 10, where a city is called by this name. In the next line compare with *μέγα τι χρέος*, Matth. Gr. Gr. § 430, p. 705; Aristoph. Acharn. 150; Eur. Phœn. (Valkn. p. 70).

[4] Spanheim here compares Psalm xlii. 1, "Like as the hart desireth the water brooks." That this Anaurus was a river of Thessaly appears from H. in Del. 103; Lucan. vi. 379, Nec tenues ventos suspirat Anaurus. See also Hesiod's Shield, 477, and Eur. Herc. Fur. 389, 390, *τὰν τε Πηλιάδ' ἀκτὰν Ἀναύρου παρὰ Πηγάς*. With the next line Spanh. compares Ov. Met. viii. 282, Quanto majores herbida tauros Non habet Epirus. Spanheim in a long note shows, with regard to these beasts having horns, and their having just above been marked by the feminine adjective, that it is the common practice of the Greek poets to use the feminine gender of groups, droves, herds of animals, and to speak of *τὰς ἵππους, τὰς ὄνους, τὰς βοῦς* Ov. Met. x. 112 Cornua fulgebant auro.

without the chase of dogs, to bear thy swift car. The other one, having fled, by Juno's counsels, across the river Celadon,[1] that so it might become in after-time a labour to Hercules, the Cerynean hill received.

O virgin Artemis, slayer of Tityus,[2] golden *are* thine arms and zone, and thou yokedst a chariot of-gold, and on the stags didst throw golden bits. But whither first began thy car drawn-by-horned-cattle[3] to lift thee? O'er Thracian Hæmus, whence comes the hurricane of Boreas, bringing to the cloakless adverse frost. And where didst thou cut thy pine-torch? From what flame didst thou kindle it? On Mysian Olympus;[4] but thou sheddest into it the breath of unextinguished flame, which, I wot, thy sire's lightnings let fall. And how oft madest thou trial of thy silver bow, O goddess? First against an elm,[5] next at an oak didst thou discharge it;

[1] Celadon was a river of Arcadia, mentioned by Hom. Il. vii. 133; Strabo viii. c. viii. Pausan. viii. c. xxxviii. § 7, calls it Celadus, and says that it was one of five tributaries of the Alpheus.—*ἐννεσίγαιν*. Cf. Hes. Theog. 494. Pausan. vii. c. xxv. § 3, mentions Cerynea, a mountain of Arcadia. Servius on Virg. Æn. vi. 803,

> Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit,
> Fixerit æripedem cervam licet,

says that Hercules conquered the stag called from its abode "Cerynitis," i. e. of Cerynea. This does not appear to have been one of the *twelve labours*, unless it was the *Μαιναλίην ἔλαφον* of the Greek epigram, which stood fourth in the list of his labours.

[2] *Τιτυοκτόνε*. Artemis and Apollo are fabled to have shot Tityus, son of Earth, for an assault on Latona. See Horat. Od. IV. vi. 2, 3; Pausan. iii. 18, § 9; Pind. Pyth. iv. 160. For his after fate see Virg. Æn. vi. 595; Hor. Od. III. iv. 77. For *κεμάδεσσι*, from *κεμάς*, see Il. x. 361.

[3] *κεράεσσ ὄχος*. Horat. Carm. Sæc. 35, calls Diana, "Bicornis regina siderum."—Thracian Hæmus. The cold atmosphere of Thrace was proverbial. Cf. Virg. Ecl. x. 36, Sithoniasque nives. Hor. I. x. 6, Gelidove in Hæmo. Ovid, Heroid. Phyllis to Demoph. 113. And Boreas was almost always designated as Thracian or Strymonian; cf. H. in Del. 26.—*ἀχλαίνοισι*. Hesych. and Mæris, p. 408, point out that this was a *winter* garment.

[4] Four peaks of Mount Ida were called Olympus. A fifth was the Mysian Olympus, not forming a part of it. Strabo, x. c. iii. It is mentioned in Herod. i. 36. Diana tædifera, or *δαδοῦχος*, was much worshipped in Mysia and Caria, and specially around Ida. See Spanheim at this passage.

[5] Compare Virg. Georg. ii. 530, Velocis jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo.

then thirdly at a wild-beast. The fourth time thou didst aim it no more at an oak, but at a city of unrighteous *men*, who both against themselves, and as touching strangers, were performing many sinful acts.

Wretched *are* they, on whom thou shalt inflict[1] heavy wrath! Their beasts murrain consumes, and hail their tillage: and old men mourn[2] over sons, whilst the wives either die stricken in child-bed, or bear children in exile; nothing of them stands erect on a sound footing.[3] But for those, whom thou shalt have beheld smilingly and propitiously, for them their field brings forth the ear-of-corn,[4] well thrives the birth of cattle, well their wealth, neither come they to the tomb, save when they bear some weight-of-many years.[5] Nor doth division, which is wont to mar families even though well-established, wound their race; but around one hospit-

[1] ἐμμάξεαι, fut. from ἐμμάσσομαι. Ernesti thinks that this word should be restored in Theocr. xvii. 36, for ῥαδινάς ἐσεμάξατο χεῖρας. For another compound of μάσσομαι see Theocr. Id. xv. 95. With the next verse compare Psalm lxxviii. 47—49. Virg. Georg. i. 447,

> Heu male tum mites defendet pampinus uvas:
> Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit *horrida grando*.

With ἔργα cf. Virg. Æneid. ii. 306, Sternit agros, sternit sata læta boumque labores.—Καταβόσκεται. So Geor. iii. 458, Artus depascitur arida febris.

[2] Literally, "shave their hair for." Evidences of this custom are found in Æsch. Choeph. 180; Ovid. Heroid. Canace to Macareus, 116, In tua non tonsas ferre sepulchra comas. Stat. Thebaid. vi. 193, 194. With the next line cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 242; Hosea ix. 14; Job xxiv. 21.

[3] Anna Fabri compares with this phrase Hor. Epist. II. i. 176, Recto stet fabula talo; Pindar. Isthm. vii. 13; and with the next line Hor. Od. IV. iii. 1,

> Quem tu Melpomene semel
> Nascentem placido numine videris.

[4] So Horace, Od. III. xxiii. 5,

> Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
> Fœcunda vitis, nec sterilem seges
> Rubiginem, aut dulces alumni
> Pomifero grave tempus anno.

These attributes, commonly given to Ceres, as Spanheim observes, are ascribed to Diana by Catullus also, in his Carmen Sæculare, xxxii. 16—20.

[5] Blomf., following Hemsterhusius, translates this "Non ad exequias eunt, nisi cum aliquem valdè senem ferunt. Cf. Psalm xxi. 4.

able-board brothers' wives and husbands' sisters[1] place their suits.

O Lady, amongst these may he be, whosoever is a true friend to me, and may I myself be likewise, O Queen: may the song ever be my care, wherein shall be the nuptials of Latona, wherein mention of thee shall be frequent, and Apollo, and the whole of thy labours, thy dogs, thy bows, thy chariots, which lightly bear thee conspicuous *as thou art*, when thou drivest to the mansion of Jove. There they receive, meeting thee in the vestibules, thine arms, Acacesian Mercury,[2] Apollo the wild beast which thou mayest be bringing: before that, I mean, strong Hercules came, for now no longer hath Phœbus this duty. For such *a hero* the Tirynthian stands unwearied before the doors expecting, if haply thou shouldest come bringing some rich dainty. And at him all the gods laugh incessantly, and especially his mother-in-law herself,[3] when from thy chariot he brings a very large bull, or a *yet* gasping wild boar by his hinder foot,[4] *and* instructs thee much with this shrewd speech: "Cast at noxious beasts, that mortals may address thee, like me, as helper. Leave goats and hares to feed on the mountains; for what harm can goats and hares do? Wild boars spoil the tillage,[5] wild boars the young trees; and

[1] *εἰνάτερες γαλόω τε.* These words are used by Hom. Il. xxii. 473, and vi. 378; and the corresponding Latin terms are glores (from glos) and fratriæ.

[2] *ἀκακήσιος*, either an epithet of Mercury from Acacesion, a town of Arcadia, or from *ἀκακήτης*, *ἀκάκητα*, (Il. xvi. 185; Od. xxiv. 10,) which epithet is applied to him as the bearer of happiness. Cf. Hesiod, Theog. 614, above.

[3] *πενθερή*, a wife's mother, as *πενθερὸς* is a wife's father. *ἐκυρὸς* and *ἐκυρὴ* are the same relations of the husband. In the next line we may note the elegant use of the pronoun *ὅγε* in the second clause, not the first, as in Hom. Il. iii. 409; Horat. Od. I. ix. 15, 16; Virg. Æn. v. 457; Ovid. Fasti, ii. 271. For the word *χλούνην* see Hesiod, Sc. 168.

[4] *φέρειν ποδὸς* is a like construction with *μάρψας ποδὸς νιν*, Trach. Soph. 779, and the common *ἕλκειν ποδός*.—Spanheim compares with the use of *πινύσκει*, in the next line, Æsch. Pers. 830, *πινύσκετ' ἐὺλόγοισι νουθετήμασι.*

[5] Blomfield at this passage quotes Ov. Fast. i. 349, 350, 361, 362.

> Prima Ceres avidæ gavisa est sanguine porcæ,
> Ulta suas meritâ cæde nocentis opes.

wild-bulls are a great evil to men. Cast *thine arrows* at these also." So is he wont to speak, and quickly toils he over the huge beast. For, though changed into a god as to his limbs 'neath the Phrygian oak,[1] he has not ceased from his voracity; still with him is present that paunch,[2] with which of old he encountered Theodamas ploughing.

And for thee the Amnisian nymphs[3] rub down the stags loosed from under the yoke, and bring before them much fodder, having mown from the mead of Juno the quick-growing trefoil,[4] which also Jove's steeds eat; and they are wont to fill golden troughs[5] with water, that so the stags may have a pleasing draught. But thou comest thyself to thy sire's abode, and the *gods* all alike invite thee to a seat, but thou sittest beside Apollo.—Now when the nymphs shall encircle thee with a choir, nigh to the sources of Ægyptian Inopus.[6]

> Culpa sui nocuit: nocuit quoque culpa capellæ;
> Quid bos, quid placidæ commeruistis oves?

But this passage of Ovid differs from Hercules's view in Callimachus, in condemning the goat. Compare Virg. Georg. ii. 374. See also Psalm lxxx. 13.

[1] Ruhnken would read here *Φρυγίης περ ἐπ' ὀφρύσι*—Stephanus Byz. (quoted by him) shows that Phrygia was a peak of Mount Œta, where was the funeral pile of Hercules. By his casting himself thereon the hero's body was burnt, but his soul was supposed to have mounted to heaven with a deified body. Hence speaking of him and Ptolemy, as in the possession of heaven, Theocr. xvii. 24, has *ὅτι σφέων Κρονίδας μελέων ἐξείλετο γῆρας*. Cf. Ovid. Met. iv. 538, Abstulit illis quod mortale fuit; vii. 262—270, eight noble lines respecting the apotheosis of Hercules.

[2] The eating powers of Hercules are common matter for the Greek poets. Compare (out of many) Eurip. Alcest. 788; Aristoph. Ran. 63, 559—562, which last is indicated by Ernesti.—Theodamas was a king of the Dryopes in Thrace, whom Hercules met ploughing. On his refusal to give the hero some victuals, he was slain by Hercules, who devoured one of the oxen, bones and all. Hence he was called *βουφάγος*. See Apollon. Rhod. i. 1213—1219, 1355. He was father of Hylas.

[3] *Ἀμνισιάδες*. Cf. 15.

[4] *τριπέτηλον*, trefoil, lucerne. It seems to be i. q. Medica in Virg. Georg. i. 215, which Servius describes as coming up five or six times in a year.

[5] *ὑπολῆνίδας*. Cf. note at ver. 50 of this hymn.

[6] The Inopus was a river of Delos, overflowing and decreasing annually with the Nile—hence called the Egyptian river. The Delians believed the Nile and Inopus to have an underground communication. Cf. Call. H. in Del. 206.

or Pitane,[1] (for thine, too, is Pitane,) or at Limnæ, or where, O goddess, thou hast come from Scythia to dwell in Alæ Araphenides, for thou hatest the solemn rites of Tauri, then may my heifers not be cleaving for hire, under other ploughman, a-day's-work of fallow-land.[2] For surely lame, and weary in their necks, they would come to their stall, e'en though they should be Tymphæan,[3] nine years old and strong-with-their-horns, such as are far best in cleaving a deep furrow; since never hath the Sun god passed-by that beauteous choir, but stays his chariot to gaze *on it*, and *so* the days are lengthened.[4]

But which of isles, I pray, and what mountain pleaseth thee most? What harbour, what kind of city? And whom of Nymphs lovest thou specially? what heroines hast thou

[1] Spanheim shows that Pitane and Limnæ were both Lacedæmonian demes, where Artemis was worshipped. In fact Pitane and Limnatæ were the names of two of the four Spartan tribes. See Thirlw. H. G. vol. i. Append. I.; Pausan. III. xvi. § 6. Pausanias a little before, in the chapter just cited, speaks of the temple of Diana Orthia at Limnæ, with a statue of the goddess brought from Taurica by Orestes and Iphigenia. In the 173rd line, Alæ Araphenidæ is mentioned, called Araphenidæ to distinguish it from Alæ Aeronides, another deme of Attica. It was on the east coast, the harbour of Brauron, whence persons would cross to Marmarium in Eubœa, where were the marble quarries of Carystæus. Cf. Eurip. Iph. in T. 1451; Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Geogr. vol. i. art. *Attica*; Pausan. loc. cit.—Τέθμια, cf. H. in Apoll. 87.—Ταύρων. From this Tauri came the surname of Ταυροπόλα. Cf. Soph. Ajax, 172. The sacrifices at Tauri were of a bloody nature.

[2] Blomfield compares Virg. Georg. i. 455,

> Non illâ quisquam me nocte per altum
> Ire, neque e terrâ jubeat convellere funem.

τετράγυον. Cf. Hom. Od. xviii. 374; vii. 113. Spanh., at the 177th line, remarks that this passage shows the care of beasts of burden, which the ancient writers on agriculture teach. See Virg. Georg. i. 3, Quæ cura boum; and the 3rd Georgic generally.—κόπρον, Hom. Il. xviii. 575, an ox-stall,—the part put for the whole.

[3] Tymphæan.] Here Spanheim reads Στυμφαΐδες, from Στύμφαι, a region of Epirus. But Grævius shows that Tymphas was a mountain, Tymphæa a city of the Theoprotians, from Stephan. de Urbibus, and Lycophron's Cassandra.

[4] φάεα μηκύνονται. Callimachus uses φάεα for "days" again, H. in Cer. 83; and Æsch. in Choeph. 62, ἐν φάει, ipso die. So the Latins frequently use "Soles," and Catull. in Com. Berenices, lxvi 20, Festis *luminibus* for *diebus*.

taken for companions? Say, goddess, thou to us, and I will sing to others.[1]

Of isles Doliche,[2] of cities Perga pleaseth thee, Taygete of mountains, ay, and the harbours of Euripus. And far beyond others lovedst thou a Gortynian nymph, a slayer-of-stags, Britomartis,[3] of-certain-aim: fired with the love of whom Minos of yore traversed the mountains of Crete. But the Nymph one while was hiding herself under the thick-foliaged oaks, at another time in the water-meadows;[4] whilst he for nine months was resorting to steeps and crags, and ceased not the pursuit, until when, now well-nigh caught, she leapt into the sea from topmost jutting-crag, and sprang into the nets of fishermen, which saved her; whence in-after-time Cydonians call the Nymph, Dictynna,[5] and the moun-

[1] Callimachus imitates Theocr. xxii. 116, *Εἰπὲ θεὰ, σὺ γὰρ οἶσθα ἐγὼ δ' ἑτέρων ὑποφήτης Φθέγξομαι*, and Apollon. Rhod. iv. 1381, *Μουσάων ὅδε μῦθος· ἐγὼ δ' ὑπακουὸς ἀείδω Πιερίδων.* *Ruhnken.* Compare also Virg. Æn. vii. 645, Et meministis enim, divæ, et memorare potestis.

[2] Doliche.] This seems to have been Dulichium, or Icarus, one of the Echinades, according to Strabo, x. p. 458. It is now called "Macri," (*δολίχη,*) from its long narrow form. Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Geog. i. 804, a. According to Strabo, xiv., it was a colony of the Milesians, and we are told in the 226th verse of this hymn that Diana was the tutelar goddess of the colony from Athens which founded Miletus.—Perga, the metropolis of Pamphilia. Cic. in Verr. Act II. i. c. 20, Pergæ fanum antiquissimum et sanctissimum Dianæ scimus esse.—Taygete, or Taygetus, a mountain of Laconia, famous for hounds, Virg. Georg. iii. 44. That Diana frequented this mountain specially, we find from Hom. Od. vi. 103, *οἵη δ' Ἄρτεμις εἶσι κατ' οὔρεος ἰοχέαιρα Ἦ κατὰ Τηΰγετον περιμήκετον.* As to Diana's preference for the Euripus, we find from Eurip. Iph. in Aul. 1492, 1493, *Ἄρτεμιν Χαλκίδος ἀντίπορον*, and Pausan. IX. xix. § 5, that there was a temple and two statues of Diana at Aulis.

[3] Britomartis,] (from *βριτύς*, sweet, and *μάρτις*, maiden,) is celebrated in Eurip. Iph. Taur. 126; Virg. Ciris. 305; Pausan. II. xxx. § 3. She is called a daughter of Jupiter and Carne. See her story in Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Biogr. i. 506.

[4] *εἰαμενῆσι.* Il. iv. 483; Apollon. Rhod. iv. 316. Low pasture lands, sometimes flooded, sometimes green meadows. Butmann, Lex. p. 326, connects the word with *ἠϊών*; Suid. and Hesych. with *εἴαται*, Ionic for *ἧνται*. In 195 *ἤλατο πόντον* is an instance of a verb, not of itself governing an accusative, yet joined with that case on account of the active sense implied in it: cf Matthiæ, Gr. Gr. § 423, obs. p. 684; and also § 426, 2.

[5] In Herodot. iii. 59, Samians are represented as having introduced to Crete the worship of Dictyne, or Dictynna, much before

tain from which the Nymph leaped, Dictæan: and set-up altars to her, and *still* perform sacrifices. Now the chaplet on that day[1] is either pine or mastich-tree, but myrtle their hands touch not. For 'twas then that a myrtle-branch entangled itself in the maiden's robes, when she was flying: whence she was very wroth with the myrtle. O sovereign Upis,[2] of fair countenance, bearer-of-light, thee, too, the Cretans call by a surname from that Nymph. But, in truth, thou tookest-for-a-companion Cyrene,[3] to whom of old thou gavest of thine own accord two hunting-dogs, with which the damsel, daughter of Hypseus, gained the prize beside the tomb of Pelias.[4] And thou madest the auburn-haired wife of Cephalus, son-of-Deion, thy comrade-in-the chase:[5] yea, and they say thou lovedst fair Anticlea,[6] even as thine own eyes,

the date of Herodotus. But Blakesley considers the words in Herodotus to be a note, which has crept into the text.

[1] That the heathen deities each had favourite trees, whence garlands were worn at their festivals, we see from Phædr. iii. 17; Plin. N. H. xii. 2. Both these assign the myrtle, as do Virgil and the poets generally, to Venus, who was the very opposite to Diana; hence the banishment of the myrtle from her festival.—ἄθικτοι is used as here actively with a genitive, Æsch. Eumen. 704, κερᾶῶν ἄθικτον. The pine and mastich were the types of purity, (Ov. Fast. ii. 27,) and of the growth of earth's fruits respectively. Diana, as Luna, had an interest in this last, as we find from Catull. xxxii. 20; Virg. Georg. i. 276.

[2] Upis.] This epithet of Diana is Ionicè for ὦπις, the Dor. form. *L. and S.* See note at Herod. iv. 35, Baehr at the word, who connects it with Ilithya. In Herod. loc. cit. it is an attendant of Diana who is mentioned, as also in Virg. Æn. xi. 532.

[3] Cyrene.] Cf. H. in Apoll. 92—94, where she is mentioned as daughter of Hypseus.—τοῖς ἕνι, with which; as Eurip. Troad. 377, ἐν χεροῖν: 532, πευκᾷ ἐν οὐρείᾳ—εν in these cases stands for ἐιὰ with gen.

[4] Iolchos was a town of Thessaly near the base of Mount Pelion, where was the tomb of Pelias, its king. Pindar, in Pyth. ix. 45—55, gives an account of Cyrene's victory over the lion here.

[5] Procris was the wife of Cephalus son of Deion, king of Phocis. Cephalus was beloved by Aurora or Eos, whence arose all his misfortunes. See Smith's Dict. of Gr. and R. Biogr. vol. i. p. 667. See also Ov. Met. vii. 800—859. In Ov. vii. 746, we read "Montibus errabat studiis operata Dianæ" of Procne.

[6] One Anticlea was mother of Ulysses, and wife of Laertes: another, of Machaon, the father of Asclepius. See Pausan. IV. xxx. § 2, and Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Biogr. at the name Anticlea. Spanheim compares with ἴσον φαέεσσι φίλησαι Mosch. Id. iv. 9, τὸν αἰὲν

Nymphs, who first bare thy swift bow, and quivers holding arrows upon their shoulders; but their right shoulders were free from burden, and their bosom was ever exposed to view. And furthermore, thou approvedst altogether Atalanta,[1] the strong-of-foot, the boar-slaying daughter of Iasius, the Arcadian, and taughtest her both hunting-with-dogs and skill in shooting. With her not the invited hunters of the Calydonian boar find fault. For the tokens of victory entered Arcadia, and still it preserves the teeth of the beast.[2]

Nor do I suspect that Hylæus, and senseless Rhæcus,[3] even though they hate her, will in Hades find fault with the archer: for their loins, with the blood of which the Mænalian ridge flowed, will not join-them-in-their-lie.

August goddess, of-many-fanes, of-many-cities, all hail! Chitone![4] colonist of Miletus. For Neleus took thee for his

ἐγὼ τίεσκον ἴσον φαέεσσιν ἐμοίσιν. Catull. iii. 5, Quam plus illa suis oculis amabat; and ibid. xiv. 1, Ni te plus oculis meis amarem.

[1] Atalante] (the Arcadian as distinguished from the *Bœotian*: cf. Spanheim at this passage) was daughter of Iasius and Clymene. She was exposed by her father, suckled by a she-bear, slew the Centaurs, joined in the hunting of the Calydonian boar, and in the games in honour of Pelias. Milanion conquered her in the foot-race, by dropping golden apples, and so won her hand. See more at Theocr. iii. 440; Ov. Met. x. 565, &c., and elsewhere. Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Biogr. i. 391. For *Ἀρκασίδαο* in next line some MSS. have *Ἀρκαδίδαο*, according to analogy. But, as Stephens says, at the word *Ἀρκὰς, διὰ τὸ κακόφωνον*, we have *Ἀρκασίδης, αο.*, the feminine being *Ἀρκασίς*.

[2] The names of Atalante's fellow-hunters occur in Pausan. VIII. xlv. 3; and in xlvi. 1, the same writer says that the teeth of the boar were kept at Tegea, till carried thence by Augustus.

[3] Hylæus and Rhæcus were Centaurs, who, endeavouring to force Atalanta, perished by her arrows. Milanion was wounded in his defence. Cf. Propert. I. i. 13, 14,

> Ille etiam Hylæi percussus vulnere rami
> Saucius Arcadiis rupibus ingemuit.

See Apollodorus III. ix., quoted by Paley at this passage of Propertius, and Ælian, Var. Hist. xiii. 1. Ruhnken compares with this passage Hom. Il. xvii. 398, whence it appears to have been borrowed.

[4] Chitone.] Cf. H. in Jov. 77, *Χιτώνης Ἀρτέμιδος*. She derived this name either from the "chiton" or short tunic she wore, or from her having dedicated to her the clothes of new-born infants. See Schol. ad H. in Jov. l. c. In the next line, *Μιλήτῳ ἐπίδημε*. The English rendering here is in accordance with Ernesti's view, who observes that Rhea might in like manner be called *Ρώμῃ ἐπίδημε*

leader, when with his ships he put-out-to-sea from Athens. Goddess of Chesium and Imbrasus,[1] filling the first-seats: for thee too Agamemnon dedicated the rudder of his ship in *thy* temple, a charm against stress-of-weather,[2] when thou didst imprison the winds for him, when the Achæan ships were sailing to trouble the cities of the Trojans, in wrath for Rhamnusian Helen's sake. In truth it was to thee that Prætus founded two temples;[3] one indeed *of thee* as girl-protectress, because thou broughtest together for him his daughters roaming over the Azenian mountains; the other *to thee* as mild *goddess* at Lussi, because thou hadst removed their wild nature from his daughters. To thee also the Amazons eager-after war, of-old on the sea-shore of Ephesus[4] set up an image beneath a beech-tree's trunk; and Hippo performed a

Neleus, son of Codrus, led a colony from Athens to Miletus. Herod ix. 97; Pausan. VII. ii. § 1; Theocr. Id. xxiii. 5; Ælian. V. H. viii. 5. In the chapter of Pausan. referred to, we find the worship of Diana to have been prevalent in Ionia: probably through having been introduced by Neleus.

[1] Chesium, a promontory, Imbrasus, a river, of Samos. *Schol.* Spanheim gives two Samian inscriptions, one of which has Juno, the other Diana, represented on it; showing that Callimachus does not err in placing Diana as tutelary goddess of these localities.

[2] *μείλιον*. We find the plur. used in Il. ix. 147, and the sing. in Apoll. R. iii. 135, where the critics explain the word of those playthings, quibus infantes demulcentur.—*κατέδησας ἀήτας*. Ernesti compares Hom. Od. x. 20, *ἀνέμων κατέδησε κέλευθα*, and Hor. Od. I. iii. 4, Obstrictis aliis præter Iapygia. Spanheim quotes for *ἀπλοίας* Æsch. Agam. 150. Two lines below, at the epithet *Ῥαμνουσίδι*, the Schol. says that Helen was the offspring of the union of Zeus with *Nemesis* at Rhamnus, a deme of Attica. From Attica she was certainly carried off by Theseus and Pirithous.

[3] Prætus, son of Abas, king of Argos, and brother of Acrisius, was first driven from his kingdom by his brother, and then by aid of Jobates, whose daughter Sthenobæa he married, restored to a share of it. His three daughters were driven mad by Dionysus, or Juno. (See Serv. at Virg. Ecl. vi. 48, Prætides implerant falsis mugitibus agros.)—Azenian mountains. These were near Cleitor, a well of Arcadia, where Ov., Met. xv. 325, says Melampus purified and cured the daughters of Prætus. Pausanias (VIII. xviii. § 3) agrees with Callimachus here in stating that this took place at Lusi, or Lussi, in Arcadia.

[4] This image of Diana set up by the Amazons is mentioned by Pausan. IV. xxxi. § 6, who mentions a temple also. One of the theories respecting the Amazons is, that they were proselytes of Artemis, the Moon, whose worship was widely spread in Asia. See Amazones, Dict. Gr. and R. B. i. 138. Hippo, or Otrera, men

sacred rite to thee; and they, O sovereign Upis, danced an-armed-dance around, first an armed dance with shields, and next in a ring, when they had made a broad chorus, and shrill pipes sounded a sweet accompaniment, that they might *all* together beat the ground; (for not as yet did they bore the bones of fawns,[1] a work of Minerva, hurtful to the stag,) yet the sound ran to Sardis, and to the Berecynthian range. They with their feet kept making a loud tramping sound, whilst their quivers rattled with *the movement.* Now around that image truly in-after-time a broad temple has been built: than which the dawn shall behold nought more divine, or more splendid:[2] easily would it surpass Pytho. Wherefore, I wot, also in his madness insolent Lygdamis threatened to despoil it, and brought against it an army of mare-milking Cimmerians,[3] like-to-the sea-sands *in number;* who, 'tis said, dwell near to the strait itself of the heifer, daughter of Inachus. Ah! wretched amongst kings,[4] how vastly he erred: for he was not destined to return back again to Scythia,

tioned in ver. 239, was their priestess.—*πρύλιν.* H. in Jov. ver. 52. In ver. 243, cf. Horat. I. xxvii., Nunc pede libero Pulsanda tellus.

[1] Ovid also, in Fast. vi. 697, 698, ascribes the invention of the pipe to Minerva:

Prima terebrato per rara foramina buxo
Ut daret effeci tibia longa sonos.

So also Bion, iii. 7; Pind. Pyth. xii. 12—14. With the construction in ver. 245, compare H. in Ap. 8, *οἱ δὲ νέοι μολπήν τε καὶ ἐς χορὸν ἐντύνεσθε.*

[2] This is no exaggeration. The wealth of Crœsus, and the Ionian colonies joined together, reared a splendid structure, which took well nigh 100 years to build, in honour of Ephesian Diana. It was burned by a fanatic, Herostratus, the night Alexander was born, but rebuilt with great magnificence, the ladies of Ephesus contributing their jewels. It had 127 marble columns each 60 feet high, and the temple was 425 feet in length. This building was 220 years before it was completed. See Smith, Dict. Gr. and R. Geog. i. 835, &c.

[3] Lygdamis, with the Cimmerians, in the reign of Ardis, king of Lydia, after being expelled by the Nomad Scythians from their land, invaded Asia, and took Sardis, but when pressing on to spoil Diana's temple at Ephesus, was defeated by the interposition of Diana. See Herod. i. 15, and Smith's Gr. and R. Biog. ii. 860. The Cimmerians originally occupied the region between the Don and Borysthenes, and were, like the Scythians, a Nomad race.—*ψαμάθῳ ἴσον*—a constant similitude in Holy Scripture. See Josh. xi. 4, &c.

[4] *δειλὸς βασιλεών.* Blomfield compares Eurip. Heracl. 567, *τάλαινα παρθένων*: Æsch. Suppl. 966, *Δῖε Πελασγῶν*: Herod. vii. 48;

either himself, or any other of the many, whose waggons stood in the plain of Cayster,[1] for in defence of Ephesus ever thy bows and arrows are prepared.

O Lady Munychia, watching-over-harbours,[2] hail, Pheræan *goddess*. Let none contemn Artemis: for neither to Æneus,[3] having lightly esteemed her altar, did noble contentions come home. Nor let any one dare to contend *with her* in stag-hunting or shooting; for not even did the son of Atreus exult in a slight requital. Nor let any dare to woo the virgin; for neither Otus, nor Oarion[4] gained by the wooing a goodly union. Nor let any shun her yearly choir. Not even did Hippo without sorrow refuse to dance around the altar. Hail, mighty queen, and kindly receive my strain.

THE HYMN TO DELOS.

At what time or when, O my soul, wilt thou sing of the Holy Delos,[5] Apollo's nurse? Verily all the Cyclades, which

H. Cer. 118; Virg. iv. 576, Sequimur te, sancte Deorum. Lygdamis, according to Strabo, i. c. iii. p. 97, perished in Cilicia.

[1] Plain of Cayster.] Virg. Geor. i. 384, Prata Caystri; Propert. IV. xxii. 15. (*Paley.*) The waggons mentioned are those wherein the Nomad tribes lived. Cf. Herod. i. 129; Hor. Od. III. xxiv. 10, Quorum plaustra vagas ritè trahunt domos.

[2] Munychia.] Pausan. I. i. 4, mentions the harbour Munychia, that it has a temple of Diana Munychia close to it. The Schol. calls Munychia a part of the Piræus, because probably it was adjoining it.—Pheræan. That Pheræ, a town of Thessaly, was a worshipper of Diana appears from Pausan. II. xxiii. 5, where it is stated that the Argives, who, as well as the Athenians and Sicyonians, worship Diana of Pheræ, declared that her statue was brought to them from Pheræ.

[3] Æneus, king of Calydon and father of Tydeus, neglected to sacrifice to Diana; who therefore sent the boar to ravage his lands. Cf. Hom. Il. ix. 532. Agamemnon's offence was the shooting a stag at Aulis, in Diana's grove, and afterwards blaspheming against the goddess. It was as a penalty for this that the sacrifice of Iphigenia was required. Cf. Iph. Aul. 90; Ov. Met. xii. 31.

[4] Otus, the brother of Ephialtes, one of the Aloidæ, (Od. xi 306,) was killed, according to Hom. and Virg., for conspiring against Jove; see Æn. vi. 582. Some, however, say that he suffered for the sin of Orion, who is mentioned by Horace, Od. III. iv. 71, 72, as

—Integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ,
Virgineâ domitus sagittâ.

[5] A subject of song, specially at the Theoria, or Delian festival,

lie in the sea the holiest of isles, *are* well-worthy-to-be-sung: but Delos must bear-off from the Muses the first *honours*, because she washed and swathed Phœbus,[1] king of minstrelsy, and first celebrated him as a god.

As the Muses hate the bard, who shall not have sung of Pimplea, so Phœbus, whosoever shall have been neglectful of Delos. Now unto Delos will I give-a-share[2] in song, that so Cynthian Apollo may love me, as caring for his dear nurse.

Now she, breezy and barren, as lashed-by-the sea,[3] and overrun by divers[4] rather than by horses, is set in the deep: which rolling vastly around her, throws-off-upon her[5] the white spray of the Icarian wave; wherefore also sea-sailing fishermen have made her their abode. Yet none grudge her[6]

every five years; which was a gathering of all the Ionic cities on the main-land and in the isles in honour of Apollo. See all particulars in Smith's Dict. G. and R. Geog. i. 758—760. Virg. Georg. iii. 6, Cui non dictus Hylas puer, et Latonia Delos? Compare too Eurip. Hec. 460—465. The compliment paid to the Cyclades would be well-timed, as these islands would send many deputies to the festival, though Gyarus, a Roman penal colony, Seriphos, and Myconos were nowise distinguished isles.

[1] λοῦσέ τε καὶ σπείρωσε. Compare H. in Jov. 32, and Hom. H. in Ap. 112.—Pimplea, in the next line, is alluded to by Hor. Od. I. xxvi. 9, Pimplea dulcis, and is said by him to "delight in sunny fountains." It was, according to the Schol., a mountain in Thrace, sacred to the Muses.

[2] ἀποδάσσομαι. Ernesti quotes Theocr. xvii. 15, ἀποδάσσαο τιμῆς. Cynthus was a mountain of Delos overhanging the temple.

[3] For the old reading ἄτροπος, which the Schol. explains of the fixedness of Delos, (cf. Thuc. ii. and Virg. Æn. iii. 47, Immotamque coli dedit et contemnere ventos,) Ruhnken suggested ἄσπορος. Blomf. reads ἄτροφος, "not feeding," i. e. barren. The 2nd Scholiast explains ἄτροπος as ἀγεώργητος, which comes to the same thing.

[4] αἰθυίῃς, divers. Cf. Virg. Æn. v. 128, Apricis statio gratissima mergis. Lucret. They were boders of a storm. See Virg. Georg. i. 361—363. Horses, as animals used for war, were, says Strabo, not allowed at Delos.

[5] ἀπουάσσετα, a dative is to be understood. Cf. Theocr. xv. 95, κενεὰν ἀπομάξῃς. Ruhnken's reading πολιὴν for πολλὴν has been adopted.—The Icarian sea. Cf. Ovid, Trist. i. 89, 90.

[6] οὐ νεμεσητὸν. Il. ix. 523. Soph. Phil. 1193, (Dind.) Virg. Æn. iv. 349, 350,

> Quæ tandem, Ausoniâ Teucros considere terrâ,
> *Invidia est.*

In the following lines the isles are personified, and represented as attending a levee of Oceanus and Tethys, Delos taking the lead. Tethys is called Titanian by Ov. Fast. v. 81, Duxerat Oceanus quondam Titanida Tethyn.

being named among the first, when the isles are gathered to Ocean and Titanian Tethys, and ever she is first and leads the way. But close-in-her-track follows Phœnician Cyrnus,[1] not-to-be despised, and Eubœan Macris of the Ellopians, and lovely Sardo, and the isle to which Venus swam first from the waves: and she preserves it in requital for her landing.[2] With well-fenced towers they are strong-and-safe, but Delos with Apollo. What is a more firm rampart ?[3] Walls indeed and stones might fall under the violent-blast of Strymonian Boreas, but the god is ever undisturbed. O dear Delos, such is the helper who protects thee ![4] Yet since exceeding-many hymns revolve around thee, in what *song* shall I inweave thee ? What will be grateful to thee to hear ? Shall it be, how at-the-first the mighty god striking mountains with three-barbed trident, which the Telchines[5] wrought for him,

[1] Cyrnus was the ancient name of Corsica, which was called Corsis and Corsica by the later Greeks. It was generally esteemed third in magnitude of the great islands in the Mediterranean, and was, like Sardinia, originally inhabited by a Carthaginian colony, Carthage itself being a colony of Tyre. Cf. Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Geog. art. "Corsica."—Μάκρις Ἀβαντιὰς Ἐλλοπιήων. Eubœa was called Macris from its great length. Strabo, x. c. i. p. 319, Tauchn. "Abantis," or "Abantias," from the Abantes, its earliest inhabitants, and Hellopia from a son of Ion, Hellops. Hom. Il. ii. 536, quoted by Strabo, mentions the Abantes.—Σαρδώ, Sardinia, a Roman penal colony; the fertility, climate, and natural advantages of which are described by Pausan. X. xvii. 6, 7. The isle to which Venus swam was Cythera, (Hesiod, Theog. 195; Herod. i. 105; Virg. Æn. i. 680,) whence she is so oft called Cytherea. Ovid in Ep. vii. (Dido to Æn. 60,) has Mater Amorum Nuda Cytheriacis edita fertur aquis. Spanheim inclines to the opinion that Cyprus is meant, an isle equally favoured by Venus. He quotes Lucan, viii. ver. 458, 459, &c.

[2] ἀντ' ἐπιβάθρων; Compare Hom. Od. xv. 448, Καὶ δέ κεν ἄλλ' ἐπίβαθρον ἐγὼν ἐθέλουσά γε δοίην. Where the Schol. explains ἐπιβάθρον, μισθὸν ὃ ἐστι ναῦλον, τῆς ἐπιβάσεως τῆς νεώς.

[3] τί δε στιβαρώτερον ἔρκος. Spanh. quotes Æsch. S. c. Theb. 426—430, to show the divine Nemesis on such as threatened god-protected cities, and illustrates the passage by Canticles viii. 10; Zechariah ii. 5, "I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about."

[4] ἀμφιβέβηκεν. Cf. Hom. Il. i. 37; Æsch. S. c. Theb. 175.

[5] The Telchines.] Strabo, xiv. c. ii. p. 197, says that Rhodes was first called Ophiussa and Stadia, and afterwards "Telchis," from the Telchines, whom he calls wizards, and of whom he says that they came through Cyprus from Crete and forged the sickle for Cronus. The derivation is θέλγω. (L. and S. Lexic.) Ov. Met. vii. 365, has Phœbeamque Rhodon et Ialysias Telchinas.

made the isles in-the-seas? and from below from the lowest depths removed them all as with a lever, and rolled them into the sea? and firmly fixed from their foundations some indeed in the deep, that so they might forget the main-land: whilst constraint did not press thee, but thou floatedst free[1] in the seas, and thine olden name was Asterie,[2] because that, fleeing from an union with Jove, from heaven like a star thou leapedst into a deep trench. So long as indeed golden Latona had not yet frequented thee, so long thou wast still Asterie, and wert not as yet called Delos. Oft-times sailors coming from Trœzen,[3] the city of Xanthus, to Ephyra within the Saronic gulf, beheld thee; and on going back from Ephyra, they indeed saw thee again no more: for thou hadst sped to the rapid strait of narrow Euripus,[4] flowing with a-booming sound. And on the same day spurning the flood of the sea of Chalcis thou hadst swum even to Sunium, a headland of the Athenians, or Chios, or the bosom[5] of the isle Parthenia moistened by the wave, (for it was not yet Samos,) where the

[1] Spanheim adduces Eurip. Ion, 822, *ἐν θεοῦ δόμοισιν ἄφετος*, &c., to show that *ἄφετος* may here mean "*dedicated*" as well as free, like sacred beasts freed from work.—*πελάγεσσιν ἐπέπλεες*. Cf. Virg. Æn. iii. 75, 76. Asteria is mentioned as another name with Ortygia for Delos by Plin. iv. 22, (Nat. Hist.) Homer in the Odyssey calls it Asteris. Od. iv. 846.

[2] *ἀστέρι ἴση*. So Theocr. xiii. 51, *ὥς ὅκα πυρρός ἀπ' οὐρανῶ ἠριπεν ἀστηρ, Ἀθρός ἐν πόντῳ*. Spanh. compares Aratus, Diosem. 196; Virg. Georg. i. 194,

> Sæpe etiam stellas vento impendente videbis
> Præcipites cœlo labi.

In the next line *ἐπεμίσγετο* is i. q. "commorata erat," or some such notion. Spanh. compares Hom. Od. vi. 205, and 241.

[3] In the full mention of the kings of Trœzen, Pausan. II. xxx. 6—8, there is no mention of Xanthus: whence Ruhnken has proposed an emendation for *ἀπὸ Ξάνθοιο ἀλίξαντοιο*, which Blomf. and others have adopted; from *ξαίνω*, to wear: worn by the sea. The word occurs in one of the epigrams of the Gr. Anthology. Ephyra is well known as the elder name of Corinth. Cf. Hom. Il. vi. 152.—Saronic gulf. According to Pausan. II. xxx. 7, this name was derived from Saron, a king of Trœzen. It is mentioned Eurip. Hippol. 1200, who speaks of this very Trœzen as *πρὸς πόντον ἤδη χειμένη Σαρωνικόν*.

[4] *πόορς*, says Spanh., is here used for the Lat. fluxus, fluenta, freta. Cf. Æsch. Prom. V. 531. Pers. 453, *εἰναλίων πόρων*, and Æsch. in Agam. 300, has *Εὐρίπου ῥοαὶ* in same sense. Chalcis, a city of Eubœa opposite to Aulis.

[5] *μαστὸν*. This word is similarly used in Pind. Pyth. iv. 14; Xen. Anab. IV. ii. 6, and elsewhere in the Anabasis. Thus *οὖθαρ* is used

nymphs of Mycale, neighbours of Ancæus,[1] entertained-thee-hospitably.

But when to Apollo thou affordedst a natal soil, the sea-roaming mariners gave thee this name in requital, because that no longer didst thou float obscure upon *the deep*, but hadst set the roots of thy feet in the waves of the Ægean Sea.[2]

Nor didst thou dread Juno in her wrath, who indeed was wont to be terribly angry at all women-in-childbed, who brought forth sons to Jove:[3] and with Latona specially, because she alone was about to bear a son to Zeus more dear than Mars. Wherefore also, I wot, she both kept watch within the heaven, being greatly wroth and beyond-the-power of-words; and was hindering Latona distressed by her throes,[4] for two watchers had been set in watch over her, keeping-jealous-eyes upon the earth. One, *namely* impetuous Mars, sitting on a lofty peak of Thracian Hæmus,[5] was watching in

by Hom. Il. ix. 142, *οὖθαρ*; and Ubere glebæ, a similar phrase, by Virg. Æn. i. 535. Strabo and Pliny state that Parthenia was the ancient name of Samos. Cf. *μνελὸν*, Theocr. xviii. 18, and Milton's Comus, "the navel of the wood."

[1] *Ἀγκαίου Μυκαλησσίδες*. Ancæus was an old king of Samos. Samos, as Spanh. observes, is described by Thucyd. lib. viii. as at a very little distance from the mainland, facing Mycale. Pausan. VII. iv. 1, speaks of it as *ἡ ὑπὲρ Μυκάλης*.

[2] Cf. above at ver. 35, and cf. Virg. Æn. iii. 77, Immotamque coli dedit et contemnere ventos. We are told in ver. 53 that the isle was no more *ἄδηλος*, but *Δῆλος*. Somewhat similar is the change of the Pontus, *Ἄξεινος* to *Εὔξεινος*.

[3] *ἐπεβριμᾶτο*, the reading of Tan. Faber, seems generally adopted by later editors. Blomf. suggests *ἐνεβριμᾶτο*. Cf. St. John xi. 33, *ἐνεβριμήσατο τῷ πνεύματι*.—In reference to Juno's jealousy here, see H. in Dian. 30, *ζηλήμονος Ἥρης*.

[4] *Λητὼ τειρομένην*. Cf. below at ver. 202. This was Juno's usual course with reference to her rivals. See Pausan. IX. xi. 2, and Ovid, Met. ix. 290—312, in both of which Alcmena's sufferings are ascribed to Juno.

[5] Spanheim explains that not only Asia Minor, but the parts of Greece mentioned in the next ten lines, are indicated by the words *πέδον ἠπείροιο*, which Mars, the son of Juno, surveys in his watch on Latona. Hæmus was the modern Balkan, and is described by Herod. iv. 49. See Smith's Dict. G. and R. Geogr. i. p. 1024.—*βορέαο παρὰ σπεος*. In the H. to Dian. 114, we have seen the north wind traced to its rising in Thracian Hæmus. Cf. Hesiod, O. et D. 506—508, &c. The cave of the winds is a favourite topic with poets. Cf. Virg. Æn. i. 52—63.

arms the surface of the main-land, whilst his horses *meanwhile* were being stalled in the seven-recessed cave of Boreas: but the other, the daughter of Thaumas, sat as spy of the broad isles,[1] having hastily sped to Mimas. Then they sate threatening the cities, as many as Latona strove-to-reach, and kept preventing them from receiving her. Arcady was shrinking, Parthenius, holy mountain of Auge, was shrinking,[2] and shrinking back was the olden Phenæus. Shrank too all Peloponnese, as much as is bordering on the Isthmus, save Ægialus and Argos,[3] for she had not trodden those paths, since Juno had had Inachus allotted to her. And in one *and the same* course Aonia was shrinking: whilst Dirce and Strophie[4] were following, holding

[1] The daughter of Thaumas,] i. e. Iris. Cf. Hesiod, Theog. 266; Hom. Il. xvii. 547. The former makes Iris daughter of Thaumas and Electra, and sister of the Harpies.—Mimas, a mountain of Ionia, opposite Chios. See Pausan. VII. iv. § 1. Strabo, Geogr. xiv. c. i., says that it lies between Erythræ and the cliffs of the sea. Hom. Od. iii. 172, calls it *ἠνεμόεντα Μίμαντα*. From her watch-tower hereupon Iris keeps guard, lest the isles should harbour Latona. Ovid, Met. ii. 222, mentions Mimas two lines after Hæmus.

[2] Parthenius, a mountain of Arcadia (Virg. Ecl. x. 57). Auge was daughter of Aleus and Neæra, and was a priestess of Minerva. Her son by Hercules, Telephus, was suckled by a stag. See Pausan. VIII. iv. § 6, &c., and Spanheim's note here.—Phenæus was an ancient city of Arcadia near to Stymphalus and Caryæ, Pausan. VIII. xiv. 1—8; and the old city was destroyed by a flood. Homer calls it Pheneus, Il. ii. 605, and so does Catullus, lxvi. 109, Quale ferunt Graii Pheneum prope Cyllenæum.

[3] *Αἰγιαλοῦ*. The district meant is that between Elis and Sicyon, afterwards called Achaia. Pausan. VII. i. § 1.—Inachus, a river of Argolis. According to Pausan. VIII. vi. § 2, it is a boundary between Argolis and Mantinea, whence Æschylus and others call it *Ἀργεῖος ποταμός*. As to Juno's connexion with Argos, see Horat. Od. I. vii. 9, 10,

> Plurimus in Junonis honorem
> Aptum dicat equis Argos.

Virg. Æn. i. 24, caris-Argis.—Aonia, according to Pausan. IX. v. 1, was the district of the Aones and Hyantes, who occupied what was afterwards Bœotian Thebes, but at first Ogygian. Cadmus allowed them to remain, after he and his Phœnicians had conquered Bœotia. Phœniss. Eurip. 644, *πεδία πυροφόρ' Ἀόνων*.

[4] Dirce, Strophie, and Ismenus. Two fountains and a river nigh to Thebes. For Dirce see Phœniss. Eurip. 730, where it seems to mean a river, and Soph. Antig. 105, *Διρκαῖα ῥέεθρα*.—Thebes is called in Eurip. Suppl. 1214, *Ἰσμηνοῦ πολίς*. Cf. Æsch. S. c. Theb. 378,

the hand of dark-pebbled father Ismenus. Far behind followed Asopus tardy-of-limb, for he had been stricken by lightning. (But the nymph, Native Melia,[1] dizzy-with-fear ceased from the choir, and paled her cheek, in anxiety-for the coeval oak, when she saw the foliage of Helicon shaken-violently. Tell me, my goddesses, Muses, is it very truth that oaks were born at the same time as Nymphs. Glad are the Nymphs, when rain nourishes the oaks; and when the oaks no more have leaves, then in turn the Nymphs bewail.) But with them indeed, though yet in-the-womb, Apollo was fiercely wroth, and spake in his threats against Thebes a word not unfulfilled: "Thebe, wherefore, wretched as thou art, dost thou inquire thy present fate?[2] Do not yet, do not force me to prophesy against-my-will. Not yet is the tripod's seat at Pytho a care to me, nor yet hath died the huge serpent,[3] but still that monster with dreadful jaws creeping down from

δ' Ισμηνὸν οὐκ ἐᾷ περᾶν ὁ Μάντις.—In 78, Asopus, a river of Bœotia flowing eastward through the southern side of the country into the Euripus. See Pausan. V. xiv. § 3. Ovid, in his Amores, III. vi. 33, says, Quid referam Asopon? Quem cepit Martia Thebe. He was the father of Ægina, and stricken with lightning while he pursued Jove, the ravisher of Ægina. Cf. Stat. Theb. vii. 316—327.

[1] Melia.] Pausan. IX. x. § 5, speaks of a fountain of this name above the Ismenus, and says that the nymph Melia had two sons by Apollo: cf. ibid. c. xxvi. 1. The word *αὐτόχθων* is used to distinguish her from those Meliæ mentioned by Hesiod, Theog. 187, and Callim. H. in Jov. 47. Callimachus goes into digression as to the popular superstition that the Hamadryads were coeval with the oaks: cf. Apollon. Rhod. ii. 481.

[2] *τὸν αὐτίκα πότμον.* This power of vaticination in the womb is exercised by Apollo again at ver. 162. For the construction of the adv. for adj. see Matth. Gr. Gr. § 272, a.; Soph. Œd. T. 1.; Herod. viii. 8, *ἡ ἄνω πόλις.*—Thebe. Cf. Apoll. Rh. i. 736; Hes. Scut. 105, &c., where *Θήβη* is used instead of *Θῆβαι*: so *Μυκήνη* and *Μυκῆναι*, *Ἀθήνη*, *Ἀθῆναι.*—*Πυθῶνι*, in the 90th line, is the dat. loci. Cf. Matth. Gr. Gr. § 406, b.

[3] Apollo is here made to say that the tripod and oracle are not yet his, (for Themis held them first, after Gaia, cf. Æsch. Eumen. 2—5, then Phœbe, and then Phœbus. Cf. also Lucan. v. 81; Ov. Met. i. 321,) and that he has not yet killed the serpent Python. For allusions to this serpent see Ov. Met. i. 439, 460, Stravimus innumeris domitum Pythona sagittis. Lucan. vi. 407,

Hinc maxima serpens
Descendit Python, Cyrrhæaque fluxit in antra

Plistus enwreaths snowy Parnassus with nine coils.[1] Yet nevertheless I will say something more clear, than *if it were* from the laurel: fly far: yet will I overtake thee quickly, to bathe my bow and arrows in blood; for thou hast had allotted to thee the children of a blasphemous woman.[2] Not thou at least, nor Cithæron, shall be own nurse to me. Being pure, may I also be dear to the pure-and-holy.[3] So spake he, and Latona, turning back again, retired.

But when the Achaian cities rejected her on her coming, Helice,[4] friend of Neptune, and Bura, the ox-stall of Dexamenus, son of Æneus, then began she to turn her steps back to Thessaly. But Anaurus fled, and great Larissa, and the heights of Chiron.[5] Peneus too shunned her, as he rolled

The Pleistus was a river flowing through the valley of Delphi. Homer says that the temple was called Pytho, and the god Pythian, from the huge serpent rotting, *πύθειν*. Hom. H. in Apoll. 372.

[1] *ἐννέα κύκλοις*. *κύκλοι* are "orbes" Virg. Georg. iii. 424, Tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.—*τορώτερον ἢ ἀπὸ δάφνης*. The laurel of Phœbus is spoken of in connexion with the temple and oracle, in Callim. H. to Apoll. 1; Virg. Æn. iii. 90—92.

[2] A blasphemous woman.] Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, respecting whom, see Ov. Met. vi. 146—312. Her language is alluded to by Ovid, Met. vi. 213, Exhibuit linguam scelerata paternam. See also Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Geogr. ii. 1204.

[3] So Theocr. xxvi. 30, *Αὐτὸς δ' εὐαγέοιμι, καὶ εὐαγέεσσιν ἄδοιμι*, Ovid, Met. viii. 724, Cura pii Dis sunt, et qui coluere, coluntur.

[4] Helice, a city of Achaia, mentioned by Hom. Il. viii. 203; Pausan. VII. i. § 2, &c. It was one of the twelve Achæan cities of Achaia, and had a temple of Poseidon, or Neptune, thence called Heliconius. Along with Bura, another of the Achæan cities, to the S. E. of it, it was destroyed by an earthquake, B. C. 373. Cf. (respecting Bura) Pausan. VII. xxv. § 5—7; Ov. Met. xv. 293,

> Si quæras Helicen et Burin Achaiadas urbes,
> Invenies sub aquis.

Plin. H. N. ii. 92. Dexamenus is named by Pausan. VII. xix. as king of Olenus, another of the cities of Achaia. He was one of the Centaurs.

[5] Anaurus, a river of Magnesia in Thessaly, Apoll. Rhod. i. 8.—Larissa. Stephanus of Byzantium, under this word in his work De Urbibus, &c. p. 418, (ed 1725,) mentions eight cities of this name, one distinguished as being on the river Peneus. It was said to have been founded by Acrisius. Cf. Pausan. II. xxiii. ad fin.—The heights of Chiron, i. e. Pelion, the mountain of Thessaly (celebrated as the scene of the giants' rebellion, and assault on heaven, cf. Hom. Od. xi. 315; Virg. Georg. i. 281). Here Chiron dwelt, according to the Scholiast. Peneus flowing through Tempe is celebrated by

through Tempe. O Juno, in thee then a ruthless heart lay even at that time. Neither wast thou moved or hadst pity, when stretching out both arms in-vain she spake thus: "Ye Nymphs of Thessaly, children of the River,[1] bid your sire soothe his vast flood; cling to his beard, and supplicate, that I may bear children of Jove in the waters. Pthiotian Peneus, wherefore now viest thou with the winds? O father, thou bestridest not surely a horse running-for-a-prize.[2] Are thy feet ever, I pray, thus swift? Or in my case are they alone fleet? and hast thou caused thyself to fly to day *only*, on a sudden? But he hears not! O burden mine, whither do I bear you? for my wretched tendons flag. O Pelion, bride-chamber of Philyra,[3] nay, do thou stay! stay, for even wild lionesses often in thy mountains have cast-forth-with-labour the savage fruit of their throes." But even Peneus, I-wot, answered her, as he poured forth tears. "O Latona, Necessity is a mighty goddess,[4] for I do not, O Lady, reject thy pangs: I know that other women also in child-bed have been cleansed by me. But Juno has threatened me immoderately.[5]

Greek and Latin poets without end. See Theocr. Id. i. 67, ἢ κατὰ Πηνειῶ καλὰ Τέμπεα. Ov. Met. i. 569,

> Vocant Tempe, per quæ Peneus ab imo
> Effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis.

[1] ποταμοῦ γενὸς. So Virg. Æn. viii. 71, Genus amnibus unde est. Ovid speaks of Peneus having sway over the rivers and Nymphs. Ov. Met. i. 576, Undis jura dabat, Nymphisque colentibus undas.—περιπλέξασθε γενείῳ. See H. in. Dian. 26, and Hom. Il. x. 454. Spanheim adduces Sophocl. Trach. 14, ἐκ δὲ δασκίου γενειάδος Κρουνοὶ διερραίνοντο κρηναίου ποτοῦ, said of Achelous in illustration of the ancient representation of rivers having beards.

[2] ἀέθλιον. Cf. H. in Cer. 110, καὶ τὸν ἀεθλοφόρον, καὶ τὸν πολεμήϊον ἵππον. The next line, as Spanh. thinks, refers to the course of Peneus, ordinarily tranquil and slow, through Tempe, being in this case swift and violent.

[3] Νυμφήϊον, i. q. νυμφεῖον, which is the same as Νυμφῶν in the New Testament. *Spanh.*—Ov. Met. vii. 332, Pelion umbrosum, Philyreia tecta. Philyra was a daughter of Ocean, and mother of Chiron by Saturn.

[4] Ἀναγκαίη—θεός. See on the power of "Necessity," Eurip. Alcest. 962—980. She is there connected with Ζεὺς; and still more so in Eurip. Troad 886, (which Spanh. quotes,) Ζεὺς, εἴτ' ἀνάγκη φύσεος, εἴτε νοῦς βροτῶν ὦ.—ἀναίνομαι is equivalent to "refuse to be the scene of."

[5] δαψιλὲς ἠπείλησεν is the reading of the MSS.; defended by Ernesti. Ruhnken's conjecture, Δασπλὴς ἠπείλησεν, (cf. Virg. Æn. i.

Behold from far what a watcher keeps a look-out from the topmost part of the mountain, who would with-ease tear me out from the lowest depths. What plan shall I adopt? Is it any pleasure to you that Peneus should perish? Let it come! For thy sake I will endure the day of fate,[1] even though I should be destined to be ruined for ever, having the ebbing channel of my stream dried-up, and be called alone most contemptible among rivers. Lo, here I am! what more need I say! do but invoke Ilythyia."[2] He spake, and forced-back his vast flood. But Mars having lifted the uprooted peaks of Pangæum[3] was about to hurl them into his tide, and to bury his floods *beneath them.* Then from on high he rattled, and struck his shield with the point of his spear. So it clanged with a warlike sound. Trembled the mountains of Ossa, the Cranonian plain,[4] and the stormy edges of Pindus: the whole of Thessaly danced with fear, for such a sound wrung from his shield. And as when all the recesses of Mount Ætna smoking with fire are convulsed as the giant beneath-the-earth, Briareus, moves himself to the other shoulder,[5] and

662, atrox Juno; Hom. Od. xv. 234, *δασπλῆτις Ἐρινύς*: Theocr. Id. ii. 14, &c,) is approved by Blomfield.

[1] We have here adopted the punctuation of Hemsterhusius, *ἴτω· πεπρωμένον ἦμαρ Τλήσομαι εἵνεκα σεῖο.* Sortem fato destinatam mihi subibo tuâ gratiâ et perpetiar. In 130, *ἄμπωτιν* is the channel of a river left dry by the ebbing tide, (Blomf.) Spanh. compares the use of the word in Pausanias, VI. xix. § 3, *ἄμπωτιν παρέχομενον*: said of the river Tartessus.

[2] Εἰλήθυιαν. A. Fabri observes that this passage makes Ilithyia different from Juno and Diana. Hesiod, in Theogon. 922, calls her the daughter (as does Hom. Il. xi. 270, 271) of Ἥρα, or Juno.

[3] Pangæum, a mountain on the confines of Thrace and Macedonia: it is mentioned for its gold and silver mines by Herodot. vii. 112.—*προθέλυμνα* (from *θέλυμνα*, i. q. *θεμέθλα*, foundations). Cf. Hom. Il. x. 15, &c.

[4] Cranon, or Crannon, (see Steph. Byzant. in voc.,) a town S. W. of Larissa in Thessaly. It was the residence of the Scopadæ, (cf. Theocr. xvi. 36,) a branch of the Aleuadæ. Cf. Hom. Il. xiii. 301. where the Ephyri are supposed to be the Crannonii. Catull. lxiv. 35, quoted by Spanh. &c.—Ossa was a mountain of Thessaly, south of Tempe. Pindus, a mountain and river in W. of Thessaly.

[5] Compare Virg. Æn. iii. 581, 582,

> Et quoties fessum mutet latus, intremere omnem
> Murmure Trinacriam.

Briareus is the same as Ægeon, concerning whom see Hesiod, Theog

the furnaces bellow under Vulcan's fire-tongs, and the works at the same time; and terribly resound the fire-wrought ewers, and tripods, falling one upon the other: *even* such then was the rattling of the circular shield.

Yet Peneus did not give way again, but was abiding firm even as at the first, and stayed his swift currents, until the daughter of Cæus[1] cried, "Save thyself, and farewell! save thyself! do not thou for my sake suffer ill, in requital for this compassion: nay, thou shalt have a return of *thy* kindness." She spake, and after she had laboured much before, approached the isles of-the-sea; but they did not receive her, when she came towards them, no, not the Echinades having a port convenient[2] for ships, nor Corcyra which is most hospitable[3] of all the rest; for Iris from lofty Mimas being wroth with them all, kept driving them far, far away: while they, whomsoever Latona chanced to reach, by reason of her clamour were fleeing-in-alarm, all together, up and down the waves.[4]

Then came she to ancient Cos,[5] the island of Merops, the

149, 617, &c.; Hom. Il. i. 403. With the next line, cf. Virg. Æn. viii 420, 421,

Striduntque cavernis,
Stricturæ Chalybum, et fornacibus ignis anhelat.

[1] Κοιηΐς. Daughter of Cæus. Latona, according to Hesiod, Theog. 134, 404, was daughter of Cæus and Phœbe. His worship was peculiar to the Ægean. Latona is called by Apollon. Rhod. ii. 712, Κοιογένεια.

[2] οὐ λιπαρὸν. Ruhnken adduces reasons for doubting the usual translation, "convenient for ships," as being contrary to fact, this view being first started by Arnaldus. Blomfield observes, that by removing the stop, and joining οὐ λιπαρὸν, i. e. inconvenient, the difficulty is removed. But some, at least, of the Echinades, lie off the coast of Acarnania, as Petalà, which Leake identifies with Dulichium: cf. Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Geogr. i. 804.

[3] Corcyra: the ancient Phæacians are called φιλόξεινοι in Hom. Od. vi. 121; and this is the character which the Phæacians have from Homer throughout that book. Herodot., (iii. 49—53,) however, narrates a violation of hospitality in the murder by the Corcyreans of Lycophron, son of Periander of Corinth. See more about Corcyra, Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Geogr. i. 670.

[4] Bentley translates "Illæ vero, ad quamcunque accederet Latona, simul omnes fugiebant per fluctum, ob comminationem Iridis." πεφοβημέναι· εἰς φυγὴν τετραμμένοι. *Hesych.*

[5] Cos, which is opposite Cnidus and Triopium, in the Myrtoan sea, was called Meropis, (Thucyd. vii. 41,) probably from one of its kings, Merops, son of Eumelus. He is mentioned by Eurip

sacred retreat of the heroine Chalciope. But this word of her son checked her: "Nay, mother, do not thou bring me forth here; neither, in truth, do I blame, nor bear ill-will to, the island; for it is both fruitful, and abounding in pasture, if any other *isle* is.[1] But to it from the Fates some other god is due, of the high race of Saviours:[2] beneath whose diadem shall come both continents not unwilling to be ruled by a Macedonian, and the *isles* which are set in the sea, even as far as the East, and the quarter whence his swift steeds bear the Sun. And he shall be wise in the manners and habits of his sire.[3] At some future time, too, at last shall come to us a common struggle, whensoever, having raised up the barbarian sword and Celtic warfare against the Greeks, the giants of-a-later-brood[4] shall rush-on from the farthest West, like unto snows,

Helen. 382. See Stephanus Byzant. p. 408. Chalciope was a daughter of Eurypylus, king of Cos, and mother of Thessalus. Hom. Il. ii. 679.

[1] The north and east of the island of Cos are very fertile. Strabo, xiv. c. i.——*εἰ νύ τις ἄλλη*. Compare with this phrase Eurip. Androm. 6, *νῦν δ' εἴ τις ἄλλη, δυστυχεστάτη γυνή*, &c.

[2] Ptolemy Philadelphus, son of Ptolemy Soter, son of Lagus, is here made the subject of a like compliment to that paid him by Theocr. Id. xvii., where his birth in the island of Cos, whither his mother Berenice had accompanied her husband during the naval campaign of B. C. 309, against Demetrius, is given at length. For Ptolemy Philadelphus's patronage of literature, see Preface to Translation of Theocritus (Bohn). Lagus, the father of Ptolemy Soter, was an obscure Macedonian, but his mother Arsinoe was a mistress of Philip of Macedon.—Theocr. Id. xvii. 83, 84, says that Ptolemy rules over 33,339 cities, the island Cyclades, all sea and land and rushing rivers.

[3] *ὁ δ' ἔἰσεται*. Cf. Theocr. Id. xvii. 121, 122; Virg. Ecl. iv. 17, Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

[4] The allusion here is to the struggle against an immense host of Celts, who had invaded Macedon and Thrace, and the north of Greece, when Ptolemy Ceraunus, brother and rival of Philadelphus, was slain by the invaders. A second invasion penetrated as far as Delphi, B. C. 279, attracted by the fame of the treasures, when the god vindicated his sanctuary, as he did when it was attacked by the Persians. Brennus and his Gauls were routed with great loss. Cf. Justin. xxiv. 6; Pausan. X. xxiii.; Smith's Hist. of Greece, p. 567.—*ὀψιγόνοι Τιτῆνες*. Cæsar describes, at a later date, in B. G. i. 36, (cf. Florus, iii. 10,) the terror of the Roman soldiery when they were first about to encounter the Suevi under Ariovistus: and what these Germans were in stature, form, and cruelty then, the Gauls were doubtless two centuries before

or equal-in-number to stars, when they pasture thickest in the air.[1] *Then* fortresses and villages of Locrians, the Delphic heights, and plains of Crissa and valleys of the continent, would mourn all-around: and behold the rich fruits of the neighbouring soil, as it burns; and no longer only by hearsay, but at length with clear gaze would they behold around the temple the phalanxes of foes: and at length, close to my tripods, swords and impious belts,[2] and hostile shields, which shall cause to the Gauls, a senseless crowd, an evil retreat: part of which shall be my prize, but part on the Nile, having seen their wearers expiring amidst fire, shall-be-laid-up[3] to be the rewards of a king who-hath-toiled-much; which oracles, O Ptolemy, I make clear to thee! Greatly beyond doubt wilt thou approve the seer, that is yet in the womb, hereafter all thy days:[4] but do thou, mother, understand thus. Conspicuous in the water is one slight island roaming amidst the open-seas, and its feet are never in *one* place, but it floats on the water's ebb and flow, like an asphodel-stalk,[5] whither south

[1] *βουκολέονται.* Ernesti illustrates this word by the use of pascor in Latin. Virg. Ecl. i. 60, Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cyeni. But A. Fabri, from Æn. i. 608, Polus dum sidera pascet, and Lucretius, i. 231, shows that the word is to be taken in its ordinary signification. *Δελφίδες ἄκραι:* cf. Soph. Œd. Tyr. 463, *Δελφὶς πέτρα.* Crissa was a little S. W. of Delphi, on a point of Mount Parnassus, and the Locri (Ozolæ) were on the west of it. The Gauls, properly so called, the Galatæ of the Greeks, the Galli of the Romans, the Gaels of modern history, formed the van of the great Celtic migration westward. *Merivale's History of Rome.*

[2] *ζωστῆρας.* This word, in Callimach. H. in Apoll. 85, signifies "belted men," but ordinarily "belts," &c. So *ἀσπίς* for *ἀσπιδηφορος*—arma for armati, &c. In 185, the allusion is to the slaughter and capture of numberless Gauls, when the elements fought for Delphi and Apollo, and to the shields hung up as trophies in consequence.

[3] *κείσονται.* "Repositæ jacebunt." *Ernesti.* It would appear from Justin. XXIV. viii., and Pausan. X. xxiv. ad fin. states, that of so vast a host not one remained to tell the tale. But Callimachus is entitled to a hearing, as being a contemporary of Philadelphus.

[4] This seeming prediction is very apposite, as Spanheim shows, when applied to Philadelphus, the patron of poets and literature: cf. Theocr. Idyll. xvii. 115.

[5] *ἀνθέρικος* is the same as *ἀνθέριξ,* (Hom. Il. xx. 227; Theocr. Id. i. 52, *αὐτὰρ ὅγ ἀνθερίκεσσι καλὰν πλέκει ἀκριδοθήραν,*) the stalk of the asphodel. At the next line Anna Fabri quotes a Latin Epigram about Delos; which see: and compare also Virg. Æn. iii. 73—77.

wind, or east, or the sea may bear it. Thither bear me. For to that *isle* you will come, willing *to receive you.*"

The *other* isles of the sea, as he spake thus much, began to flee away, but thou, song-loving Asteria, descendedst from Eubœa, to visit the round Cyclades, not by any means long before: for still behind thee clung the sea-weed of Geræstus,[1] and thou stayedst in the midst *of them;* and, pitying Latona, didst burn all the sea-weed, since thou wert exceeding-vexed at heart[2] to see the wretched mother weighed down by her pangs: "Juno, do with me what thou wilt: for I regard not thy threats; cross, cross over to me, O Latona!" Thou spakest: and she ineffably ceased from her vexatious wandering,[3] and sat beside the stream of Inopus, which the earth then sends forth at its greatest depth, when Nile descends from Æthiopian steep with swollen flood;[4] then loosed she her girdle, and leaned back with her shoulders against the trunk of a palm-tree,[5] worn as she was by grievous distress, and damp sweats were flowing over her skin. Then spake she, in her weakness, "Why, child, do you bear down your mother? this, dear one, is thine island floating on the sea. Be born, my child, be born,[6] and gently come forth from the womb."

[1] Geræstus was the southern promontory of Eubœa:—for Ἀστερίη in 197, cf. ver. 37. She is called φιλόμολπε because of the festivals held there, to which reference was made at the beginning of this hymn. For περιηγέας in 198, cf. H. in Ap. 59,—περιηγέος ἐγγύθι λίμνης.

[2] Κῆρι. Bentley and others adopted this reading instead of πυρί. Pausanias says that Lucina came from the Hyperborean regions to Delos to deliver Latona, and that hence she was solemnly worshipped by the Delians first, and after by other nations. See Pausan. I. c. xxxi. § 1, 2. In 203, with the construction of a double accusative with ῥέξον, see Matth. Gr. Gr. § 415, obs. B.

[3] Blomf. reads (instead of ἡ δ' ἄῤῥητον) ἡ δ' αὖ Λητώ.

[4] Inopus has been mentioned in H. to Dian. 171, where it is called Ægyptian, probably because it swelled and ebbed at the same time as the Nile, whence the underground communication supposed to exist between them. In 209 λῦσατο ζώνην is taken in its 2nd sense, "de primo partu," in which, as Spanh. observes, it is used in Ilythyia's epithet, λυσίζωνος: cf. Theocr. xvii. 60.

[5] For the palm-tree of Delos, as connected with Latona's parturition, see H. in Ap. 4; Eurip. Hecub. 458, &c.; Ion, 920, quoted by Spanheim; Hom. Od. vi. 162; Theognis, ver. 5, 6. In ver. 212 ἀλυσθμαίνουσα, which is also read ἀλυσθαίνουσα, is derived from ἀλύω, by Hesychius.

[6] Compare Berenice's invocation to her new-born son Philadel-

But thou, hard-hearted wife of Jove, wast not likely, I ween, long to be without hearing *of this:* such a messenger *was she that* ran to thee, and said, while yet she panted, and her speech was mingled with fear: "O honoured Juno, far foremost of goddesses, thine am I, all things are thine: and thou sittest own queen of Olympus,[1] and we fear none other female rule;—thou, sovereign, shalt know the causer of thy wrath. Latona, know you, looseth her girdle in an island, all the rest utterly rejected and would not receive her, but Asterie hath by name invited her as she approached; Asterie, base refuse of the deep.[2] Thou, even thou, knowest her. But, dear *mistress*, for thou hast power, help,[3] awful *goddess*, thy servants, who tread the earth's surface at thy bidding." So spake she, and then sate beneath the golden throne, like a hound of Artemis, which, what time it shall cease from the swift chase, sits, hunting dog *as she is*, beside her steps, and her ears[4] are all-erect, ever ready to catch the cheer of the goddess. Such-like did *Iris*, daughter of Thaumas, sit beneath the throne. Now she never forgets her station there, not even when sleep shall rest his wing in-forgetfulness,[5] but

phus, Theocr. Idyll. xvii. 66, Ὄλβιε κῶρε γένοιο.—ἄπυστος in 215 is similarly used in an active sense in Odyss. v. 127.

[1] Κάθησαι.—Ruhnken observes that this word has a notion of dignity inherent, quoting a similar use in Aristoph. Plutus, 533,—and a like use of "sedeo." Ov. Met. xiv. 261,

> Ad dominam ducunt, pulchro sedet illa recessu,
> Sublimis solio.

So also "incedo" is used, Virg. Æn. i. 46.

[2] σάρος, from σαίρω, 1st, the broom, that which sweeps: then, 2ndly, that which is swept, the sweepings, or refuse. Lat. Quisquiliæ. Compare Matt. Gr. Gr. § 429, 1.

[3] ἀμύνειν. The infinitive used for the imperative: cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 546; Soph. Electr. 6; Œd. T. 462; Æsch. Prom. Vinc. 711: Hom. Il. v. 124, &c.

[4] So we have watchers compared to a hound, Æsch. Agam. ?; Soph. Ajax, 5—8.—οὔατα ὀ' αὐτῆς—ὀρθά. So Virg. Æn. i. 152, Arrectisque auribus adstant, (and Geor. iii. 84,) where the metaphor is from a hound in the first instance.

[5] Anna Fabri compares Virg. Æn. v. 854—856,

> Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem
> Vique soporatum Stygiâ super utraque quassat
> Tempora: cunctantique natantia lumina solvit:

and Ernesti adds, Propert. I. iii. 45, Dum me jucundis lapsam Deus impulit alis. Tibull. II. i. 89, 90,

having bent her head a little toward the projection of the great throne, sleeps *there* slant-wise. Never does she unloose her cincture, nor her fleet hunting-shoes,[1] for fear that her mistress should speak some sudden mandate. Then Juno, being grievously wrathful, *thus* addressed her: "Thus then, ye disgraces to Jove, ye would be wooed by stealth,[2] and bear children secretly, and *that* not where wretched female-servants-at-the-mill[3] labour in hard child-birth, but where sea-calves breed amid the barren rocks. But with Asterie for this error I am no-wise wroth; nor is there reason wherefore I should treat her harshly, as it were right, (for very wrongly hath she accorded the favour to Latona,)[4] but I honour her in a wonderful degree, for that she has not pressed my bed, and has preferred Ocean to Jove." So spake she, and swans,[5] tuneful minstrels of the god, having left Mæonian Pactolus[6]

> Postque venit tacitus furvis circumdatus alis
> Somnus, et incerto somnia nigra pede.

[1] *ἐνδρομίδας*, hunting-boots, peculiar to Diana, (cf. H. in Dian. 16). In Juvenal, iii. 102; vi. 246, the word means a thick woollen rug thrown over the body after hard exercise.

[2] *γαμέισθε λάθρια*. Spanheim observes that the word *γαμέω* is here used of "amours," as in Theocr. Idyll. xxvii. 57, *Ἀλλήλαις καλέοντι τεὸν γάμον αἱ κυπάρισσοι*. He compares Plaut. Cistell. 45, 46. (Something similar is the use of vir, uxor, maritus, &c. in Virg. Ecl. vii. 18, 29, 30, &c.)

[3] *ἀλετρίδες*. The Scholiast at Aristoph. Pax, 258, explains *ἀλετρὶς ἡ μυλωθρὸς παρὰ Καλλιμάχῳ*. See Hom. Odyss. xx. 105.

[4] Juno hints that Asteria has deserved ill at her hands, by yielding to Latona a resting-place; but that she forgives her, in gratitude for her former kindness, in rejecting the advances of Jove, and preferring Neptune to him. This appears the right explanation, and is that of Spanheim.

[5] Of swans, sacred to Apollo, mention is made in Apoll. 5. Spanheim notes as remarkable, that swans, which by the concurrent statement of the Greek and Latin poets, (Æsch. Agam. 1444, 1445; Oppian, Cyneg. ii. 508; Ovid, Heroides, vii. 1, 2, &c.,) only sing just before their death, are in the text, and by Eurip. Iph. in Taur. 1104, 1105, and Ion, 161, connected in song with the worship of Apollo and Diana.

[6] Pactolus.] Virg. Æn. x. 141, 142, connects the epithet Mæonian with the Pactolus, Mæoniâ generose domo: ubi pinguia culta Exercentque viri, Pactolusque irrigat auro. Mæonia appears to have been the upper part of Lydia, near to Tmolus. Cf. Hom. Il. ii. 866. With reference to the seven times repeated circling of Delos by the swans, see Hesiod, Op. et D. ver. 771, where it appears that the

circled seven times around Delos, and chaunted over *Latona* in childbirth, birds of the Muses *as they* are, most tuneful of winged fowl. Hence afterward the boy fitted to the lyre just so many strings[1] as the times the swans had chaunted over her throes. Not yet an eighth time did they sing, for he leapt forth; and *then* to far distance the Nymphs of Delos, stock of an ancient river, sang the holy song of Ilithyia, and forthwith æther's brazen vault gave back the thrilling chaunt.[2] Nor was Juno wroth, for Jove had removed her wrath. Golden then became all thy foundations, Delos, and of-gold flowed thy circular lake all-its-days;[3] with golden foliage bloomed likewise the olive shoot, and the deep-rolling Inopus was overflowing with gold.

Then thou tookest the boy, thyself, from the golden soil, placedst him in thy bosom,[4] and spakest thus: "O mighty *earth*, with-many-an-altar, many-a-city,[5] thou that bearest much, ye fertile lands, and ye isles, that dwell around, I am myself barren as ye see me, yet from me shall Apollo be called Delian, nor shall any other land be so much beloved by other

seventh day was holy to Apollo, because on that day of the month Latona bare him.

[1] Cf. Horat. III. xi. 3, Tuque testudo resonare *septem* Callida nervis.—*ὁ δ' ἔκθορεν.* Cf. Homer, H. in Ap. 124, *ἐκ δ' ἔθορε προφόως δε.* In 256, *ποταμοῦ γένος*, Inopus is the river indicated. Cf. 206.

[2] *ὁλολυγήν. ὁλολυγμὸς* is used of a cry of joy by Æsch. Agam. 28 and 595; as well as *ἀνωλόλυξα* at Agam. 587. Spanheim adduces these and other passages from the Tragic poets, and the usage of the word "ululo" of joy from Statius, Theb. v. 729.—*διαπρυσίην* is derived from *περήν, περάω.*

[3] This circular lake is mentioned by Herodot. ii. 170, and by Theognis, 7. Cf. Herodot. Baehr ad loc.—*Πανήμερος*, i. e. per omnes dies, semper. Cf. Apollon. Rhod. 1194, *πρὶν καὶ πετράων σχεδὸν ἦλυθον αἴτ' ἐνὶ πόντου Στεινωπῷ συνίασι πανήμεροι ἀλλήλοισιν.* With the next line compare Eurip. Ion, 1104.—*ἐκόμησε.* Cf. Virg. Æn. vi. 141, Auricomos fœtus; 208, aurum frondens.

[4] Ernesti compares with this passage Theocr. xvii. 65—70. Compare also Hom. H. to Ap. 61, 114, &c. Virg. Ecl. v. 62, Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant Intonsi montes.

[5] Though, according to Strabo, (book x.,) there was but one city in Delos worthy of mention, it having been laid waste by Mithridates, yet in after-time it had several very flourishing colonies, owing to its convenient position for merchants between Athens and Phœnicia, and on account of the sanctity of the island. See Spanheim ad loc.

god; not Cerchnis[1] by Poseidon, lord of Lechæum, nor the mountain of Cyllene by Hermes, nor Crete by Jove, as I by Apollo;[2] neither shall I be any more roaming."

So spakest thou. He drew the sweet teat. Thence, nurse of Apollo, art thou called from that day forth even holiest of isles, nor doth Enyo, nor Hades, nor the steeds of Mars tread thee;[3] but ever every year to thee are sent tithes and first-fruits,[4] and all cities, which have placed their settlements eastward,[5] and westward, and toward the south, lead up choirs *to thee;* and they who have their dwellings beyond the northern shore, a very ancient stock.[6] Who however first of

[1] Κερχνὶς, according to Spanh., is by metathesis for Κέγχρις, i. e. Cenchreæ, the port and dock of Corinth, which was so called from Cenchrius, son of Neptune, who is himself sometimes called Cenchrian: cf. Steph. Byzant. p. 373. Lechæum was the port of Corinth on the Corinthian, Cenchreæ that on the Saronic Gulf. Ernesti compares with the passage generally Ovid. Trist. I. vi. 1—3,

Nec tantum Clario Lyde dilecta poetæ
Nec tantum Coo Bittis amata suo est,
Pectoribus quantum tu nostris, uxor, inhæres.

[2] Ὡς ἐγὼ Ἀπόλλωνι. Delus is called Ἀπολλωνίας in Pindar, Isthm. i. 6. Cf. Virg. Æn. iii. 72, Veneramur Apollinis urbem, i. e. Delon.

[3] Ἀΐδης. Pluto, Bellona, and Mars, death, slaughter, battle, are absent from the isle. It is not clear that the allusion is here to the regulation noticed in Thucyd. iii. 104, that no corpse should be interred within the sacred isle. Hades is introduced, as Spanheim and Ernesti agree, in companionship with Enyo and Mars.

[4] ἀπαρχαὶ. Spanheim shows that first-fruits and tithes were sent yearly to Delos, not by neighbouring isles only, but by remote nations on every side. See also Smith's Dict. of Gr. and R. Antiq. art. "Delia."—πέμπονται, the vox solennis for annual offerings being despatched to a god in a Theoris, by Theori. Cf. Æsch. Eumen. 12, πέμπουσι δ' αὐτὸν καὶ σεβίζουσιν μέγα. Thucyd. iii. 104, has χορους δε ἀνῆγον αἱ πόλεις. Herodot. says that the Ionic cities and isles sent many and stated presents thither, iv. 35; and Pausan. gives the same account with reference to the Messenians, iv. 4, § 1.

[5] αἵτε πρὸς Ἠῶ. Darius, Xerxes, and Datis, the general of Darius, are shown by history to have honoured and left intact, and even augmented, the sanctity and wealth of Delos.

[6] Herodot. vi. 33, shows that the Hyperboreans, or Arimaspi, a nation to the far north, sent deputies to Delos; but that the last deputies sent thither having died in the isle, the nation thenceforth contented themselves with delivering their presents on the borders of a country near the Scythians. Thence they were forwarded to the Pelasgi of Epirus, and so through Eubœa and Tenos to the

all offer to thee wheat straw, and holy sheaves of ears of corn, which the Pelasgi from Dodona receive far-earliest, as they come out from a far land, *the Pelasgi* sleeping-on-the-earth,[1] servants of the vase that is never silent. Next come they to the holy city, and mountains of the Melian land ;[2] and thence they sail across to the fruitful Lelantian soil of the Abantes : nor is the passage any longer far from Eubœa : since thine harbours are neighbouring.

These to thee from the yellow Arimaspians, Upis, and Loxo, and Ecaerge[3] of-happy-days, daughters of Boreas, were the first to bring, with the males, who at that time were best among the youths : neither did these *last* come back home : but they were made blessed, and never *are* they without the meed of glory. For in truth the Delian women, when the tuneful nuptial-song scares the wonted-haunts[4] of maidens, to the virgins offer as first-fruits their coeval locks, whilst the youths bring as their first-fruit the first harvest of their downy chin.

Thee, fragrant Asterie, the islands circle around and about, and as it were encompass thee with a choir, *while thou art*

priests of Delos. Cf. Pausan. I. xxxi. § 2, &c. These offerings, as it would seem, were bound up in wisps of straw, (*ἐράγματα ἀσταχύων*, "mergites,") and so passed from one nation to the other.

[1] *γηλεχέες*. Hom. Il. xvi. 235, *ἀμφὶ δε Σελλοὶ Σοὶ ναίουσ' ὑποφῆται ἀνιπτόποδες, χαμαιεῦναι*. Anna Fabri compares Virg. Æn. vii. 87, 88,

> Et cæsarum ovium, sub nocte silenti
> Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnosque petivit.

—*ἀσιγήτοιο λέβητος*. So Virg. Æn. iii. 466 has Dodonæosque lebetas, where Servius explains that these lebetes were brazen vases, all of which would ring at one touch.

[2] *Μηλίδος αἴας*—the shores of the Sinus Maliacus. Cf. Herodot. iv. 33; and vii. 98. The Lelantian plain is in Eubœa, so called from Lelas, one of the kings of the island; and is called *ἀγαθὸν* from its warm springs and rich soil. Cf. Spanheim ad loc.

[3] Upis, Loxo, and Hecaerge.] Herodot. iv. 34, mentions only two, called Hyperoche and Laodice. The Scythian goddess whose servants these were, and who was the same as Artemis, was named Bendis. See Smith's Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Myth. vol. i. at art. *Bendis*.

[4] *ἤθεα*, sedes consuetas. Hesiod, Op. et D. 523, *ἐν τ' ἀπύρῳ οἴκῳ καὶ ἐν ἤθεσι λευγαλέοισιν*.—Μορμύσσεται. Cf. H. in Dian. 70. Anna Fabri considers *ἤθεα κουράων* equivalent to *κόρας* by a similar periphrasis to Mitis sapientia Lœli, &c

neither silent nor without-*vocal*-sounds ;[1] *but* Hesper with-his-crisp-locks ever looks down on thee celebrated-by-song. Some sing-to-the-dancing the hymn of the Lycian old man which Olen, the seer, brought thee from Xanthus ;[2] whilst others, *maidens*, in-the-choral-dance, beat with their foot the firm earth. Then truly also is the sacred image far-high renowned of ancient Cypris weighed down with garlands, whom Theseus of old set up,[3] when he was sailing from Crete, along with the youths, who, when they had escaped the savage bellowing of Pasiphae's brute son, and the intricate seat of the winding labyrinth,[4] danced a cyclic measure around thine altar, O revered goddess, whilst the harping roused *the dance ;* and Theseus led the choir. Thence the sons of Cecrops send to Phœbus the ever-living rites of the sacred-ship,[5] the tackle of that vessel.

[1] *οὔτε σιοπηλὴν οὔτ' ἄψόφον.* This is the reading of Blomfield, adopted here as more in accordance with the sense of the passage. Ὄυλος *ἰθείαις* Ἔσπερος. Vulcanius observes that Hesperus is called by the Latins "jubar;" because the brilliancy of his light is shed like a lion's mane, juba leonis. He quotes Hom. Il. xxii. 318, Ἔσπερος ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστὴρ : and Catull. lx. 26, Hespere, qui cœlo lucet jucundior ignis.

[2] Olen, the earliest Hymnist in Greece, was probably connected with a colony of worshippers of Apollo from Patara in Lycia. See Herod. iv. 35; Pausan. I. xviii. 5; II. xiii. § 3, &c. Pausanias states that his hymns included some to Here, Achaiea, and Eileithyia, as well as a last one to Apollo and Artemis. Cf. Smith, Dict. G. and R. B. iii. p. 20. With the next verse compare Horat. Od. I. ii. 7, Alterno terram quatiunt pede.

[3] This allusion to the image of Venus brought from Crete to Delos, by Theseus, and the solemn dance around her altar, is illustrated by Pausanias, IX. xl. § 2. Spanheim adds Horace, Od. III. xxviii. 15,

> Quæ Cnidon
> Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphon
> Junctis visit oloribus.

[4] See Virg. Æn. vi. 20—22,

> Tum pendere pœnas,
> Cecropidæ jussi (miserum) septena quotannis
> Corpora natorum : stat ductis sortibus urna :

and Æn. v. 588—591, Ut quondam Cretâ fertur, &c.

[5] *θεωρίδος*, the sacred ship chiefly used for conveying embassies to Delos to the solemn annual festival. It was in existence, so the Athenians believed, till the time of Demetrius Phalerius, the very

O Asterie of many altars, many suppliants, what sailor, trading in the Ægean, passeth thee by in his fleet ship ? No gales so strong breathe on his bark,[1] no urgency speeds his sailing with utmost haste, *to prevent him:* but quick-they furl the sails, and do not go back again before that they have whirled round thine altar lacerated with stripes,[2] and have bitten the holy trunk of the olive, with their hands tied behind them ; which the Delian nymph invented as sports and food-for-laughter to the young Apollo. O hearth of isles,[3] of-happy-home, hail to thyself: and hail Apollo too, and she whom Latona bare.

ship in which Theseus sailed from Crete. For the Theoris, Theoria, and Theori, see Smith, G. and R. A. Dict. p. 960, 961.—*τοπήϊα*, i. e. *δπλα, σχοινία, κάλοι. Scholiast.*

[1] Anna Fabri aptly quotes Virg. Æn. iiii. 453,

> Hic tibi nequa moræ fuerint dispendia tanti,
> Quamvis increpitent socii, et vi cursus in altum
> Vela vocet, possisque sinus implere secundos,
> Quin adeas vatem, precibusque oracula poscas.

And Stephens compares with *τὰ λαίφη ἐστείλαντο*, Virg. Æn. v. 15, Colligere arma jubet.

[2] These rites are said to have been invented by the Delian nymph, and not Theseus, and with them every voyager who touched at Delos was obliged to propitiate Apollo. Spanheim refers to Theocr. Id. vii. 106, where somewhat similar rites are said to have taken place at a festival of Pan in Arcadia. For *ῥησσόμενον*, the ordinary reading, it seems needful to introduce with Ernesti *ῥησσομένους.*—*πρέμνον ὀδακτάσαι.* This seems to mean that the merchants and others, who joined in these rites, submitted to be bound by the hands to the trunk of the olive, under which Latona was delivered. —*γελάστύς*, like *ὀαριστύς*, cf. Theocr. Id. xxviii., seems to have been of a class of words in *στύς* very common among the Alexandrian school of poets.

[3] Delos is called *ἰστίη νήσων*, according to the Scholiast, as lying in the centre of a number of isles, even as a hearth, or Vesta's altar in the middle of the house.

HYMN TO THE BASKET OF CERES, OR DEMETER.

As the basket[1] descends, ye women, join in acclamation: all hail, Demeter, that-feedest-many, of many-measures.[2] The basket as it descends (close the door *of your lips,* ye profane) gaze upon, neither from the house-roof, nor from an eminence, neither boy, nor woman, nor she who has suffered her hair to flow *unbound*,[3] neither when fasting we spit from parched mouths. Hesperus is wont to behold it when he comes forth from the clouds, Hesperus, who alone persuaded Demeter to drink, when she was following after the undiscovered track of her ravished child. Lady goddess, how did thy feet sustain to bear thee both to the west,[4] and even to the black (*Africans*), and to where are the golden apples. Thou didst not drink, no, nor eat nor wash thyself during that time. Thrice didst thou cross in truth silver-eddying Achelous,[5]

[1] We have followed Blomf. in placing this hymn before the Bath of Pallas, a poem clearly of the elegiac class. Ptolemy Philadelphus had introduced to Alexandria from Athens the Eleusinian festival of Demeter. In this a main ceremony was the carrying of the calathus or sacred basket in honour of Ceres, on the fourth day of the festival. Demeter seems to have personified the fertilizing power of nature. See Virg. Georg. i. 5, Liber et alma Ceres. This basket-carrying may have had its origin in Proserpine's maiden life in Sicily. Cf. Ovid. Fast. iv. 420—450.

[2] Theocritus, Id. x. 42, has *Δάματερ πολύκαρπε πολύσταχυ*—and compare Virg. Georg. i. 347, Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta. In the third line, for *χαμαὶ θασσεῖσθε* we read from the Schol. on Plato's Symposium, p. 218, B., quoted by Blomf., *θύρας δ' ἐπιθέσθε βέβηλοι* sc. *τοῖς ὠσὶν*.

[3] There seems no doubt that by *ἄ κατεχεύατο χαίταν* is to be understood the class of courtesans, as Bentley was of opinion. In illustration see Ov. De Art. Amat. i. 31, Este procul vittæ tenues, insigne pudoris, and Tibull. I. vi. 68. The meaning of the next line seems simply that the fasting are not to gaze on the ceremony of the Canephoria, and so unseasonably renew the memory of the fast of Ceres, in search of her daughter.

[4] *δυθμὰς*, Doric for *δυσμάς*.—*μέλανας*, i. e. Æthiopas. Cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 527, *ἀλλ' ἐπὶ κυανέων ἀνδρῶν δῆμόν τε πόλιντε. Ruhnken.*—*ὅπα τὰ χρύσεα μᾶλα*—the Atlantic and the gardens of the Hesperides. Spanh. quotes Apollon. Rhod. iv. 1396.

[5] Achelous, the chief fresh-water river in Greece, rising in Mount Pindus, and flowing through Acarnania and Ætolia into the Ionian Sea near Œniadæ, mentioned by Hom. Il xxi. 194; Ov. Met. ix. 68; Virg. Georg. i. 9

and as many times pass-over each of the ever-flowing rivers, and thrice didst thou run to Henna, the navel of a most beauteous isle,[1] and thrice didst thou seat thyself on the ground beside the spring Callichorus, athirst and without drinking; and thou didst not eat nor wash thyself. Nay, let us not speak of these things, which brought tears to Ceres: better, how she gave to cities pleasing laws;[2] better, how she *was the* first *to* cut off wheat straw and handfuls of ears,[3] and introduced oxen to tread out *the corn*, when Triptolemus was being taught a good art.[4] Better, to see how (that so every one may escape transgressions) she made the son of Triopas pitiable by hunger.[5] Not yet were the Pelasgians inhabiting the Cnidian land, but as yet sacred Dotium; but to thyself

[1] Henna, or Enna, was as nearly as possible in the centre of Sicily Hence Cic. in Verr. iv. 48, calls it "Umbilicus Siciliæ," and Callimachus herc, *ὁμφαλὸν Ἔνναν*. [Cf. Milton's Comus, "Within the navel of this hideous wood."] For a description of Henna see Cic. in Verr. iv. 48; Ov. Met. v. 385; Fast. iv. 419. Pausanias, I. xxxviii. 6, mentions Callichorus as a spring of Attica, where first the Eleusinian women instituted a choir and celebrated the goddess with song.

[2] Virg. Æn. iv. 58, calls Ceres "Legifera," the Latin form of *θεσμοφόρος*. Cf. *θεσμοφόρια*, legum latio. It is most fitting, as Servius says, that she should be styled "legifera," because the giving of corn to men was the first dawn of civilization and law—rights and laws arising out of division of lands.

[3] *πράτα—ἀπέκοψε*. Cf. Ovid, Fast. iv. 401, 402,

> Prima Ceres homine ad meliora alimenta vocato
> Mutavit glandes utiliore cibo.

καλάμην τε καὶ ἱερὰ δράγματα. Cf. Theocr. vii. 157; Call. H. to Delos, 284; Tibull. I. x. ad fin., At nobis pax alma veni, spicamque teneto. Demeter's symbols were spikes and poppies. In the next line we have evidence of the general use of beasts for treading corn by the ancients. See Deut. xxv. 4, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox," &c.

[4] Triptolemus (cf. Virg. Georg. i. 19, Uncique puer monstrator aratri) was a son of King Eleusis, a favourite of Demeter, and the great hero in the Eleusinian mysteries. See his story in Ov. Fast. iv. 507, &c.; Ov. Met. v. 646, &c.—*ἐδιδάσκετο*—disceret, doceretur.

[5] The son of Triopas, i. e. Erysichthon, i. e. tearer up of earth. See Ovid, Met. viii. 738, &c., and Müller, Dor. II. x. § 3. Cnidus, mentioned in the next line, was a city of Caria colonized by Lacedæmonians under Triopas. Pausan. X. xi. § 1. Dotium was the name of a plain S. of Ossa in Pelasgiotis of Thessaly, on the west of the lake Bœbeis. See Steph Byzant p. 250; Plin. H. N. iv. c. 9.

had raised a beautiful enclosure, thickly-grown with trees; scarce would an arrow have penetrated it. In it was the pine, in it tall elms, and pear-trees also, and beautiful sweet-apples, whilst the water, like as amber, was bursting forth from springs,[1] and the goddess was as fond of the spot as Eleusis, and as Triopus,[2] and Enna. But when their propitious deity was wroth with the Triopidæ, then worse counsel took hold of Erysichthon. He hastened forth with twenty servants, all in their prime, all giant-men, (*they would be* sufficient to lift a whole city,)[3] having armed them in both respects with hatchets and axes. So they rushed without-shame into the grove of Ceres.

Now there was a poplar, a large tree, reaching to heaven,[4] and under it the Nymphs were-wont-to-disport-themselves in the noontide; which stricken first, sounded an evil melody for the rest. Demeter became-aware that her sacred grove is in trouble, and said in her anger, "Who is hewing down my beautiful trees?"

Forthwith she likened herself to Nicippe,[5] whom the state

[1] *ἐξ ἀμαρᾶν.* Cf. Hom. Il. xxi. 259, *ἀμάρης ἐξ ἔχματα βάλλων.* Apollon. Rhod. iii. 1391. Compare generally, Theocr. Id. vii. 140—147.—*ἐπεμαίνεται χώρῳ.* Cf. Il. vi. 160, *τῷ δε γυνὴ Προίτου ἐπεμήνατο.* Spanh. illustrates this verb by Propert. II. xxxiv. 25, Lynceus ipse meus sanos *insanit* amores. For goddesses preferring special cities, cf. Virg. Æn. i. 15, &c.

[2] Triopus.] This seems another name for Triopium, which, according to Stephanus of Byzantium, was also called Triopia and Triops. Cf. Steph. p. 666. In the next line *Τριοπίδαισιν* refers to the family of Triopas.

[3] Spanheim compares Eurip. Phœniss. 1131, 1132,

γίγας ἐπ' ὤμων γηγενὴς ὅλην πολίν
φέρων μοχλοῖσιν ἐξανασπάσας βάθρων.

[4] *αἴγειρος μέγα δένδρεον.* Cf. Hom. Od. v. 239, where it is called *οὐρανομήκης.* Cf. also Virg. Georg. ii. 66; Æn. viii. 276; Horat. Od. II. iii. 9, 10; in all which passages it is described as large and overshadowing.—*κῦρον*, i. e. *προσπελάζον. Schol.*

[5] Νικίππᾳ (*τὰν οἱ, κ. τ. λ.*) Compare Hom. Il. vi. 300. Observe also the noun of multitude with a verb plural, Matt. Gr. Gr. § 302, p. 516. Æsch. Agam. 588, &c. So in Virg. Æn. vii. 416, Alecto likens herself to Juno's priestess: In vultus sese transformat aniles: . . . Fit Calybe Junonis anus, templique sacerdos.—*γέντο*, i. q. *ἔλαβεν*, according to some Æol. for *ἕλετο, ἕλτο, ἔντο, γέντο.* Cf. Liddell and Scott, Lex. in voc. *στέμματα καὶ μάκωνα.* Cf. Theocr. vii. 157, referred to at line 20. Spanheim illustrates this notice of the priestess

had appointed as her public priestess, and she grasped in her hand the fillets, and poppies, and kept her key on her shoulders. Then said she, soothing the bad and shameless man, "My son, who fellest the trees which are consecrated[1] to gods, stay, my son, child much-loved by thy parents, forbear: and turn away thy servants, lest anywise our Lady Demeter be wroth with thee, *Demeter*, whose holy precinct thou art pillaging."

At her then looking-askance more fiercely than a lioness with-savage-brood (whose eye men say is *of all* most terrible) eyes a man on the Tmarian[2] mountains, he said, "Give way, lest I fasten this great axe in thy flesh. These trees thou shalt behold my well-roofed house,[3] wherein I shall ever and anon hold pleasant banquets to my heart's content" with my companions. So spake the youth, and Nemesis recorded the wicked speech.[4]

Demeter was wrath in an unspeakable degree; and she became the goddess. Her steps indeed trod the ground, but

of Ceres bearing the key of her temple, by Æsch. Suppl. 291, where Io is called κληδοῦχον Ἥρας—æditua Junonis: and Iph. in Taur. Eurip. 1463, and Troad. 256.

[1] ἀνειμένα, i. e. ἄφετα: properly animals dedicated to a deity and so allowed to run free in the sacred enclosures. Cf. Valkn. Herod. ii. 65.—πολύθεστε, th. θέσσασθαι, to seek-by-prayer. Cf. ἀπόθεστος, Hom. Od. xvii. 296.

[2] Tmarian mountains.] Cf. Virg. Ecl. viii. 44, Aut Tmaros, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes. Tmaros was a ridge of the Molossian district, whence Aristot., H. A. vi., says the fiercest lions sprung. Blomfield quotes here Eurip. Medea, 190, Καίτοι τοκάδος δέργμα λεαίνας Ἀποταυροῦται δμωσίν.

[3] θασεῖ, according to Spanheim, is i. q. respicies. Cf. θασεῖσθε, one reading in ver. 3. Stephens and Anna Fabri understand θασεῖ στεγανὸν to mean στέξει, shall roof. We have adopted the former view, Has arbores videbis meæ domûs tecta.

[4] ἐγράψατο φωνάν. Ernesti shows that the poets attribute books, wherein good and bad deeds are noted to Jove, the Parcæ, and other deities. So Pluto is represented in Æsch. Eumen. 275, δελτογράφῳ φρενί. Cf. Prom. V. 789, &c. So too in Holy Scripture we have frequent allusion to the "recording angel," and, "Are not these things written in thy book?"—She became the goddess; that is, she reassumed her proper character. The converse process is shown in Virg. Æn. vii. 419, where out of a Fury Alecto becomes (*fit*) Calybe.—θεῦς, Dor. for θεός, as θεῦμορος for θεόμορος Pind. Ol. iii. 18. Cf. Liddell and Scott.

her head touched Olympus.[1] Then were they half-dead I wot, when they had seen the awful goddess, and on a sudden rushed away, having left the axe among the oaks. The rest she let alone, (for by constraint they followed beneath their lord's hand,) but she replied to the king that-vexed-her, "So, so build thy hall, thou dog, thou dog,[2] wherein thou mayest hold banquets: for frequent festivals shalt thou have hereafter." Thus much she spake, and proceeded to work evil for Erysichthon. Forthwith upon him she sent a grievous fierce hunger, burning[3] and violent; and he began to be famished by a severe disease. Wretched man that he was, as much as he happened to eat, for so much more again did a craving seize him. Twenty were wont to make ready his banquet, twelve to pour out wine: for so many *acts* incense Dionysus as *in-*

[1] *ἴθματα*: cf. Hom. Il. v. 778. With the whole line compare Hom. Il. iv. 442, 443. Virg. Æn. iv. 176, 177,

> Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras.
> Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.

Dodd compares also Milton, P. L. iv. 985,

> "On the other side Satan, alarmed,
> Collecting all his might dilated stood,
> Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved:
> His stature reached the sky; and on his crest
> Sat horror plumed."

But above all, the prophet Isaiah, lx. 1, "Heaven is my throne, a the earth is my footstool."

[2] *Κύον, κύον.* Spanh. observes the use of this term applied by heroes and even goddesses one to another in Homer, (cf. Il. viii. 423, xxi. 481,) and we may add the frequent Homeric use of the epithet *κυνῶπα*. Spanheim also remarks upon the correctness even of heathen views of reward and punishment, as shown in this instance of the making a man's besetting sin the engine of his punishment. So the rich man in St. Luke's Gospel, xvi. 27. Cf. Shakspeare's King Lear,

> "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to plague and punish us."

Blomfield illustrates the repetition of *κύον* by Epigr. xxx. 5, *σὺ δὲ ναιχὶ καλὸς καλὸς*, and the use among the ancient Latins of L. L. and B. B. for libenter libenter, i. e. libentissimè, and Bene bene, i. e. optimè.

[3] *αἴθων.* Cf. Ov. Met. viii. 827, Furit ardor edendi, i. e. *λιμὸς αἴθων*: and an Epigr. in Æsch. against Ctesiphon, *λιμόν αἴθωνα.—ἐστρεύγετο.* Cf. Hom. Il. xv. 512, *στρεύγεσθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι.*

cense Demeter likewise.[1] For along with Demeter Dionysus had been enraged. Neither to clubs nor to social banquets could his parents send him for shame, but every pretext was devised *to excuse* him. The Ormenidæ had come to invite him to the games in-honour-of Itonian Minerva:[2] his mother then said that he could not come. "He is not within, for yesterday he has gone to Cranon, to demand back a debt[3] of a hundred oxen." Polyxo, Actorion's mother, came, for she was making ready her son's nuptials, inviting both Triopas and his son. But with grieving heart the woman answered, as-she-shed-tears, "Triopas will come at your bidding, but a boar hath smitten Erysichthon in the sweet glades of Pindus,[4] and he is lying ill *now* for nine days." Wretched mother, fond of thy son, what falsehood then didst thou not utter! Was any one preparing feasts?[5] Erysichthon was abroad. Was one marrying a wife? "A quoit has struck Erysichthon, or he has fallen from his chariot, or he is numbering the flocks on Othrys." But within-the-inner-chambers, then for-whole-

[1] Bacchus and Ceres are often associated, as in Virg. Georg. i. 5—7. Soph. Antig. 1119, 1120, *μέδεις δὲ παγκοίνοις Ἐλευσινίας Δηοῦς ἐν κόλποις*. And Pausan. VII. xx. § 1, 2, speaks of the Achæans as paying Bacchus *Αἰσυμνήτης*, just the same honours as Demeter. In the next line at *εἰς ἐράνως οὔτε συνδείπνια*, cf. Hom. Od. i. 226.

[2] Itonian Minerva.] Pausan. IX. xxxiv. 1, speaks of the temple of Itonian Minerva before Coronea in Bœotia, and says that the surname arose from Itonus, a son of Amphictyon, who, according to the Schol. to Apollon. Rhod. i. 721, was priest to the goddess. Ormenium was a city of Thessaly, between Pheræ and Larissa, named from Ormenus, a grandson of Æolus. Cf. Pausan. I. xiii. § 2, who marks the temple of Itonian Minerva as between these cities. Crano was a city of Thessaly, cf. H. in Del. 138.

[3] *τελθος*, (cf. Bath of Pallas, 106,) for *τέλος*, as *ἄχθος* from *ἄχος*, *μαλθακὸς* from *μαλακός*. *Span.* Actorion, son of Polyxo, mentioned two lines below, was probably one of the Argonauts.—*ἀμφότερον*. See here Blomfield's learned note, showing that *ἀμφότερον* is here used adverbially, the "plena locutio" being *ἀμφότερον ποιοῦσα, κικλήσκουσα*. Cf. 36; Hom. Il. iv. 60, &c.

[4] *Πίνδου ἀν' εὐάγκειαν*. Ernesti compares Pindar, Pyth. ix. 27, 28, *Πίνδου κλεεινὰι πτυχαί.—κεῖται*, the counterpart of the Latin "Cubat." Horat. Sat. I. ix. 18, Trans Tiberim longè cubat is prope Cæsaris hortos. II. iii. 289, Mater ait pueri menses jam quinque cubantis. Eurip. Orest. 36; Med. 24; Theocr. iii. 53. *Blomfield.*

[5] *δαίνυεν εἰλαπίνας* (*δαίνυ δαῖτα γέρουσι*, Il. ix. 70.) *δαινύω* and *δαίνυμι* are both from *δαίω*, to distribute. In the 87th line, *ἐξ ἵππων* would seem to mean, as in Hom. Il. vii. 15, "de curru." *Ruhnken.* The picture of a king's son numbering flocks on Othrys is not incon-

days-long the feaster was devouring ten-thousand viands of every kind,[1] but his insatiate stomach was-in-commotion while he kept eating more continually: and all the meats kept flowing down idly thankless, as it were into the deep of the sea. Even as snow on Mimas, as a wax-doll in the sun,[2] and yet more than these he was wasting, until on the nerves of the wretched man fibres and bones alone were left.[3] Weeping was his mother, deeply wailing were his two sisters, and the nurse by whom he was suckled,[4] and the ten handmaids oftentimes. Yea, and often would Triopas himself lay hands on his hoary hair, thus calling on Neptune, who did not heed him; "O falsely named father, behold this the third from thee, that is, if I indeed am son of thee and Æolian Canace;[5] and from me is born this wretched offspring.

"For would that mine hands had duly buried him stricken by Apollo:[6] but now baneful famine is seated in his eyes.

sistent with simple antiquity. So Proteus, king of Egypt, in Hom. Od. iv. 451, λέκτο δ' ἀριθμὸν. Virg. Georg. iv. 436, Considit scopulo medius numerumque recenset.

[1] μυρία πάντα. Πάντα here seems used in the Homeric sense, "of all kinds." Cf. Hom. Il. i. 5, &c. ἐξάλλετο γαστὴρ. Spanheim quotes Ov. Met. viii. 834, Plusque cupit, quo plura suam dimettit in alvum. 843, Semperque locus fit inanis edendo. Juvenal, Sat. xv. 100, Cogebat vacui ventris furor. With the next line, cf. Ov. Met. viii. 835, Usque fretum recipit de totâ flumina terrâ, Nec satiatur aquis. ἀλεμάτως for ἠλεμάτως, i. q. ματαίως. Apollon. Rhod. iv. 1206, τῶ καὶ ὅτ' ἠλεμάτως Κόλχοι μάθον ἀντιόωντες.

[2] Mimas, a mount of Ionia, opposite Chios. Cf. Pausan. VII. iv. 1. πλαγγὼν, a wax-doll, called by Theocr. ii. 110, δαγὺς, and by the Attics, κόρα. It is derived from πλάσσω—planguncula is the term used by Cicero ad Att. vi. 1, Inventa sunt quinque planguncula matronarum.

[3] ἴνες τε καὶ ὀστεὰ. Cf. Theocr. Idyll. ii. 89; iv. 16; Virg. Ecl. iii. 102, Vix ossibus hærent. Horace, Epod. xvii. 21, 22,

Verecundus color
Reliquit ossa pelle amicta luridâ;

and Horat. Od. I. xxviii. 12.

[4] χὼ μαστὸς, the thing for the person. The converse to this is found in Catull. lxii. 18, Nutricum tenus exstantes e gurgite cano, where nutricum is for "mammarum." Spanh. quotes Martial, Epigr. lib. i. ci.

[5] Æolian Canace, daughter of Æolus and Enarete, had several children by Poseidon. She is the subject of the Eleventh of Ovid's Epistles, Canace Macareo.

[6] Apollo and Diana were supposed to remove those who perished by sudden death. Cf. Hom. Il. xix. 59; xxiv. 757, ὄντ' ἀργυρότοξος

Either remove thou from him his sore disorder, or thyself take and maintain him: for my tables have fallen-short. Reft *are* my folds, and my stalls now void of beasts: and at length my cooks have declined the task. Nay more, they have unyoked the mules from the great wains, and he ate the heifer which his mother was feeding for Vesta,[1] and the prize-gaining steed and war-horse, and the cat, which lesser animals dread.[2]

As long as matters rested in the house of Triopas, *so long* the household apartments, I wot, alone were aware of the misfortune. But when his teeth were beginning to consume-and-exhaust the plenteously-supplied house,[3] then it was that the king's son sate in the cross-roads, begging for morsels, and cast-away refuse of feasts. O Demeter, may he be no friend to me who is hated by you, neither *may he be* under-a-common-roof:[4] evil-neighbours are hateful to me. Sing, ye virgins, and, ye mothers, join the acclaim: all-hail, Demeter, many-nurturing, of-many-measures. And as the four

Ἀπόλλων οἷς ἀγανοῖς βελέεσσιν ἐποιχόμενος κατέπεφνεν. Odyss. xi. 171. βούβρωστις, (i. q. βουλιμία,) from βιβρώσκω. Il. xxiv. 532. Spanh. quotes an Epigr. of Agathias, Anthol. ii. 31, 5, εἰ γὰρ ἀεὶ βόυβρωστιν ἔχεις Ερυσίχθονος αὐτοῦ.

[1] Spanh. in a learned note on this passage says that this may be either to Vesta, τῇ κοινῇ τῆς πόλεως, or τῇ πατρῴᾳ, either public or private, the tutelar deity of the city or household, (Soph. Electr. 881; Eur. Hec. 22,) and also that Ἑστία may here stand for Ceres, who is called Ἑστιοῦχος in Eurip. Suppl. 1.—In the next line ἀεθλοφόρον is i. q. στεφανηφόροι in Theocr. Id. xvi. 46.

[2] And the cat, &c.] Cf. Horat. Sat. II. vi. 113, 114, where the mice are said

> Currere per totum pavidi conclave, magisque
> Exanimes trepidare.—

[3] βαθὺν, abundantem. Spanh. Blomf. Cf. Æsch. Suppl. 555, S. c. Theb. 306. Βαθύχθον, αἶαν. For a vivid description of this stage of Erysichthon's disorder, see Ovid, Met. viii. 828—846, Ut vero est expulsa quies, furit ardor edendi, &c.—ἀκόλως. Cf. Hom. Od. xvii. 222, αἰτίζων ἀκόλους (th. κολὸς): they are ψιχία in St. Luke xvi. 21.

[4] μηδ' ὁμοτόιχος. Cf. Horat. Od. III. ii. 26—30,

> Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
> Vulgarit arcanæ, sub isdem
> Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
> Solvat phaselum: sæpe Diespiter
> Neglectus incesto addidit integrum

Dodd refers us to the prophet Jonah, c. i

white-maned steeds carry the basket,[1] so shall the great goddess, wide-ruling, come bringing to us fair spring,[2] fair summer, winter, and autumn, and shall keep them for us to another year. And as without sandals,[3] and without fillets, we tread the city, so shall we have our feet, and our heads, all-unharmed. As the basket-bearers[4] carry baskets full of gold, so we shall possess gold in abundance.

'*Tis meet* that the uninitiated women should attend these mysteries as far as the Prytaneum of the city:[5] whosoever are under sixty years, as far as the goddess's *temple;* but those who are weighed down *by age,* and she who stretches out hands to Ilithyia,[6] and whoso is in pain, 'tis enough that

[1] Spanh. shows from this passage that Meursius is wrong in saying that the basket was carried in this procession by a wain drawn by oxen, though he may adduce Georg. i. 163, Tardaque Eleusinæ matris volventia plaustra, where the procession does not seem to be alluded to. Μεγάλα θεὸς: as such Ceres was worshipped among the Arcadians and Messenians. Pausan. iv. and viii. quoted by Spanh.

[2] λευκὸν ἔαρ. Cf. Catull. viii. 3, Fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles. Soph. Aj. 708, λεύκον φάος. χεῖμα also shares the epithet in the same sense, because there are special works for winter, see Georg. i. 305, Sed tamen et quernas glandes tum stringere tempus. ἔτος δ' ἐς ἄλλο φυλαξεῖ. Ceres, as a good nursing-mother, helps men to store up their fruits for another year. Cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 31.

[3] Spanh. quotes Ov. Fast. vi. 397, Huc pede matronam vidi descendere nudo; and Vulcanius derives the custom of baring the feet in the presence of the Deity from the Hebrews, and from the Books of Moses; as when Moses is bidden by God to take off his shoes from off his feet. Exodus.

[4] λικνοφόροι, they that carry the λίκνον, a fan-shaped basket, Mystica vannus Iacchi: Virg. Georg. i. 166. Cf. Demosth. in Orat. de Cor. 313, 28.

[5] The Prytanea or common halls were in the middle of Greek cities, and contained in them the statues of Vesta. Cf. Pindar, Nem. xi. 1, Παῖ Ῥέας, ἅτε Πρυτανεῖα λέλογχας, Ἑστία. Cf. Blomf. and Spanh. With τὰν θεῦν in ver. 130, cf. above, 58, ποτὶ ταν θεῦν, i. q. ad Divæ templum.

[6] χάτις Ειλειθυία. so Hor. Carm. Sæcul. 13, 14,

Rite maturos aperire partus
Lenis Ilithya, tuere matres;

and Terent. Andr. iii. 1, Juno Lucina, fer opem, serva me, obsecro —In the next line with ὥς αὐτῶν ἱκανὸν γόνυ, cf. Hom. Il. iv. 314—316. Virg. Æn. v. 431,

Sed tarda trementi
Genua labant.

Theocr. xiv. 70, ἃς γόνυ χλωρὸν. Aristoph. Acharn. 218. Horat. Epod. xi. 6, Dumque virent genua.

they follow as far as their knees are able: and to them Ceres will give everything in full-abundance, and that they may come to her temple. Hail goddess, and preserve this city in harmony, and in prosperity;[1] and bring all things home ripe from the fields. Feed our cattle: support our fruit-trees: bring forth the ear, produce the harvest: nurse also peace, that he who has sowed, that same may reap.[2] Be propitious at my bidding, O thou thrice-prayed for, widely-ruling among goddesses.

AN ELEGY ON THE BATH OF PALLAS.[3]

As many of you as pour-water-for-the-bath of Pallas,[4] come forth, *maidens* all, come forth. Already have I heard

[1] *εὐηπελία*. Blomf. restores the old reading, *εὐημερία*. Bentley maintains *εὐηπελία*, the opp. to which is *ὀλιγηπελία*, and *κακηπελία* —*μᾶλα* in the next line is explained by Ernesti, fructus arboreos.

[2] Cf. Galat. vi. 7; 2 Cor. ix. 6.

[3] Blomfield adduces reasons for deeming this poem an elegy, not a hymn, and shows that Callimachus's elegies were more popular than his other works. Cf. Quinctilian X. i. § 58. Propert. III. ix. 43, 44, Inter Callimachi sat erit placuisse libellos. Propertius, in II. i. 40, pronounces Callimachus less fit for the epic and the hymn, as does also Ovid, De Remed. Am. 381, Callimachi numeris non est dicendus Achilles.

[4] The Schol. states that on a set day the Argive women took the images of Pallas and Diomed to the river Inachus, and there bathed them before day-break. (Cf. Theocr. Id. xv. 132, of a similar rite to Adonis.) Spanheim sees in this traces of Mosaic rites, and points to Numb. viii. 7, Isaiah lii. 11. Ovid, Fast. iv. 135, also illustrates this custom of washing statues,

> Aurea marmoreo redimicula solvite collo;
> Demite divitias: tota lavanda Dea est.

With the next line Anna Fabri compares Virg. Æn. i. 16, 17,

> Hic illius arma
> Hic currus fuit.

Horat Od. I. xv. 11,

> Jam galeam Pallas et ægida
> Currusque et rabiem parat.

—*φρυασσομέναν*. Cf. Virg. Georg. i. 12,

> Tuque o, cui prima frementem
> Fudit equum tellus.

the sacred steeds neighing; and the goddess moves on ready-equipped:[1] haste then, hasten, ye auburn-haired Pelasgian maids. Never has Minerva bathed her divine arms before that she has dispersed the dust from the flanks of her coursers: not even, I say, when she came carrying all her armour be-spattered with gore from the impious giants.[2] But, far before all else, she loosed from the chariot her horses' necks, and bathed in the springs of Ocean[3] the drops of sweat: and from their bit-champing[4] mouths cleansed all the foam that had clotted there.

O come forth, Achæan nymphs, and bring not unguents, nor caskets; (I hear the sound of the wheels under the axles:[5]) bring not unguents, ye bath-preparers, nor caskets for Pallas, for Minerva loves not mixed ointments,[6] no, nor mirror. Her eye is ever beautiful: not even when the Phrygian was de-

[1] *εὔτυκος.* Cf. Theocr. xxiv. 86, *πῦρ εὔτυκον ἔστω.*— *σοῦσθε*, cf. Æsch. S. c. Theb. 31, and Blomf. note on that passage.—*Πελασγιάδες*, i. e. Argive; for Pelasgus, the mythical ancestor of the Pelasgians, was supposed to have founded Argos in the Peloponnese. Pausan. I. xiv. § 2; II. xxii. § 2. Æsch. Suppl. 251—253.

[2] Of the aid then given by Pallas to her sire against the giants, see Horat. Od. III. iv. 55—58,

> Quid Rhæcus, evulsisque truncis
> Enceladus jaculator audax,
> Contra sonantem Palladis ægida
> Possent ruentes?

λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένα. So Hom. Il. vi. 268; xi. 169.

[3] Propertius III. ix. 9, 10, (Paley,) has copied the idea of these lines,

> Illum sæpe suis decedens fovit in undis,
> Quam prius adjunctos sedula lavit equos.

With *αὐχένας ἵππων*, cf. Virg. G. ii. 542, Et jam tempus equûm spumantia solvere colla.

[4] *χαλινοφάγων.* Virg. Æn. iv. 135, Stat sonipes et fræna ferox spumantia mandit. With the next line A. Fabri compares Theocr. xv. 114, *Συρίω δὲ μύρῳ χρύσει' ἀλάβαστρα.*—Ov. Heroid. Sappho Phaoni, xv. 75, Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet. Pallas preferred *χρίεσθαι ἀνδριστί.*—Cf. Theocr. Id. xviii. 23.

[5] Cf. Æsch. Suppl. 181, *σύριγγες οὐ σιγῶσιν ἀξονήλατοι*: and S. c. Theb. 205, *σύριγγες ἔκλαγξαν.*

[6] *χρίματα μικτά.* Sophocles, in a lost tragedy, called Κρίσις or Κρῆτες, introduces Aphrodite as the goddess of "pleasure," bathing herself in unguents and gazing on a mirror, but Pallas as the goddess of sense, and prudence, and virtue, anointing herself in plain oil, and taking athletic exercises. Cf. Athenæus, xv. p. 687, c. Dind.

ciding the strife at Ida[1] did the Great Goddess gaze either into the prepared-brass, or the transparent eddies of Simois:[2] neither did Juno: but Venus, having taken up a radiant brass-mirror, ofttimes twice altered-the-position of the same lock: while Pallas having driven-over one hundred and twenty double courses, like the Lacedæmonian stars beside the Eurotas,[3] skilfully took and bruised smooth ointments, products of her own tree. Ye maidens, but the blushes rushed-up, with hue such as the morning rose or pomegranate's kernel has.[4] Wherefore now also bring ye only the strong oil, in which Castor, in which also Hercules, anoints himself. Bring out too her comb all-of-gold, that she may comb her hair when she has anointed her sleek curl.

Come forth, Minerva: a welcome troop is present to thee, the maidens, daughters of the great Acestoridæ.[5] O Athena,

[1] *τὰν Ἰδᾳ*, Bentley. The "dativus loci," cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. 406, b. Soph. Trach. 172, *Δωδῶνι*, &c.—*ὀρείχαλκον*, yellow copper ore, or the brass made from it. The Latin "aurichalcum," the French "archal." Pliny refers mirrors of silver, the first improvement on those of polished brass, to the age of Pompey the Great.

[2] The clear stream is nature's mirror. Cf. Virg. Ecl. ii. 25,

> Nuper me in littore vidi,
> Cum placidum ventis staret mare.

Ovid, Met. xiii. 840, 841,

> Certe ego me novi, liquidæque in imagine vidi
> Nuper aquæ, placuitque mihi mea forma videnti

Tibullus has borrowed from Callimachus the 22nd verse, I. viii. 10, Sæpeque mutatas disposuisse comas.

[3] The Lacedæmonian stars, i. e. Castor and Pollux. So Hor. Od. I. iii. 2, Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera: for *διαυλους* in the 23rd line see Agam. Æsch. 344, *κάμψαι διαύλου θάτερον κῶλον πάλιν.*—The Olympic stadium was 606 feet 9 inches, the exact length of the foot-race-course. This doubled was the *δίαυλος*. Cf. Smith, Dict. G. and R. Antiq. 893—895. *λιτὰ*, simple, plain. Cf. Horat. Od. I. xxxviii. 5, Simplici myrto nihil allabores.

[4] *πρῴινον*, Ernesti, cf. Eurip. Hippol. 77, *ἠρινὸς λειμὼν—σίβδας κόκκος*, "mali punici granum." The scarlet dye was formerly made from the fruit of the pomegranate.—In ver. 29, *ἄρσεν ἔλαιον* may be compared with Soph. Trach. 1196, 1197; Philoct. 1455, *κτύπος ἄρσην πόντου προβολῆς*. Persius, Sat. vi. 4, Marem strepitum fidis intendisse Latinæ. Horat. A. P. 402, Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella Versibus exacuit.

[5] The Acestoridæ were a distinguished tribe at Argos, holding the same prerogative there as the Eumolpidæ, or Eteobutadæ, at Athens, viz. that from it was chosen the priestess of Pallas. Spanh. quotes Æschines de Fals. Leg. p. 166.

there is carried also Diomed's shield,[1] since this is the elder custom of the Argives, which Eumedes, a priest acceptable to thee, instituted: who of yore, when he had learned that the people was making ready death decreed against him, fled away with thy sacred image, and went and dwelt in the Mount Creon: the Mount Creon,[2] and placed thee, O goddess, on the broken rocks, of which the name *is* now Pallatides. Come forth, Athena, city-sacking, golden-helmed,[3] delighting in the noise of steeds and shields. To-day, ye water-carriers, dip not *your vessels*, to-day Argos drinks from springs, and not from the rivers. To-day, ye handmaids, bring your urns either to Physadea,[4] or to Amymone, daughter of Danaus; for truly, having mingled his waters with gold and flowers, Inachus will come from the mountains rich-in pasture,[5] bringing for Athena her beauteous bath. But thou, O Pelasgian, beware lest *even* against thy will thou behold the queen.

[1] Diomed (according to Pausan. II. xxiv. 2) built a temple to Athena ὀξυδέρκης, on account of her having removed the film from his eyes. Heroes were wont to suspend their shields in the temples of their tutelar gods, as that of Danaus in Juno's temple, and that of Pyrrhus in the temple of Ceres at Argos, and that of Aristomenes at Lebadea, all recorded by Pausanias, testify.—Eumedes fell into suspicion of having wished to betray the Palladium to the Heraclids; so says the Scholiast.

[2] Κρεῖον ὄρος—Κρεῖον ὄρος. For this repetition, compare H. in Dian. 33, above; Hom. Il. xxii. 127; Ov. Met. xii. 172.

[3] Minerva is styled περσέπτολις by Aristophanes, Nub. 967, and Mars in Æsch. S. c. Theb. 106, ὦ χρυσοκήληξ δαῖμον. In the Phœnissæ of Eurip. 1369, we find Παλλάδος χρυσάσπιδος. Παλλατίδες, in the line before, seems to be the name given from Pallas, or her sanctuary having been carried thither. For an account of the Ægis of Minerva, see Virg. Æn. viii. 435, &c.

[4] Physadea and Amymone, two fountains of the neighbourhood of Argos, deriving their names, according to the Scholiast, from two daughters of Danaus. Of Physadea little can be learned, but Amymone was celebrated in common with Lerna by the poets. Cf. Eurip. Phœn. 188, Ποσειδαονίοις Ἀμυμωνίοις ὕδασι. Propert. III. xviii. 47, (Paley,)

> Testis Amymone, latices dum ferret in Argis
> Compressa, et Lerne pulsa tridente palus.

See also Ov. Met. ii. 240, Argos Amymonen, Ephyre Pirenidas undas. Cf. Apollodor. II. i. 4; Pausan. II. xxxvii. § 1, and Smith's Dict. G. and R. Geogr. ii. 163, 164.

[5] χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἄνθεσιν. So Mosch. Idyll. vii. 1—3, represents Alpheus gliding past Pisa to Arethusa ἔδνα φέρων καλὰ φύλλα καὶ ἄνθεα καὶ κόνιν ἱραν. φόρβαιος is i. q. "pascuis abundans."

Whoso shall have seen Pallas, the city's-guardian, naked, this Argos shall behold him now for the last time.[1]

O Lady Minerva, come thou forth: and meanwhile I will utter something to these maidens. Yet the speech is not mine, but that of others.[2] Ye daughters, in Thebes of old, Athena loved one Nymph exceeding-well, yea and beyond the rest, the mother of Tiresias,[3] and never was she without her, but both when she was driving her steeds toward the ancient Thespieans, or toward Coronea, where *was* her incense-perfumed grove, and where her altars lay on the river Curalius,[4] or toward Coronea, or to Haliartus, crossing over the cultivated lands of the Bœotians; ofttimes the goddess made her to mount her own chariot. Neither were the sweet converse of the Nymphs, nor the choral dances pleasant to her,[5] where Chariclo did not lead them. Yet still even her many tears were awaiting, though she was the favourite companion to Athena. For once-on-a-time, having unloosed the clasps of their robes, they twain were bathing in fair-flowing Heliconian Hippocrene:[6] and noon-tide calm was holding the

[1] *εσοψεῖται τοῦτο πανυστάτιον.* So Œdipus of himself, just before his self-inflicted blindness, Soph. Œd. Tyr. 1183, *ὦ φῶς, τελευταῖον σε προσβλέψαιμι νῦν.* *Spanheim.*

[2] Blomfield quotes Eurip. Helen. 513, *Λόγος γὰρ ἔστιν οὐκ ἐμὸς, σοφῶν δ' ἔπος.*

[3] The mother of Tiresias.] This was Chariclo, the wife of Everus, from whom Tiresias is called in ver. 81, and in Theocr. Id. xxiv. 70, *Εὐηρείδης.* The towns which follow, Thespiæ, Coronea, and Haliartus, were all in Bœotia. It seems needful to the sense of the passage to transpose the couplets in Ernesti's edition so that *ἢ 'πὶ Κορωνείας ἵνα οἱ τεθυμένον ἄλσος* should come immediately after *εὖτ' ἐπὶ Θεσπίεων*: and the lines 61, 62, in that edition, should become 63, 64.

[4] *ἐπὶ Κουραλίῳ.* Coronea stood on a hill, to the east of which flowed the stream Coralius or Cuarius, and to the west the river Phalarus. Both flowed into the Lake Copais. See Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Geog. p. 412, B. and 688, B. In a temple at Coronea was held the festival of Athena Itonica, common to all Bœotians. Pausan. IX. xxxiv. 1.

[5] *ὅαροι*: cf. Theoc. Id. xxvii. and Hesiod, Th. 205.—*χοροστασίαι*, a later Greek word formed from *στήσασθαι χοροὺς.* Theoc. Id. xviii. 2, 3,

Παρθενικαὶ θάλλοντα κόμαις ὑάκινθον ἔχοισαι
προσθε νεογράπτω θαλάμω χορὸν ἑστάσαντο.

[6] *Ἵππω ἐπὶ κράνᾳ*, Hippocrene. Cf. Hesiod, Theog. 6, and the notes there.—*καλὰ ῥεούσᾳ.* So in Latin, Transversa tuentibus hircis. Torva tuens, &c.—*μεσαμβρινὰ—ἀσυχία.* A. Fabri illustrates

mountain. They both were bathing, and 'twas the hour of noon; and much stillness was pervading that spot. But Tiresias still alone with his dogs, with his chin just now darkening,[1] was roaming up and down the holy spot: and thirsting unspeakably[2] he came to a stream of the fountain, wretched *youth that he was*, and without wishing it beheld what was not lawful *for him* to see. Then wroth though she was nevertheless Athena addressed him, "What deity, O son of Everus, hath led thee, that shalt never more bear hence thine eye-sight on an evil journey?" She spake, and night fell-upon the eyes of the youth.[3] Speechless he stood, for sorrows glued his knees, and helplessness withheld his voice. But the Nymph shrieked out, "What, awful *goddess*, hast thou done to my son? Are ye goddesses[4] friends such as this? Thou hast taken away the eyesight of my son. O accursed child, thou sawest the bosom and limbs of Athena; but never again wilt thou behold the sun; ah, wretched me!

this passage by Theocr. Id. i. 15, 16, *οὐ θέμις ὦ ποιμάν, τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν οὐ θέμις ἄμμιν Τυρίσδεν*. Horat. Od. III. xxix. 21—24, Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido, &c. Virg. Georg. iv. 401. Grævius adds 1 Kings xviii. 27, Elijah mocking the priests of Baal at noon-day, by the suggestion that their idol-god is sleeping. The verses 73, 74, *ἀμφότεραι—ὅρος*, are by most commentators judged spurious.

[1] *περκάζων*. Strictly of fruit, as grapes and olives, beginning to ripen, from *περκὸς*, dark-coloured.

[2] So Hercules intruded on the rites of the Bona Dea (whose worship was doubtless connected with that of Demeter). Propert. V. ix. 25, 26, (Paley,)

> Fœmineæ loca clausa deæ, fontesque piandos,
> Impune et nullis sacra retecta viris.

In 57, 58 of the same elegy the priestess addresses him thus,

> Magno Tiresias aspexit Pallada vates,
> Fortia dum positâ Gorgone membra lavat.

[3] Night fell upon the eyes.] So Æsch. S. c. Theb. 403, *Νὺξ ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοὺς πέσοι*. Soph. Œd. Tyr. 1313, *σκότου νέφος ἐμὸν*. Milton, Sonnet: Day brought back *my night*. In the next line Dodd illustrates *ἐστάθη δ' ἄφθογγος* by Milton, P. L. xi. 263,

> Adam at the news
> Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
> That all his senses bound.

Hom. Il. xxii. 452, *στήθεσι πάλλεται ἦτορ ἀνὰ στόμα, νέρθε δὲ γοῦνα Πήγνυται*.

[4] Spanheim instances like complaints against severe deities in

O mountain, O Helicon no more to-be-approached by me. Surely thou hast gained a great triumph instead of a small:[1] Thou hast lost a few antelopes and roes, thou hast gotten the eyes of my boy." She spake: and having clasped her dear son round with both arms the mother, deeply weeping, set-up the fate of plaintive nightingales.[2] Then the goddess pitied her companion, and Athena addressed these words to her. "O noble woman, reverse again all things as many as you have spoken through anger: for not I indeed made thy son blind:[3] for 'tis not pleasant to Athena to steal the eyes of boys; but thus the laws of Cronus decree,—That whoso shall have beheld any of the immortals, when the divinity himself shall not choose, this same should behold with a heavy penalty.[4] O noble lady, this act cannot be again recalled, since thus the threads of the fates approved,[5] when first you had given birth

Æsch. Prom. V. passim; Soph. Philoct. 446—452, &c. In ver. 87, *τέκνον ἅλαστε*, observe the construction ad synesim (the sense), like Centauro invehitur magnâ sc. navi, in Latin. Homer constantly has *φίλε τέκνον*. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. 434, 1, A.

[1] Said in bitter irony. Spanheim rightly conceives the spirit of the passage when he illustrates it by Virg. Æn. iv. 93, 94,

> Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis
> Tuque puerque tuus: magnum et memorabile nomen.

δόρκας ὀλέσσας. One editor suggests that *ὀλέσσας* is the particip. masc. agreeing with Ελικὼν.

[2] *γωερῶν οἶτον ἀηδονίδων*. The common lament of the tragic poets. Cf. Æsch. Agam. 1143—1145; Suppl. 60—62; Soph. Ajax, 626—630; Trac. 963. So Horat. Od. IV. xii. 5, 6,

> Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
> Infelix avis.

[3] Ovid (as one of the commentators observes) alludes elegantly to these laws, Trist. ii. 103—108,

> Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci?
> Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi.
> Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam:
> Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis.
> Scilicet in superis etiam fortuna luenda est;
> Nec veniam læso numine casus habet.

[4] So Propert. V. ix. 25, 26, quoted at 77, above. Hom. Il. xx. 131, *χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαίνεσθαι ἐναργεῖς*, and Eurip. Ion, (quoted by Spanheim), 1551, 1552, *φεύγωμεν ὦ τεκοῦσα μὴ τὰ δαιμόνων ὁρῶμεν*.

[5] *Μοιρᾶν—λίνα*. So Theocr. Id. i. 139; Hom. Il. xx. 128; Virg Æn. x. 814, Extremaque Lauso Parcæ fila legunt; Horace, Carm. Sæcul. 25, 26.

to him: now then endure, O son of Everus, the debt[1] which is owed to thee. How many burnt-offerings will the daughter of Cadmus burn hereafter, and how many Aristæus, praying to behold their only son, the youthful Actæon, blind, *and nothing more!*[2] He, too, shall be companion-in-the-chase of mighty Artemis: yet not his running nor his far-dartings in common with her among the mountains shall save him then. When, though not wishing it,[3] he shall have beheld the graceful bath of the goddess: but then the very hounds shall banquet on their former lord. And his mother shall gather the bones of her son,[4] going through all the glades. She will say that thou hast been most fortunate and of happy-days, since thou, O my companion, hast received thy son blind *only* from the mountains: wherefore do not wail at all: for this man many other privileges await at my hands for thy sake.[5] For I will make him a prophet to-be-sung-of by posterity, in a degree of-a-truth far exceeding the rest. And he shall understand birds,[6] which is favourable and which fly in vain, and of what sort the flight is unfavourable. Many oracles shall

[1] *τέλθος*: cf. H. in Cer. 78.—The daughter of Cadmus, viz. Autonoe, the mother of Actæon by Aristæus. Her son was torn in pieces by his fifty hounds on Mount Citheron. See Ovid. Met. iii. 155, &c.; Pausan. IX. ii. § 3.

[2] The meaning is, how gladly would the parents of Actæon redeem their son's life by the loss of his sight! How light is Tiresias's punishment compared with that of Actæon!

[3] Of the three accounts of the cause of Actæon's fate Callimachus adopts the first, viz. that he saw Artemis bathing in the vale of Gargaphia, and that she changed him into a stag, which his dogs tore in pieces. So Ovid. l. c. and Statius, Theb. ii. 203, Heu dominum insani non agnovere Molossi.

[4] *λεξεῖται*. Blomfield, (after most of the MSS. and editors,) quoting in illustration Tibull. I. iii. 5, 6,

Abstineas, mors atra, precor, non hic mihi mater,
Quæ legat in mæstos ossa perusta sinus.

[5] *τῷδε γάρ ἄλλα—μενεῦντι γέρα.* [*τόν δε* in Ald. marg.] Ernesti defends *τῷ δε* by reference to Theocr. Id. xvii. 118, *τοὔτο καὶ Ατρειδαισί μένει.*—Ovid. Met. iii. 337,

Pro lumine adempto
Scire futura dedit pœnamque levavit honore.

We have a picture of Tiresias exercising his vocation as a prophet in the case of the infant Hercules, in Theocr. Id. xxiv. 71—94.

[6] *γνωσεῖται δ' ὄρνιθας.* Cf. Æsch. Prom. V. 488, *γαμψωνύχων δε πτῆσιν οἰωνῶν σκεθρῶς Διώρισα.* S. c. Theb. 25, *ἐν ὠσὶ νωμῶν καὶ φρεσὶν πυρὸς δίχα, χρηστηρίους ὀρνίθας.* Agam. 276. Propert. IV. x. 11, (Paley,) Tuque, O care mihi felicibus edita pennis (quoted by Ernesti).

he utter to the Bœotians, many to Cadmus, and in after time to the mighty descendants-of-Labdacus.[1] I will give him, too, a great staff,[2] which shall guide his feet serviceably, and I will give him a far-distant end of his life. He alone, after death, shall go to and fro among the shades, being wise-and-prudent, held in honour by the great Pluto."[3]

Thus having said, she bowed to confirm *her words;* and that is ratified, to which Pallas has bowed assent: since to Athena alone of his daughters has Jove granted this, to enjoy all her sire's attributes.[4] Ye attendants of the bath, no mother bare the goddess, but Jove's head; and that is confirmed to which Jove's head shall have assented:[5] in like manner that to which his daughter shall have done so. Now assuredly comes Athena.[6] But do ye, O maidens, as many as care for Argos, welcome the goddess, both with good omens, and with prayers, and with acclamations. Hail, goddess, and care for Inachian Argos. Hail also when thou art about to drive forth, and again drive thy steeds to the city, and guard-safely all the inheritance[7] of Danaus.

[1] Instances of this occur in Soph. Œd. Tyr. 316—462; Antig. 988—1090, where the descendants of Labdacus indeed tremble at his soothsaying.

[2] *βάκτρον.* Hom. Od. xi. 90, 91,

Ἦλθε δ' ἐπὶ ψυχὴ Θηβαίου Τειρεσίαο
χρύσεον σκῆπτρον ἔχων, ἐμὲ δ' ἔγνω καὶ προσέειπεν.

[3] Cf. Odyss. x. 494, *τῷ καὶ τεθνειῶτι νόον πόρε Φερσεφόνεια Οἴῳ πεπνύσθαι· τοὶ δε σκιαὶ αἴσσουσι.*—In the same rank and place Virgil puts Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti. Æn. vi. 602.—Ἀγεσίλᾳ, from Ἀγεσίλας, an epithet of Pluto (from ἄγω, λάος) because he drives all men to his realms. *Spanheim.*

[4] So Horat. Od. I. xii. 19, 20, Proximos illi tamen occupavit Pallas honores. Soph. (Œd. T. 159) gives her pre-eminence also.—*ματὴρ δ' οὔτις,* in next line. So Æsch. Eumen. 663—666, *πέλας Ἴάρεσσι μάρτυς παῖς Ὀλυμπίου Διός, Οὐδ' ἐν σκότοισι νηδύος τεθραμμένη, Αλλ' οἷον ἔρνος οὔτις ἄν τέκοι Θεός.*

[5] *ἔμπεδον.* Spanheim quotes here Æsch. Suppl. 90, 91:

πίπτει δ' ἀσφαλὲς οὐδ' ἐπὶ νώτῳ
κορυφᾶ Διὸς εἰ κρανθῇ πρᾶγμα τέλειον:

whence, he observes, comes the epithet *τέλειος,* applied to Jove, as in Æsch. Agam. 973. Blomfield fills up the lacuna *ψεύδεα——ἀ θυγάτηρ. εμπεδον· ὡσαύτως ᾧ κεν οἱ ἀ θυγάτηρ.*

[6] ἔρχετ' Ἀθαναία νῦν ἀτρεκές. Cf. Theocr. Id. ii. 37, *ἄ Θέος ἰν τριόδοισι.*

[7] *κλᾶρον,* cf. H. in Del. 281, *κλήρους ἐστήσαντο.* In the same sense Æsch. Pers. 897, *κατὰ κλῆρον Ἰαόνιον πολυανδρους.*

EPIGRAMS.

I.

A STRANGER[1] from Atarneus inquired thus of Pittacus the Mitylenæan, the son of Hyrrhadius. "Aged sire,[2] a double union invites me: the one bride in truth is my match both in wealth and birth; but the other is my superior: which is best? Come now, counsel me,[3] which am I to lead to Hymen?" *So* said he: but the other, having lifted his staff, an old man's instrument, *spake thus:* "Lo, these will tell thee the whole word (for the boys I wot, engaged with tops swift under the influence of strokes, were spinning them in the broad cross-road).[4] Go," said he, "in the track of these." He then presented himself near: the boys were saying, "Spin the one that is suited to you."[5] Hearing these words, the stranger forbore to win the greater family, and took heed to the omen[6] of the boys. As he then led home to his house[7]

[1] The Scholiast compares with the moral of this epigram Æsch. Prom. V. 888—894, to which we may add the syllogism of Bias in Aul. Gell. V. 11. *ἤτοι καλὴν ἄξεις ἢ αἰσχρὰν*, κ. τ. λ., and Erasmus, Quære æqualem uxorem.—*Ἀταρνείτης*, a citizen of Atarneus, a city of Mysia, opposite to Lesbos; now Dikeli Koi. Smith, Dict. Geogr. i. p. 252.—*Πιττακὸν*. Pittacus of Mitylene, son of Hyrrhadius or Caicus, a Thracian, and of a Lesbian mother, flourished, according to Diogenes Laert., about B. C. 612, and was one of the seven wise men.

[2] *ἄττα*, like *ἄππα*, *ἀπφὺς*., Abba, papa, a term applied to elders. Cf. Hom. Od. xvi. 31, 57, &c.

[3] *σύν μοι βούλευσον*, i. q. *συμβούλευσον*, by Tmesis.

[4] For the allusion to the top compare Virg. Æn. vii. 378—382, Seu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo, &c.

[5] *τὴν κατὰ σαυτὸν ἕλα*. These words apply here to the tops; and, as ver. 16, in an after sense, or second intention, to marriage: *ἕλα* from *ἕλαω*, a poetic form of *ἐλαύνω*.

[6] *κληδόνι*, *κληδών* from *κλέομαι*, like *φήμη*, an omen deduced from words or sounds. Hom. Od. xviii. 117, &c.

[7] *τὴν δ' ὀλίγην*. Martial, viii. 12, varies this view a little:

> Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim
> Quæritis? uxori nubere nolo meæ.
> Inferior matrona suo sit, Prisce, marito,
> Non aliter fuerint fœmina, virque pares.

Juvenal, Sat. vi. 459, Intolerabilius nihil est quam fœmina dives.

the lowly bride, so do thou, O Dion, marry the one that is suited to you.[1]

II.

One told of your fate, Heraclitus,[2] and brought me to tears; for I called to mind how often we twain made the sun go down on our conversation;[3] yet thou art, I suppose, O Halicarnassian friend, long, long ago, dust. But there *still* live thy strains,[4] on which Hades, spoiler of all,[5] shall not lay his hand.

III.

Here dwell I Timon the man-hater: but pass on; bid me woes *as* many *as you will*, only pass on.

IV.

O Timon, since you are no more, which is hateful to you, light or shade? Shade, for there are most[6] of ye in the shades.

[1] *σὺ γ' ἰὼν*. Here read with Bentley, from Diogenes Laertius, *σὺ Δίων*;—Ovid Heroid. ix. 32, has, Siqua voles apte nubere, nube pari.—*κατὰ σαύτόν*: cf. *κατὰ*, acc. signif. ix., Liddell and Scott.

[2] Heraclitus, a contemporary elegiac poet of Callimachus, mentioned by Strabo, lib. xiv.

[3] *ἥλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν*. So Virg. Ecl. ix. 52, Sæpe ego longos Cantando memini puerum me condere soles. Horat. Od. IV. v. 29, Condit quisque diem collibus in suis. *λέσχη* can hardly be used here as in Hesiod, Op. et D. 491, but, as Bentley says, it means "confabulatio," not "locus confabulandi."

[4] *ἀηδόνες*, strains. Jacobs quotes an epigram, (Incert. 119,) *πουλυμελεῖς Ἀλκμᾶνος ἀηδόνες*.

[5] *ἁρπακτῆρ*, cf. Hom. Il. xxiv. 262, not *ἁρπακτής*, as is read in the Anthology: cf. Virg. Æn. ii. 492, Strepitumque Acherontis avari. For a beautiful version of this epigram, by H. N. Coleridge, see the Anthologia Polyglotta, edited by Dr. Wellesley, p. 98, 99.

[6] *πλείονες*. The dead are called hence *οἱ πλείονες*: cf. Aristoph. Eccl. 1073, *ἡ γραῦς ἀνεστηκυῖα παρὰ τῶν πλείονων*: and so "Plures" in Latin. Plaut. Trinumm. 263, Quin prius me ad plures penetravi. Respecting this Timon, see Smith, Dict. Gr. and R. B. iii. p. 1144, B.

V.[1]

A MUSSEL-SHELL was I of yore, O Zephyritis,[2] but thou, Venus, possessest me now, a first present of Selenæa, the nautilus ;[3] who was wont to sail on the seas, spreading a sail, if there were winds, from mine own forecables ;[4] but if there were a calm, bright goddess,[5] ably rowing with my feet : my name corresponds with the act.[6] But I was cast up on the shores of Iulis,[7] that so I might become thy precious toy, Arsinoe ;[8] and that not any longer for me in her nests as aforetime, (for I am lifeless,) should the egg of the rain-loving

[1] Selenæa the daughter of Clinias, a nobleman of Smyrna, dedicates a nautilus to the Egyptian princess, Arsinoe, who was worshipped as a goddess under the names of Zephyritis, Venus, and Chloris, as we find in the Coma Berenices translated by Catullus. This nautilus was found on the shores of the island of Cos. This epigram is found in Athenæus, vii. p. 318, B., where Casaubon notices the custom of brides dedicating to Venus the toys of their childhood.

[2] *παλαίτερον*, Bentley [al. *παλαίτερος*]. *Ζεφυρῖτι.* Arsinoe was so called from Zephyrium, a headland of Egypt. Cf. Steph. Byzant. p. 288, art. Zephyrium, in a note at which passage an epigram of Posidippus speaks of *ξεφυρήιδος ἀκτῆς*. Catull. Com. Beren. lxvi. 57,

Ipsa suum Zephyritis eo famulum legarat
Grata Canopæis in loca litoribus.

[3] Plin. ix. 29 gives a beautiful notice of the nautilus, called also by the Greeks *ποντίλος*, too long, however, for quoting. Cf. also Oppian. Halieut. i. 340, &c.

[4] The nautilus was furnished with a membrane used by it as a sail.

[5] *λιπαρὴ θεὸς*. This must either be understood as in opposition with *γαληναίη*, the calm being thus deified; or be taken as the vocative addressed to Arsinoe. The former is best. *οὔλος ἐρίσσων—οὔλος* is i. q. "rapidus" or strenuus, the adj. used adverbially.

[6] *ποσσὶν ἵν' ὥσπερ καὶ*. This reading is clearly untenable; Blomf. suggests *ποσσὶν ἐμοῖς· τῶργῳ τοὔνομα συμφέρεται*, which has been received as the ground of the translation in the present instance. In the next line read with Jacobs *ἔκ δ' ἔπεσον*.

[7] *Ἰουλίδος*. Iulis, according to Casaubon, was a city of Ceos, so called from the fountain Iulis. It was celebrated as the birth-place of the lyric poets Bacchylides and Simonides, Prodicus the sophist, Ariston the philosopher, and others: cf. Steph. Byzant. p. 332, in voc.; Smith, Dict. G. R. G. vol. i. p. 586, B.

[8] Arsinoe, the sister and wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus, received divine honours and a temple in her honour. See Theocr. xvii 123, and notes there, in the translation of this series.

Halcyon be hatched.[1] Give thanks however to the daughter of Clinias, for she knows how to perform good deeds, and is from Smyrna in Æolia.

VI.

I AM the work of the Samian,[2] who of old received Homer in his home. And I lament the sufferings of Eurytus and auburn Iole.[3] But I am styled the writing of Homer. Kind Jove, this is a great honour for Creophylus.[4]

VII.

A LAD was crowning his step-dame's monument, a great stone,[5] deeming that even as her life, so her nature had been changed. But it, inclining over her tomb, fell and slew the boy. Ye step-sons,[7] flee even the tomb of a step-mother.

VIII.

THEÆTETUS[8] went on a clear path. What though *'tis* not this

[1] *τίκτει τ' αἰνοτέρης ὠὸν ἀλκυόνης.* Bentley suggests in place of this reading, which is unintelligible, *τίκτηται νοτερῆς ὠὸν ἀλκυόνος.—νοτερῆς*, i. e. *ἐν νοτίοις τόποις διαγούσης*. This reading has been translated, The Nautilus no longer needs Halcyon's eggs to feed on. The next two lines simply indicate the giver of the offering, and her native place.

[2] This epigram is found in Strabo, lib. xiv. c. i. p. 172, Tauchn. Creophylus was one of the earliest Epic poets of Greece, and a friend, or, some say, son-in-law, of Homer. His poem *Οἰχαλίας ἅλωσις* is said to have been his wife's dower, written by her father. This epigram is supposed to be written on the back of the poem, "Œchalia." See more in Smith's Dict. G. and R. B. i. 889, a.

[3] Eurytus and Iole.] The subject of the poem of Creophylus was the contest of Hercules with Eurytus, king of Œchalia, for Iole, whom he had won as the prize of his bow.

[4] *Κρέωφιλῳ τοῦτο μέγα*, i. e. to be considered equal to writing a poem that could be ascribed to Homer, is a great honour to Creophylus.

[5] *μικρὰν λίθον* is the ordinary reading. Bentley suggests *μιαρὰν*. Ernesti upholds *μικρὰν*, "though a little stone it crushed the boy." For Bentley's emendation, cf. Horat. Od. II. xiii. 11, Te *triste* lignum. But Blomfield suggests the simplest and likeliest remedy in *μακράν*, as in ix. 2, he reads also *μακρότατον*

[6] For *κλινθεῖσα* Toup reads *κλινθέντα*.

[7] *πρόγονοι* is here i. q. privigni, which, according to some grammarians, was formed from privigeni or primo-geniti.

[8] This Theætetus may have been the poet who wrote the epitaph on Crantor the Academic philosopher, and whose date was about 312 B. C. See Smith, Dict. G. and R. B. iii. p. 1021. Bentley ex-

way *thut* leads to thine ivy, O Bacchus, yet heralds will declare for a brief space the name of others, but Greece for ever the wisdom of that man.

IX.

Of-a-short nature, O Dionysus, is the speech for the poet when successful:[1] the longest word[2] he says is "I'm victor." But should any one ask *him*, on whom thou shalt not have breathed propitiously, "What luck?"[3] he says, "the result was hard." Be such words his, who meditates injustice;[4] but be mine, O king, that *lucky* brevity.

X.

Here sleeps Saon, of Acanthus,[5] son of Dicon, a holy sleep: say not that the good die.

XI.

If you should seek for Timarchus[6] in the shades, that you

plains the epigram thus: Theætetus contested the dramatic prize at the Dionysia, and failed through the corruption of the umpires. The poet says others may win, but Greece will declare Theætetus to have deserved the prize.—*κισσὸν*, the ivy wreath. Cf. Hor. Od. I. i. 29, Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium. Virg. Ecl. vii. 25, Pastores, hederâ crescentem ornate poetam.

[1] The point of this epigram is, that all the successful candidate cares to say is *νικῶ*: it is only when a man is beaten that he makes a long explanation.

[2] *τὸ μακρότατον*. Cf. vii. 1, note. The contests here alluded to are the Dionysia, whether at Athens, or transplanted thence to Alexandria.

[3] Πῶς ἔβαλες, a metaphor from the dice. Cf. Æsch. Agam. 33, *τρὶς ἓξ βαλούσης τῆσδε μοι φρυκτωρίας*. With *πνεύσης ἐνδέξιος* in the 3rd line compare Tibull. II. i. 80, Felix cui placidus leniter afflat amor.

[4] *τῷ μερμηρίξαντι τὰ μὴνδικα*· qui injusta cogitat—invidiosus. *Blomf.*

[5] Acanthus was a city of Thrace, mentioned by Plin. iv. 10, or of Egypt near to Memphis, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus. Both are mentioned by Stephanus Byzant. p. 49, (not by Stephens, as Tytler in his translation mistranslates the Latin note.)—*ἱερὸν ὕπνον*, the sleep of death: as sopor is used by Lucret. iii. 466, In altum Æternumque soporem. Hor. Od. I. xxiv. 5, Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor Urget." But Blomf. quotes Heyne at Tibull. II. vi. 31, where Somnus is called Sanctus, he says, quià piorum manes sancti sunt.

[6] Timarchus, says Anna Fabri, was a Pythagorean; and Callimachus here touches on his peculiar tenets respecting the soul's im-

may inquire either somewhat of the soul, or how it shall be hereafter, seek for the son of his sire Pausanias, of the tribe Ptolemais: and you will find him in the *haunts* of the pious.

XII.[1]

Short was the stranger, *as* also his tomb. I will not speak at length. Beneath me *is* Theris, son of Aristæus, a Cretan: *'tis* a long *epitaph.*

XIII.

If you shall have come to Cyzicus,[2] small trouble *is it* to find Hippacus and Didyme, for their race is nowise obscure. And you shall tell them a sad tale, yet still tell this, that I hold their son Critias.

XIV.

A. Doth Charidas[3] rest beneath thee? *B.* If you mean the son of Arimnas the Cyrenæan, he rests beneath me. *A.* O Charidas, what are the things below? *B.* Vast darkness. *A.* And what the returns to earth?[4] *B.* A lie. *A.* And Pluto?[5] *B.* A fable, we have perished utterly.[6] This is

mortality. Perhaps there may be some traces of Christian doctrines taught at Alexandria in this epigram — though the tribe Ptolemais mentioned in line 3, may have been that one at Athens which was so called instead of Antigonias, from Ptolemy Philadelphus, the inhabitants of which were called Berenicidæ. Cf. Steph. Byz. p. 161; Pausan. I. v. § 5.

[1] With this epigram Heinsius aptly compares Ovid. Am. II. vi. 59,

Ossa tegit tumulus, tumulus pro corpore magnus,
Cui lapis exiguus par sibi carmen habet.

[2] Cyzicus, a city of the Propontis. The tomb of Critias is represented speaking to the parents Hippacus and Didyme living there.

[3] This epigram, like Ep. xi., seems to refer to "resurrection" and another life after death. In ver. 1, Blomf. and others read Χαρίλας, a Doric form i. q. Χαρίλαος, the name of a Spartan colonist of Cyrene. Χαρίλας for Χαρίλαος is like Ἀγεσίλας for Ἀγεσίλαος in Lavacr. Pall. 130.

[4] αἰ δ' ἄνοδοι τί. Cf. in Ep. xi. ἢ πάλι πῶς ἔσεται.

[5] μῦθος. Cf. Juvenal, ii. 149—

Esse aliquid Manes et subterranea regna
Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
Nec pueri credunt.

[6] ἀπωλόμεθα, i e. body and soul are perished.

my true speech to you: but if you want the pleasant style of speech, the Pellæan's great ox is in the shades.[1]

XV.

But who well knows the morrow's fate,[2] when thee too, Charmis, that wast yesterday in our sight, on the next day we wept and buried? Nought sadder than that hath Diophon his father beheld.

XVI.

But who art thou, Timonoe?[3] By the gods, I had not known thee, but that on the grave-stone was the name of thy sire, Timotheus, and Methymna,[4] thy *native* city. With great grief truly I think thy widowed husband Euthymenes sorrows.

XVII.

The daughters of the Samians oft regret Crethis the witty,[5] who was apt at sporting gracefully, a most pleasant fellow-worker,[6] ever talkative; but she soundly-sleeps here the sleep that is due to all.[7]

[1] The key to the sense of this line is lost. Commentators' suggestions have failed to do anything but make the sense more hopelessly obscure. Perhaps the meaning is, that not only man, but irrational creatures are welcome to another life, if you want to hear smooth things and not true. The epigram is the work of, or put into the mouth of, one who does not believe in a future state.

[2] Theocr. xiii. 4, *οἱ θνατοὶ πελόμεσθα, τὸ δ' αὔριον οὐκ ἐσορῶμες.* Eurip. Alcest. 783, *κοὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεὶς ὅστις ἐξεπίσταται Τὴν αὔριον μέλλουσαν εἰ βιώσεται.* Hor. Od. I. ix. 13; XI. i. 2; and Anacreon, xv. 9, *τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι. Τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδεν;*

[3] This epigram turns on the names of parents and native place being inscribed, as in modern times, on tombs.

[4] *Μήθυμνα.* Methymna, a city of Lesbos, celebrated for its wine. Cf. Virg. Georg. II. 90, Quam Methymnæo carpit de palmite Lesbos.

[5] *πολύμυθον.* A. Fabri prefers to give this word a passive sense, "well known, famous."

[6] *συνέριθον* is used in fem. in Odyss. vi. 32.—*ἀποβρίζει.* Od. ix. 151; xii. 6. Vulcanius, quoting Athenæus Deipnosoph. viii., says that Βρίζω is the name of a goddess of divination by dreams.

[7] Cf. Hor. Ars Poet. 63, Debemur morti nos nostraque.

XVIII.

WOULD there had never been swift ships:[1] for then we should not lament for Sopolis, son of Dioclides. But now he drifts a corse somewhere in the sea, and in his stead we pass-by a name and a cenotaph.[2]

XIX.

NAXIAN Lycus died not on land,[3] but in the deep beheld his ship and life perishing at-the-same-time, when he was sailing, a merchant, from Ægina. And he indeed *is* a corse in the sea.[4] But I, a tomb bearing only his name,[5] proclaim this word of-perfect-truth. "Shun intercourse with the sea, O sailor, at the setting of the Kids.[6]

XX.

HERE Philip set-up-a-memorial of his son, twelve years old,[7] Nicoteles, his great hope.

[1] Horace, Od. I. iii. 9—11,

Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem Primus.

ὤφελε μηδ' ἐγένοντο. Latin writers used ὤφελε, ὤφελον, as conjunctions. Arrian, Diss. ii. 18, ὤφελον τις μετὰ ταύτης ἐκοιμήθη. Matt. Gr. Gr. 513, obs. 3.

[2] Blomfield aptly compares Propert. II. i. 72, Et breve in exiguo marmore nomen ero. Cf. below at xix. 4.

[3] The tomb of Lycus of Naxos, drowned on a voyage from Ægina, is here supposed to lament his fate, and warn others against going to sea when the Kids set at sunrise.

[4] ὑγρῇ used absolutely without a substantive, as in Hom. Il. xxiv. 341, ἡ μὲν ἐφ' ὑγρὴν Ἡδ' ἐπ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν. Odyss. v. 45, &c.

[5] ἔγω δ' ἀλλως, κ. τ. λ. A cenotaph is indicated, as in the last epigram.

[6] Cf. Horace, Od. III. i. 28,

Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus, aut orientis Hædi.

Virg. Georg. i. 205, Hædorumque dies servandi. Æn. ix. 668,

Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hædis,
Verberat imber humum.

Hesiod, Op. et D. 608, &c.

[7] Tytler has strangely rendered δωδεκέτη τὸν παῖδα, his twelfth and only boy: which is absurd. We may perhaps mend his line thus, "And mourns, *at twelve years lost*, his boy."

XXI.

At dawn[1] we were burying Menalippus, and at sun-set the maiden Basilo died, by her own hand.[2] For she had not the heart to live, when she had placed her brother in the flame. So the house of their sire Aristippus saw a double woe: and all Cyrene was downcast, when it saw the house of *persons* happy-in-their-children bereaved.

XXII.

Whoe'er you are that bear your step past my tomb,[3] know that I am the son and sire of Callimachus the Cyrenæan. Now you may know them both. The one of yore commanded the armies of his country:[4] the other sang *strains* too surpassing for envy.[5] And small blame! for as many as the Muses look upon in youth with eyes not askance,[6] they do not abandon as friends when grey-headed.

XXIII.

A nymph carried off from the mountain the Cretan son-of-Astacus,[7] the goatherd. And now the son-of-Astacus is sa-

[1] Ἠῷοι, adj. for adverb. Cf. Call. H. in Jov. 87, and note [2] at that passage.

[2] *αὐτοχερὶ* for *αὐτοχειρὶ*, an adv. from *αὐτόχειρ*. See Porson, Orest. 1037, *αὐτόχειρι-τρόπῳ*.

[3] It would seem that in this epigram we must suppose Callimachus himself to speak, though we know not enough of his history to understand the allusions. This is probably intended for his own epitaph, though his father's name is uncertain, (he was one of the Battiadæ, or royal race at Cyrene,) and his sister's son was named Callimachus, and wrote a poem.

[4] ὅπλων, i. q. *ὁπλίτων*, as *ἀσπὶς* for *ἀσπιδήφοροι*, arma for armati, &c.

[5] *κρείσσονα βασκανίης*. Spanh. at H. in Apoll. 105, 106, considers the allusions there and here to be to Apollonius Rhodius, a contemporary and bitter rival of our poet.

[6] The reading of the Scholiast on Hesiod at the beginning of the Theogony, *μὴ λοξῷ* instead of *ἀχρι βίου*, is universally adopted here. Cf. Hor. Od. IV. iii. 1, Quem tu Melpomene, semel, &c.

[7] This epigram touches on a shepherd's being carried off by a nymph, to become a priest beneath the oaks of the Dryads, or some sylvan worship. Daphnis is no more to be the shepherd's song, but Astacides in his stead

cred. No more beneath the Dictæan oaks, no more shall we shepherds sing of Daphnis : but the son-of-Astacus for evermore.

XXIV.

Cleombrotus, the Ambraciot,[1] said, "Sun, farewell," then leaped from a high wall into Orcus ; not that he had discovered any ill [2] worthy of death, but because he had read one writing of Plato, that on the soul.[3]

XXV.

A hero, I am set before the door of Eetion, of Amphipolis,[4] a little *hero* at a small vestibule, bearing a snake looking-askance[5] and a sword only. But being enraged at a horseman, he has placed me also near himself on-foot.

XXVI.

To Ionis[6] Callignotus sware, that never would he hold friend or mistress dearer than her. He sware. But 'tis truly said that oaths made in love[7] enter not the ears of the immortals. For

[1] Cicero, Tusc. Disp. (I. xxxiv. 84,) translates this epigram, "Callimachi quidem epigramma in Ambraciotam Cleombrotum est: quem ait quum ei nihil accidisset adversi, e muro se in mare abjecisse, lecto Platonis libro." Cf. Ovid in Ibin. 491, 492,

Vel de præcipiti venias in Tartara saxo
Ut qui Socraticum de nece legit opus.

[2] *θανάτου κακὸν.* Some have proposed to read *τέλος* instead of *κακὸν*, but Cicero renders the words "nihil adversi," showing that in his day the reading was *κακὸν*.

[3] The Phædo of Plato. The story is noticed by St. Augustine de Civ. Dei, i. 22. Cleombrotus was an Academic philosopher, and may have been the disciple of Socrates mentioned by Plato in Phædo, ii. p. 59, c. See Smith, Dict. G. R. B. i. 791, a.

[4] Eetion is mentioned as a sculptor by Theocritus, Ep. vii., as having made a statue of Æsculapius for Nicias of Miletus. Here it appears that the sculptor erects a pedestrian statue of a hero of short stature who had been killed by a fall from his horse.

[5] *ὄφιν.* According to Vulcanius and A. Fabri, heroes had serpents carved on their sepulchres and monuments. A. Fabri half quotes Virgil as an authority, but does not give any reference, and I am unable to find one.

[6] Ionis. Anglicè "Violet."

[7] *τοὺς ἐν ἔρωτι Ὅρκους.* Cf. Tibull. I. iv. 21, 22, Veneris perjuria venti Irrita per terras et freta summa ferunt. III. vii. 17, Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter et ventos irrita ferre jubet. Catull. lxx. 3, 4.

now he burns with the flame truly of another, whilst of the lorn maiden, as of the Megarians,[1] there is neither care nor account.

XXVII.

Aforetime I was Calliste,[2] but my after-name was Thera, mother of our equestrian country.

XXVIII.

From small means I had a slight subsistence,[3] neither doing aught ill, nor wronging any one. O dear earth, if I, Micilus, have commended aught that is bad, neither do thou lie light on me,[4] nor ye other gods, who hold me.

XXIX.

Both song and style[5] are Hesiod's: the poet of Soli has copied not the last of minstrels, but I suspect that he has

Sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti
In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

Propert. II. xxviii. 8, Quicquid jurarunt, pontus et unda rapit.

[1] *ὡς Μεγαρέων.* This is in allusion to the Pythian response to the Megarensians seeking to know their rank among Greek states.

ὑμεῖς δ' ὦ Μεγαρῆες οὔτε τρίτοι, οὔτε τέταρτοι,
οὔτε δύωδέκατοι, οὔτ' ἐν λόγῳ, οὔτ' ἐν ἀριθμῷ.

Cf. also Theocr. Idyll. xiv. 48. The low estate of the Megarensians seems to have passed into a proverb.

[2] This epigram is on Thera, one of the Sporades, whence a colony was led to Cyrene, the native city of Callimachus. Strabo, lib. xvii. c. lii. p. 497, quotes this epigram to show that the older name of Thera was Calliste. Pliny, H. N. IV. c. xii., makes the same statement. See Steph. Byzant. under the article *Θήρα*, p. 308, and note.

[3] The epitaph of Micilus, a poet of whom nothing is known.

[4] *μήτε σὺ κούφη γίγνεο.* A frequent prayer of Greek and Latin poets. Tibull. II. iv. 50, Terraque securæ sit super ossa levis Pope's Elegy on the Death of an unfortunate Lady:

"Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast."

[5] According to Bentley, the drift of this epigram is, that Aratus, the astronomical poet of Soli in Cilicia, imitated Hesiod, not a late poet, but a very sweet one. Aratus was a contemporary of Callimachus and Theocritus.

copied[1] the sweetest of verses. Hail, fine sayings, born with the watchings of Aratus.[2]

XXX.

I HATE the cyclic poem,[3] nor do I rejoice[4] in the road that leads many this way, or that. I hate too a roaming lover, neither drink I from the spring.[5] I loathe all things that are common.[6] Lysanias, thou at least art verily beautiful, beautiful; yet before I have said this, an echo says, another hath him.

XXXI.

POUR in, and say again, "to Diocles:"[7] nor is water conscious of his sacred cups. Fair is the boy, O Achelous, pass-

[1] ὁ καισώμητο. For this unintelligible reading we have adopted that of Bentley and others, ὀκνέω μὴ, I fear that, I suspect that. Ernesti suggests ἀλλ' ὅχ' ἄκρον καὶ τὸ μελιχρότατον, which is probable and intelligible.

[2] Ἀρήτου σύγγονοι ἀγρυπνιής. Bentley urges that the poems of Aratus cannot be σύγγονοι of his watchings, and suggests σύντονος ἀγρυπνίη, the fruit of the intense watching. If the objection be admitted, which is not clear, I venture to think Ruhnken's suggestion, σύμβολον ἀγρυπνίης, seems most likely.

[3] τὸ ποίημα τὸ κυκλικόν. The cyclic poets plagiarized, especially from Homer.

[4] χαίρω, τίς. Bentley supposes τὶς to be for ἤ, comparing Œd. Col. (Soph.) 3. But Blomfield reads τῇ for ἤ, observing that no good Greek author, nor any careful imitator, would use τὶς for ὅς, though in Hellenistic Greek it might be admissible.

[5] οὔτ' ἀπὸ κρήνης. Cf. Propert. III. xiv. 1, 2, (Paley,)

> Cui fuit indocti fugienda hæc semita vulgi
> Ipsa petita lacu nunc mihi dulcis aqua est.

[6] σικχαίνω πάντα τὰ δημόσια. Hor. Od. III. i. 1, Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

[7] This is in allusion to the custom of lovers to drain goblets to the health of those they love; as in an epigram of Meleager,

> ἔγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἰπὲ πάλιν πάλιν Ἡλιοδώρας
> Εἰπὲ· σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ' ὄνομα.

Cf. Theocr. xiv. 18; Catull. xxv. 1, 2, 5,

> Minister vetuli puer Falerni,
> Inger mî calices amariores—
> At vos, quò lubet, hinc abite lymphæ,
> Vini pernicies.

Tibull. I. ii. 1, Adde merum. (Blomf.)—Ἀχελῶος, a special river put for water generally; as in Virg. Georg. i. 9, Poculaque in-

ing fair! And if any one says nay, may I alone be aware of his beauties.[1]

XXXII.

Wretched, wretched Thessalian Cleonichus, I know not, I know not thee, no, by the piercing sun. Unhappy one, where hast thou been?[2] Bones and hair alone[3] remain to thee any longer. Doth then my fate[4] possess thee, and hast thou chanced upon a harsh destiny. I know, Euxitheus hath stolen thee; and thou, as thou passedst by,[5] sawest that handsome one with both thine *eyes*.[6]

XXXIII.

The hunter, O Epicydes, hunts for every hare on the mountains,[7] and the tracks of every antelope, being acquainted with hoar-frost and snow.[8] But should any one say, Lo,[9]

ventis Acheloia miscuit uvis. In the 3rd line Achelous is addressed as the god of the river of that name.

[1] Cf. Tibull. IV. xiii. 5,

> Atque utinam posses uni mihi bella videri;
> Displiceas aliis: sic ego tutus ero.

[2] I have translated here according to the punctuation of Blomfield, *οὐκ ἔγνων· σχέτλιε, ποῦ γέγονας*;

[3] *ὀστέα σοι.* So Hymn to Cer. 92, *μέσφ' ἐπὶ πλευραῖς Δειλαίῳ ἶνές τε καὶ ὀστέα μῶνον ἔλειφθεν.*

[4] *οὐμὸς δαίμων*, meum fatum. *Bentl.*

[5] *καὶ σύ παρελθών.* This is the reading of Pierson.

[6] *ἀμφοτέροις*, sc. *ὄμμασι.*

[7] Horace has transfused this epigram into Latin numbers, cf. Sat. I. ii. 105,

> Leporem venator ut altâ
> In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit:
> Cantat et apponit: meus est amor huic similis: nam
> Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.

[8] *κεχρημένος.* If we retain this reading we must translate it as in the text, almost as "used to." But A. Fabri would here, as in H. in Dian. 69, read *κεχριμένος*, and Blomf. *κεχαρήμενος*, lætus: cf. Hor. Od. I. i. 23,

> Multos castra *juvant* et lituo tubæ
> Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
> Detestata. Manet sub Jove *frigido*
> Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor.

[9] *τῆ*, the old imperative, (from a root, *τάω*, akin to *τάγω*, *τέτ-αγων*,) equivalent to the French "tiens, tenez." Cf. Hom. Il. xxiv. 287; Od. ix. 347.

here is a wild beast stricken ; he does not take it. Even such is my love. It is versed in pursuing what flies *from it*, but flits past what lies in its mid path.

XXXIV.

I KNOW that my hands are void of wealth : but, O Menippus, tell not, I pray thee by the Graces, my *daily* dream[1] to me. My head is pained continually,[2] as I hear this most bitter saying: yes! and from thee, my friend, this is most unkind.

XXXV.

O ARTEMIS, to thee Phileratis set-up this statue here : then do thou, Our Lady, accept it, and preserve her.[3]

XXXVI.

To thee, O thou clad-in-the-lion's-skin,[4] slayer-of-the-boar, he offered a shoot of the beech-tree. Who? Archinus. Of-what-country ? The Cretan. I accept it.

XXXVII.[5]

PAST the tomb of Callimachus thou bendest thy steps, *a poet* well skilled in the song, and in joining-in-mirth seasonably over wine.

[1] *τοὐμὸν ὄνειρον*, my dreams, i. e. an old story, rem mihi notissimam. Jacobs illustrates the proverb by Plat. Republ. viii. p. 563, *τὸ ἐμὸν γε ἐμοὶ λέγεις ὄναρ.*

[2] *τὴν διὰ παντὸς*, sc. *κεφαλὴν*, as *μὰ τὴν, οὐ μὰ τὴν*, i. e. *τὴν θεάν. Bentl.* Brunck suggests *θὴν*. The force of the epigram is, "I may be poor, but I am not the less sick of being told the unpleasant truth.

[3] *σάον*. Anna Fabri reads *σάω*, Dor. for *σάωσον*, as we constantly find in the Bath of Pallas.

[4] *λεοντάγκωνε*. Bastius suggested the right emendation, *λεοντόχλαινε*. The epigram is supposed to be spoken by a beechen club to Hercules, who had strangled the Nemean lion, and taken its skin for a cloak.—*συοκτόνε*. Hercules is so called as slayer of the Erimanthian boar.

[5] This is possibly an epitaph for himself written by Callimachus in his lifetime. Callimachus, as above mentioned, was of the royal house of the Battiadæ at Cyrene.

XXXVIII.[1]

THE deep drinker of wine, Erasixenus, the cup of neat *liquor* drunk-off twice in succession carried off.

XXXIX.[2]

THE Lyctian Menætas offered these bows, and said thus much besides,[3] "Take,[4] I give thee, Sarapis,[5] the bow and quiver: but the arrows the Hesperitæ[6] have."

XL.

ROAMING Simone[7] gave as her offerings to Aphrodite an image of herself, and the zone which used to protect her bosom.

[1] Valkenaer thus paraphrases this epigram: "In the contest in which drinkers were wont to challenge one another to drain larger goblets, the second cup of unmixt wine carried off Erasixenus, a very strong wrestler in other contests." The bottle threw him, not the hug of his antagonist.

[2] This epigram, as Bentley shows, is, as Epigram xli., composed of lines made up of two dimeters catalectic. Cf. Epig. xl. also.

[3] *ἐπειπών*. There is no need to read *ἀπειπών*, as *ἐπειπὼν* expresses the words spoken with the dedication of the offerings.

[4] *Τῆ*. Cf. Epig. xxxiii. 4.

[5] *Σάραπι*. Sarapis, or Serapis, an Egyptian divinity, in the time of the Ptolemies introduced into Greece. He was said to be Apis deified.

[6] *Ἐσπερῖται*. Stephanus Byzant. (p. 275) says that Hesperis was a city of Libya, afterwards called Berenica, and quotes the Epigrams of Callimachus. See more under the art. *Hesperis* in Smith, Dict. G. and R. G. vol. i. p. 1063, a.

[7] Simone.] Bentley reads *Σειλήνη*. Cod. Vatic. *Σεμόνη*, whence Ruhnken conjectures *Σειμώνη*. The metre here is as in the previous epigram. For *περίφοιτος*, see Epig. xxx. 3. In the 4th line read, with A. Fabri, *ἡ μαστὸς ἐφύλασσε*. A. Fabri quotes Anacreon. xx.,

> *Μύρον, γύναι, γενοίμαν,*
> *Ὅπως ἐγὼ σ' ἀλείφω,*
> *καὶ ταινίη δε μαστῶν,*

and Terent. Eunuch. II. iii. 22,

> Haud similis virgo est virginum nostrarum quas matres student
> Demissis humeris esse, vincto pectore ut graciles sient.

XLI.

To Demeter before the gates,[1] to whom Acrisius of the Pelasgians caused this shrine to be built, and to her daughter beneath *the earth*, Timodemus of Naucratis[2] set up these gifts, the tithes of his gains; for thus had he vowed.

XLII.

TO AN OLD PRIESTESS OF DEMETER HAVING DIED HAPPILY.

IN TETRAMETER HENDECASYLLABICS.

Of old I was a priestess of Demeter, and again of the Cabiri,[3] O man, and afterwards of Dindymene[4] I became the old *priestess*, (who now am dust,) in-authority over many young women.[5] And to me two male children were born, and in their arms I closed-mine-eyes[6] in-happy-old-age.[7] Go on *thy* way rejoicing.

[1] *τῇ πυλαίᾳ*. A. Fabri quotes H. in Cerer. 45, *κατωμαδίαν δ' ἔχε κλεῖδα*. Some have thought that this epithet belonged to her as the keeper of the Eleusinian mysteries.

[2] *Ναυκρατίτης*, a citizen of Naucratis, a town of Ægypt, whence *Ναυκρατίτης*, just as in Epig. xxxix. 6, *Ἐσπερίτης*, from *Ἐσπερίς*.

[3] *Καβείρων*. Inferior deities originally of Lemnos, according to Æschyl., and, according to Herodot. iii. 37, worshipped at Memphis as sons of Vulcan or Hephæstus, whose grandsons, as sons of Proteus, they were according to other accounts. According to the writers of the Alexandrian period, the mysteries of the Cabiri were sprung from Dardanus, and solemnized in honour of Demeter.

[4] *Δινδυμήνης*, i. e. Cybele, so called from Dindymus, a mountain of Phrygia, sacred to her. Cf. Horat. Od. I. xvi. 5, 6,

> Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
> Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius;

and Catull. xxxiii. 14, Dindymi dominam; lxi. 13,

> Cybeles nemora simul,
> Simul ite, Dindymenæ dominæ vaga pectora.

[5] In this line the simplest construction seems to understand *προστασίη* to be i. q. *προστάτις*, patrona, the office put for the person holding it, as "arma" for "armati," and the like.

[6] *κἠπέμυς'*, i. e. *καὶ ἀπέμυσα*. *Bentley.*

[7] Blomf. compares Propert. IV. xii. 64, Condita sunt vestro lumina nostra sinu.

XLIII.[1]

That which still breathes, is but half my life ;[2] but *the other* half I know not whether Eros or Orcus hath snatched-away ; but gone-it-is. I wonder if it hath gone again to one of the youths ? And yet I often bade them not, *saying*, Receive[3] not the fugitive, young ones. Is it not even *gone* to Cephisus,[4] for I know that that death-deserving and passionately-loving maiden attaches-herself somewhere there.

XLIV.

If indeed, O Archinus, I have wilfully gone a-rioting, blame me ten-thousand times : but if I am come against-my-will, consider my hastiness.[5] Strong-drink and love compelled me,[6] of which, one of them kept dragging me, the other would

[1] Scaliger has pointed out in Aul. Gell. xix. 9, a translation of this epigram by an old Latin poet, Q. Catulus :

Aufugit mi animus; credo, ut solet, ad Theotimum
Devenit; sic est. Perfugium illud habet.
Quod si non interdixem, ne illum fugitivum
Mitteret ad se intro, sed magis ejiceret?
Ibimu' quæsitum. Verum ne ipsi teneamur
Formido. Quid ago? Da Venu' consilium

[2] With this line Jacobs compares Theocr. xxix. 5,

τὸ γὰρ ἄμισυ τᾶς ζοΐας ἔχω
Ζῇ τὰν σὰν ἰδέαν, τὸ δὲ λοιπὸν ἀπώλετο.

[3] ὑπόδεχθε, the reading of Bentley, seems to be preferable to all others.

[4] Οὐκ ἴσον ἔφη σον. This unintelligible reading of the MSS. is emended by Scaliger, οὐκ εἰς Κηφισόν ; a slight and probable alteration. Bentley prefers οὐκ εἰς ἑς τὸν ἔφηβον ; which appears to have been a proverb.

[5] τὴν προπέτειαν ὅρα. Vide temeritas quid facit. *Bentley.*

[6] A. Fabri compares with this line Terent. Adelphi, Act III. sc. iv. 24, Persuasit nox, amor, vinum, adolescentia ; and Blomf. Propert. I. iii. 13,

Et quamvis duplici correptum ardore juberent
Hàc Amor, hàc Liber, durus uterque Deus, &c.

—ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν. Some have suggested αὐτὸν. But there is no need, as in another epigram quoted by Bentley we find ὧν ὁ μεν ὑμῶν—and in later Greek, as we see in the N. T., this redundancy of construction was not uncommon. The Septuagint abounds with it.

not let me keep a sober mind. But when I had come, I marked not who or whose, but I kissed the neck:[1] if this is a wrong deed, I am a wrong-doer.

XLV.

THE stranger was wounded without our knowledge: thou sawest how sad a breath he drew through his breast. Lo, he was drinking the third time,[2] and the roses shedding their leaves were poured all on the ground from the man's chaplet.[3] Doubtless he has been seriously inflamed; no, by the gods, I do not guess without reason,[4] but being a thief, I have learnt the traces of a thief.[5]

XLVI.

THERE is, yes by Pan, something hidden, there is, by Bacchus, some fire beneath these ashes.[6] I have no confidence: prythee embrace me not. Ofttimes a river, *though it be* silent, eats imperceptibly through the wall.[7] Wherefore now too I fear, Menexenus, lest this stealthy-glider,[8] insinuating himself, should throw me into love.

[1] *δειρήν* for *ἰαρήν* is the emendation of Bentley, who quotes Theognis, 259. Blomf. adds Horace, Od. II. xii. 25, 26, Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula Cervicem.

[2] *τὸ τρίτον ἠνίδ' ἔπινε.* So reads Dorville instead of the MSS. reading *ἡ γὴ ἔπινε.* which seems to allude to the custom of libations poured on the earth; another reading is *τὸ τρίτον ἤγγικε πίνε*, the third challenge to drink approached. Blomfield adopts however Dorville's reading, the simplest.

[3] Ruhnken quotes here Propert. III. vi. 51, (Paley,) Ac veluti folia arentes liquere corollas.

[4] *ἀπὸ ρυσμοῦ*—i. e. *ῥυθμοῦ*—not without reason. The opposite is *ῥύθμῳ τινι.* Eur. Cycl. 398. (Lidd. and Scott.)

[5] *φωρὸς δ' ἴχνια.* "Set a thief to catch a thief."

[6] Jacobs compares Hor. Od. II. i. 7, Incedis per ignes Suppositos cineri doloso Ov. Remed. Am. 243,

Lentus abesto
Dum perdat vires sitque sine igne cinis.

Ibid. 731, 732,

Ut pœne extinctum cinerem si sulpure tangas,
Vivet, et e minimo max mus ignis erit.

In this epigram the speaker warns his friend not to embrace him, as the flame of former love has not quite died out.

[7] *ἀποτρώγων.* Blomf. quotes Hor. Od. I. xxxi 7, 8,

Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aquâ taciturnus amnis.

[8] *οὗτος ὁ σ' εἰ γ' ἁρνῆς.* Bentl., *ὁ σιγέρπης*—which is adopted in the text.

XLVII.[1]

When I beheld the beautiful Archestratus, I said that he was not beautiful, no, by Hermes, for he did not seem exceedingly *so*. I spake, Nemesis[2] seized me, and straightway I lay in the flames: Jove was wholly directing his lightnings against me[3] Shall I propitiate the boy, or the goddess? Nay, the boy is more precious to me than the goddess. Good bye to Nemesis.

XLVIII.

Thou wilt be caught, roving Menecrates,[4] said I on the twentieth of July, and of August—on the-what?—the tenth *day* the ox came of-his-own-will under the plough.[5] Bravo, bravo, my Mercury! I do not find-fault along-of the twenty days.[6]

XLIX.

Whilst Polyphemus found his incantation good, so long[7] the Cyclops neglected his sheep, and counted them not. The Muses, Philippus, waste love away. Surely wisdom is a

[1] This epigram is inscribed Ἄδηλου, and is by Pierson ascribed to Philippus.

[2] ἀ Νέμεσις. Cf. Catull. Coma Berenices, 71, Pace tuâ fari hæc liceat, Rhamnusia virgo. Nemesis was daughter of Jupiter and Ἀνάγκη, avenger of perjury and insolence.

[3] πᾶς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ Ζεύς. Pierson suggested, παῖς δ' ἐς ἐμ' ὡς Ζεύς. But as Blomfield shows, there needs only the slight alteration of ἐν into ἐπ' and the whole will stand as it was.

[4] περίφευγε. Bentley reads περίφοιτε, which Blomf. and others adopt, and which is Englished here: see at Epig. xxx. 3.—Πανήμου. Panemus and Loüs were two Macedonian months, answering to July and August. The Macedonian months were adopted after Alexander's date by all the Syro-Macedonian cities, and by the Greek cities of Asia. For the names of them see Smith, Dict. G. and R. Ant. p. 614, B.

[5] ἦλθεν ὁ βοῦς ὑσ' ἄροτρον ἑκούσιος. A proverb of things turning out prosperously, not by our own industry, but in the common course of nature. *Bentl.*—Ἑρμῆς. The poet thanks Mercury, the god of unexpected good luck.

[6] παρὰ τὰς εἴκοσι. For παρὰ in this sense see Matt. Gr. Gr. § 588, δ.; Thuc. i. 141, &c.

[7] With Hermann we have adopted Ἕως ἀγαθὰν — τόφρ' ἀμελῶν αἰγῶν οὐκ ἀρίθμασ' ὁ κυκλωψ. There seems to be an allusion to the early part of the 11th Idyll of Theocritus in this epigram.

medicine healing all.[1] This good, methinks, even famine has, *and* only *this*, in addition to its ills. It cuts off the disorder of love. Yes, and I have even both in abundance against love. This, boy, little boy, clips thy wings. Not even the least crumb[2] do I fear thee; for both the charms against the severe wound are at my home.

L.[3]

Often truly in the choruses of the tribe Acamantis the Dionysiac hours shouted loud on account of the ivy-bearing dithyrambs, and with chaplets and choicest roses overshadowed the sleek locks of skilful poets, who dedicated this tripod as their witness of Bacchic prizes; those men Antigenes instructed. But well did Ariston, the Argive, nurse a sweet voice, pouring into simple Doric pipes a tuneful breath: of whose honey-voiced choir Struthon's son, Hipponicus, was leader, borne in the chariots of the Graces. Who gave him famous name and splendid victory among men, by-the-power-of the Muses, goddesses with violet wreaths.

LI.[4]

This salt-cellar, from which eating plain salt,[5] he had

[1] *πανακὲς. τὸ πανακὲς*, the "all-heal." Cf. Callim. Apoll. 40, *αὐτὴν τὴν πανακείαν.*

[2] *οὐδ' ὅσον ἀττάραγὸν—ἀττάραγος* or *ἀττάραχος*, a crumb of bread. *Athenæus.* Hence a bit—"not even a bit."

[3] The scope of this epigram is this: At the Dionysia, when Tragic and Comic poets exhibited their dramas at Athens, a particular tribe finding chorus, garments, and other ornaments, the tribe Acamantis was successful; the dramatist being Antigenes, Ariston the flute-player, and Hipponicus the leader of the chorus. Cf. Bentley, who quotes here an epigram of Simonides:

Ἦρχε μὲν Ἀδείμαντος Ἀθηναίοις, ὅτ' ἐνίκα
Ἀντιοχὶς φύλη δαιδάλεον τρίποδα,
Ξεινοφίλου δέ τις υἱὸς Ἀριστείδης ἐχορήγει
Πεντήκοντ' ἀνδρῶν καλὰ μαθόντι χορῷ
Ἀμφὶ διδασκαλίᾳ δὲ Σιμωνίδη ἔσπετο κῦδος
Ὀγδωκονταέτει παιδὶ Λεωπρεπέος.

[4] Bentley has elucidated the sense of this epigram, which turns upon the ambiguity of the words *ἁλίην, ἅλα, ἁλὸς*—not having here reference to the sea so much as to the salt. Eudemus, plunged in debt, extricated himself by living very frugally (as one Cui paternum Splendet in mensâ tenui salinam; Hor.): in memory of the advantage of which prudent course he dedicates *τὴν ἁλίην*, the salt-cellar, to the Samothracian gods.

[5] *ἐφ ἧς ἅλα λιτὸν ἐπέσθων. ἐπέσθων. i. q. ἐπεσθίων*, is used as differ-

escaped great storms of debt, Eudemus dedicated to the Somothracian gods, saying that he had this set up here according to his vow, ye peoples, because he had been saved from the brine.

LII.

For quickness-in-learning, Simus, son of Miccus, prayed, presenting me to the Muses. And they, like Glaucus,[1] gave a great gift instead of a small. But I am set over against this double letter of the Samian,[2] gaping, *I* the tragic Bacchus, as hearer of boys.[3] While they say, Holy *is* the lock, *telling* me my *daily* dream.

LIII.

Tell, stranger, that I, Pamphilus,[4] am set up[5] as a witness, truly comic, of the victory of Agoranax the Rhodian,

ing very little in sound from *ἐπέλθων*, just as *δανέων* is from *ἀνέμων*. Throughout the epigram it is to be taken as bearing a twofold allusion to maritime and table matters.

[1] *Γλαῦκος ὅκως*. An allusion to the exchange between Glaucus and Diomed, Hom. Il. vi. 236, *χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννέα βοίων*.

[2] *κεῖμαι τοῦ Σαμίου διπλόον*. The letter meant is Υ, called the letter of the Samian, because invented by Pythagoras, [see Martial, Littera Pythagoræ discrimine secta bicorni; and Persius, iii. 56, 57,

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.—]

Bentley explains that the letter Υ, opposite which the image of Bacchus was set, was placed in schools to indicate to boys the twofold path of virtues and vices.

[3] The boys made offerings of their locks to Bacchus, according to a common custom in reference to all the gods, but especially to Bacchus. Cf. Euripid. Bacch. 493, 494,

Πρῶτον μὲν ἁβρὸν βοστροχον τεμῶ σέθεν
ἱερὸς ὁ πλόκαμος. τῷ θεῷ δ' αὐτὸν τρέφω,

And as Bacchus had beautiful hair of his own, these offerings were an old story, a matter of no importance, an every-day affair, *τεὶμὸν ὄνειαρ*; as Blomf. would read for *ὄνειαρ*.

[4] Agoranax, a comic poet, having been victorious at the Dionysiac festival, consecrates to Bacchus the statue of the actor Pamphilus, ill wrought, full of wrinkles, and black as soot, or the lamp of Isis. The statue in the epigram is made to explain that it is not burnt by love, so as to cause its appearance.

[5] *ἀγκεῖσθαι*, i. q. *ἀνακεῖσθαι*.

and not burnt by love.[1] But half of me is seen like to a dried fig and the lanterns of Isis.[2]

LIV.[3]

Miccus used to take care of Phrygian Æschra, a good nurse[4] even in her lifetime with all comforts, and, when she was dead, set up her statue, for posterity to see, how the old woman receives-in-full[5] the thanks for her breasts.

LV.

TO BERENICE, WIFE OF PTOLEMY.[6]

The Graces are four. For in addition to those famous three one *more* has been fashioned at some recent period, and is still moist with unguents. Blessed in all things is very-enviable Berenice, without whom not even the Graces themselves are Graces.

LVI.

The beautifully[7] swarthy Theocritus, if indeed he hates me, you would hate four times *as much:* if he loves me, you would love him. Yea! by fair-tressed Ganymede, O heavenly Jove, thou too wast once in love.[8] I *will* not speak more at length.

[1] δεδαυμένον, from δαιω, i. q. περιπεφλεγμένον. *Hesych.*

[2] Jacobs shows from Pollux and Quinctil. Inst. Or. xi. 3, 74, that on the ancient stage two-sided masks were in use; hence ἥμισυ δ' ὤπται.

[3] Miccus shows his gratitude to the Phrygian nurse Æschra by setting up her statue.

[4] ἀγαθὸν γάλα, lac bonum, i. e. bonam nutricem, the *abstract for the concrete.* See Matthiæ, Gr. Gr. § 429, 1.

[5] ἀπέχει for ἔχει is Alexandrine: see Epigr. lviii. So we have it in the New Testament.

[6] An elegant compliment to Berenice, daughter of Philadelphus. Bentley quotes from the Anthology, i. 41,

> Αἱ χάριτες τρεῖς εἰσι, σὺ δὴ μία ταῖς τρισὶ κείναις
> Γεννήθης, ἵν' ἔχωσ' αἱ χάριτες χάριτα.

[7] τὸ καλὸν for καλὸν or καλῶς. So Theocr. Idyll. iii. 3, Τίτυρ' ἰμὶν τὸ καλὸν πεφιλαμένε: and again, 18, ὦ τὸ καλὸν ποθορεῦσα.

[8] καὶ σύ ποτ' ἠράσθης. Cf. Theocr. Idyll. viii 59, 60,

> ὦ πάτερ, ὦ Ζεῦ
> οὐ μόνος ἠράσθην—

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LVII.

COME even again, Ilithyia, at the invocation of Lycænis,[1] helping *her* thus in childbirth with easy-deliverance from throes. So shall it be to thee now, O queen, for a girl: but for a boy, hereafter thy fragrant temple will hold somewhat else.

LVIII.

THOU knowest[2] that thou hast, O Æsculapius, the debt which Aceson vowed[3] and owed for his wife Demodice. But should it escape thee, and thou demand payment, the tablet declares that she will preserve her chastity.

LIX.

CALLISTIUM, daughter of Critias, dedicated me, a lamp rich with twenty lamp-nozzles, to the god of Canopus,[4] having vowed me for his son Apellis. But looking upon my lights you will say, "Hesperus, how hast thou fallen."

LX.

EVENETUS, who set me-up, says (for I know nought *of it*) that I am suspended[5] in requital for his private victory, a brazen cock to the Tyndaridæ. I trust the son of distinguished[6] Philoxenides.

LXI.

IN the *temple* of Inachian Isis,[7] Æschylis, daughter of Thales, placed me up, by the promise of her mother Irene.

[1] This epigram accompanies an offering from Lycænis, for her safety in the birth of a daughter, and promises a larger offering, should she have a son hereafter.

[2] Aceson had set up an image of his wife Demodice in the temple of Æsculapius. The poet compliments the statue, or perhaps the original of it, on beauty that could charm a god, and on her chastity.

[3] *εὐξάμενος* Γινώσκεις for *ἀρξάμενος γιγνώσκειν*. Tyrwhitt and Ernesti.

[4] *τῷ* Κανωπίτᾳ, the god of Canopus in Egypt: viz. Sarapis or Serapis. Cf. Epig. xxxix. 5.

[5] For *ἐγκεῖσθαι*, in ver. 3, read *ἀγκεῖσθαι*, i. q. *ἀνακεῖσθαι*, as in Epigr. liii. and elsewhere.

[6] *Φαίδρου*. Blomf. reads *φαίδρου* with a small *φ*.

[7] Inachian Isis.] Isis, an Egyptian deity, was fabled to be the

LXII.

WHAT stranger *art thou*, shipwrecked mariner? Leontichus found me here a corse on the shores, and buried me in this tomb, whilst he wept for his own fateful life: for not even doth he *spend* a quiet[1] *life*, but traverses the seas, like divers.

LXIII.

BLEST *was* Argive[2] Orestes, because, though mad in other respects, he was not afflicted with the madness of men mad-with-love.[3] Nor did he make the trial of the Phocian,[4] which tests his friend, but exhibited even one drama alone. Sure quickly would he have lost even his friend, had he done this: and I no longer have many Pyladæ.

LXIV.

ALL ye, who journey past the sepulchre of Cimon of Elis,[5] know that ye pass the son of Hippæus.

wife of Osiris and mother of Horus. Her worship seems to have been extended to Greece, Rome, and other parts of Europe. Inachus was considered by the ancients to have been an Egyptian immigrant into Greece, who united an Egyptian colony with the Pelasgians. *Smith, Dict. G. and R. B.* vol. ii. 572, a.

[1] ἥσυχον, al. ἤσυχος.—*αἰθυιῆς δ'*. Cf. Hom. Od. v. 337, *αἰθυίη δ' εἰκυῖα, ποτῇ ἀνεδύσατο λίμνης*. Dr. Wellesley, in his Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 374, thus translates this epigram:

> "Stranger, whoe'er thou art, found stranded here,
> O'er thee Leontichus heap'd up this grave,
> Whilst at his own hard lot he dropp'd a tear:
> He too, a restless sea-bird, roams the wave."

[2] For ὠρχαῖος, Jacobs read ὠργεῖος, which has been translated here.

[3] λευκαρέταν μανῶν. The right emendation of this passage must be only conjecture. λευκαρέταν is untenable, and so is μανῶν. Ernesti suggests with much probability ἐρωτομανῶν, before which, if some such word as αὐτὸς is placed, we should have metre and sense.

[4] τοῦ Φωκέος, i. e. Pylades. The meaning of this epigram is obscure.

[5] Ἀλίοιο. Ἀλείοιο is adopted by Blomfield from a MS.—In fragment xcix. we read Ἀλεῖος ὁ Ζευς. Nothing is known of this Cimon.

LXV.

Alas, alas![1] for thou too art thus, Menecrates! Thou wast not for long. What hath made an end of thee, O best of hosts. Why surely what[2] killed the Centaur: which came to me as my fated slumber, but the wretched wine forms the pretext.

LXVI.

The race of Neptune and of Jove trained their youth in contests of sturdy wrestling.[3] And their contest is proposed not for a brazen ewer, but who shall carry away life or death. The fall *was* that of Antæus: but 'tis fitting that Jove's son, Hercules, should conquer. Wrestling is peculiar to Argives, not Libyans.

LXVII.

Thou there, that seekest to burn even fire itself,[4] that desirest to light up by night thy beautiful lamp, come hither and kindle a flame from my soul. For within me burning,[5] it sends forth a vast blaze.

[1] Blomfield reads,

> Αἴ αἴ καὶ σὺ γὰρ ὧδε, Μενέκρατες; οὐκ ἐπὶ πουλὺ
> Ἥσθα. τί σε, ξείνων λῷστε, κατειργάσατο.

[2] ἦ ῥα τὸ, Jacobs, for the unintelligible ἤρατο.—An allusion is here made to the Centaur's fight with the Lapithæ at the marriage feast of Pirithous. Cf. Horat. Od. I. xviii. 8,

> At ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi
> Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
> Debellata;

and see Hom. Od. xxi. 295—298.

[3] An epigram on the wrestling match between Hercules, son of Jove, and Antæus, son of Poseidon and Ge, a mighty Libyan giant. Hercules discovered the source of his strength, lifted him up from the earth, and crushed him in the air. The poet says that Argos, the fatherland of Hercules, was more famous for wrestlers than Libya.

[4] Blomfield negatives the opinion of Obsopæus, who attributes this epigram to Callimachus; and ascribes it on the contrary to a Neoteric Sophist.

[5] For καιόμενον, Blomfield reads καιόμενη, agreeing with ψυχὴ.

LXVIII.

BRAVEST of beasts am I,[1] of mortals he, whom I now guard, as I stand on this stone tomb. But unless Leon had had the heart, I wot, as *he* had the name *of lion*, I would not have set my feet on this tomb.

LXIX.[2]

THE three-years-old Astyanax while sporting round about a well, a mute image of a form drew in to itself.[3] And from the water the mother snatched her drenched boy, examining whether he had any portion of life. But the infant did not defile the Nymphs, for, hushed on the lap of his mother, he sleeps his deep sleep.

LXX.[4]

WORN out with age and poverty, and no man outstretching a contribution for misfortune, I have come into my tomb by degrees with my trembling limbs. With difficulty have I found the goal of a troublous life. And in my case the custom of the dead hath been changed. For I did not die first, and then was buried; but was buried, and *then* died.[5]

LXXI.[6]

THE old woman Nico crowned the sepulchre of the maiden Melitè. O Orcus, hast thou decided this aright?

[1] This epigram is ascribed by Brunck to Simonides, but retained by Blomfield on the judgment of Salmasius. Simonides was a contemporary of Leonidas, and on that hero's tomb there was, as we read in Herodot. vii. 225, a lion carved. But so, according to Pausanias, had other warriors. Pausan. III. iii. 5, speaks of one Leo, a king of Sparta, grandsire of Leonidas.

[2] An epigram on a child three-years-old falling into a well, and being drawn out by its mother to die in her lap. The poet says that the death of the babe did not render the well and the Nymphs thereof unclean, being drawn out before death occurred.

[3] *Εἴδωλον μορφᾶς κώφὸν*. The babe seems to have leapt towards its shadow in the water.

[4] This epigram is by some ascribed to Simonides.

[5] It would seem that this last line must be understood of the old man in the depth of poverty, having sought shelter in the tombs. These tombs were probably hewn in rocks, as we read in St. Matt. viii. 28; Luke viii. 27, and the commentaries on those passages.

[6] This epigram also is often ascribed to Simonides. It turns upon the reversal of the laws of nature, in the aged woman burying the young maiden.

LXXII.

WHEREFORE, O Venus, unable-to-endure battle-dins, hast thou had Mars assigned to thee? Who was the coiner-of-the falsehood? Foolishly did he fasten-on-thee hateful arms? For to thee loves are delightful, and the joys of the couch,[1] and the women-maddening sounds of castanets. But to divine Tritonis[2] leave these bloody spears: and go thou to beautiful-tressed Hymen.

LXXIII.

Wild beasts of Cynthus,[3] be of good-courage. For the bow and arrows of Cretan Echemmas are laid up in Ortygia with Artemis, *the arrows* wherewith he desolates the vast mountain: but now he has ceased, ye she-goats, since the goddess has effected a truce *with him.*

LXXIV.

So mayest thou sleep, Conopium, as thou makest me to serenade at this cold vestibule. So mayest thou sleep, most wicked one, as thou puttest thy lover to sleep: and thou hast chanced upon pity not even in a dream.[5] Neighbours pity: but thou not even in a dream: but thy gray hair will soon remind thee of all these things.

LXXV.

BID me not hail, bad heart, but pass on. Thy-not-laughing is equal joy to me.

[1] *αἵ τε κατ' ἐύνὰν τέρψεις.* Cf. Soph. Ajax, 1203, 1204, *δύσμορος οὗτ' ἐννυχίαν Τέρψιν ἰαύειν.—κροτάλων.* This is used for castanets or cymbals, as in Herodot. ii. 60, &c., in the worship of certain Egyptian deities.

[2] *Τριτωνίδι.* Tritonis was an epithet of Minerva. Cf. Virg. Æn. ii. 171, Nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstris.

[3] *Κυνθῖες.* The wild beasts of Cynthus, a mountain of Delos, overlooking the town of Delos. Cf. Virg. Æn. i. 498, 499, Per juga Cynthi Exercet Diana choros.—'Εχέμμα. Genitive Æol. for 'Εχέμμου, as *Παυσανίας, ία,* and *ίου*: 'Αρχύτας, 'Αρχύτα, and 'Αρχύτου. *Graev.*

[4] *Κωμᾶσθαι* would seem here to mean i. q. *κωμάζειν.* Cf. Theocr. iii. 1.

[5] *οὐδ' ὄναρ,* used as if adverbially, as in Æsch. Eumen. 116, 131, and in Plat. Theæt. 178, D. (Liddell and Scott), "not even in a dream."

THE MAXIMS

OF

THEOGNIS THE MEGAREAN.

O KING, son of Latona, child of Jove, never shall I forget thee, beginning nor ending.[1] But ever first and last and in the middle will I sing thee. Hear thou me, and grant me blessings.

King Phœbus, when the goddess, august Latona, having grasped with her hands the taper palm,[3] bare thee most beauteous of immortals at the circular lake,[4] boundless Delos was all filled with ambrosial odour, and[5] the vast earth smiled, whilst the deep wide-waters of the gray brine rejoiced.[6]

Beast-slaying Artemis, daughter of Jove, whose statue Agamemnon set up,[7] when in swift-ships he was sailing to

[1] Beginning nor ending.] Cf. Hesiod, Theogon. 34, *σφᾶς δ' αὐτὰς πρῶτόν τε καὶ ὕστερον αἰὲν ἀείδειν*, and 48, *Ἀρχόμεναί θ' ὑμνεῦσι θεαὶ, λήγουσί τ' ἀοιδῆς*. Hor. Ep. i. 1, Prima dicta mihi, summâ dicende Camænâ Mecænas. Virg. Ecl. viii. 11, A te principium; tibi desinet. Hom. Il. ix. 97.

[2] Cf. Theocr. xvii. 3, 4,

Ἀνδρῶν, δ' αὖ Πτολεμαῖος ἐνὶ πρώτοισι λεγέσθω
Καὶ πύματος, καὶ μέσσος· ὁ γὰρ προφερέστατος ἀνδρῶν. Neander.

Milton's Parad. Lost, v. 165, "Him first, him last, him midst, and without end."

[3] Callimachus describes this, H. in Del. 209—211,

Λύσατο δε ζώνην, ἀπὸ δ' ἐκλίθη ἔμπαλιν ὤμοις
φοίνικος ποτὶ πρέμνον ἀμηχανης ὑπὸ λυγρῆς
τειρομένη.

Hom. Od. vi. 163. Cf. Call. H. in Ap. 4; Eurip. Hecub. 458—460.

[4] *τροχοειδέϊ λίμνῃ*. Cf. Callim. H. in Del. 261, *χρυσῷ δε τροχόεσσα πανήμερος ἔῤῥεε λίμνη*.

[5, 6] *ἐγέλασσε δὲ γαῖα πελώρη*, &c. Cf. Hesiod, Theogony, 41, and the notes there (supra. p. 4, note 2); cf. also Æsch. Prom. V. 89, 90. *ποντίων τε κυμάτων Ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*.

[7] *εἴσαθ'*, set up. In one MS. above *εἴσατο* is written "cognovit."

Troy, hear me at-my-prayer, and avert from me evil fates. Little to thee, O goddess, this, but much to me.[1]

Muses and Graces, daughters of Jove,[2] who of old went to the nuptials of Cadmus, and sang a noble strain: "what is beautiful, is dear, and that which is not beautiful, is not dear."[3] Through immortal mouths this word hath come.

Cyrnus,[4] let a seal be set on these words of mine, as I pursue wisdom, but it will never escape notice, if it be stolen.[5] Nor will any one take-in-exchange worse, when the good is present: but thus shall every one say, *these* are the poems of Theognis,[6] the Megarean, and *one* celebrated among all men: yet not yet am I able to please all the citizens. No wonder, son of Polypas, for not even doth Jove please all, either when he rains, or when he holds up.[7] But to thee with kind inten-

If the aor. could be used in this sense, it would suit the passage better than "set up," but εἴσατο, from εἴδω, seems generally to mean, "was like." It is not anywhere stated, as far as I can discover, that Agamemnon set up a statue or temple of Artemis, though we find that he dedicated his rudder to her. Callimachus, H. in Dian. 228. See Livy, xlv. 27. For his sin against her, and its expiation, see Agam. Æsch. 110, &c.; Eur. Iph. in Aul. 90; Taur. 15; Ov. Met. xii. 31, &c.

[1] Aristot. Eth. Eudem. (vii. 10, p. 205,) quotes this passage, as Gaisford points out.

[2] The Muses are spoken of as daughters of Jove. Hesiod, Theog. 25, 53, 54. In Hes. Theogon. 64, the Graces have dwellings near the Muses in Olympus at festivals, and at 906, they are called daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome.—Κάδμου ἐς γάμον. The marriage of Cadmus with Harmonia, whom Zeus gave him to wife. The marriage ceremony was honoured by the presence of all the Olympian gods in the Cadmea. Cf. Eurip. Phœniss. 822—827.

[3] Valkenaer from this line has suggested an emendation of Eurip. Phœniss. 828, (Pors.) *οὐ γὰρ ὅ μὴ καλὸν, ὄυποτ' ἔφυ φίλον*, where the old reading is *καλὸν*, which he shows from Theognis was the burden of their song at these nuptials.

[4] (Ver. 20—28=Fragm. ix. Frere.) Cyrnus was the son of Polypas, (cf. 25,) a young man bound to him by firm and pure friendship, of age and standing to be sent to Delphi as "Theorus." Cf. 805; and art. Theognis in Smith's Dictionary of Gr. and R. B., vol. iii. p. 1076.

[5] κλεπτομένα is the reading of three MSS., and is preferable, as its subject will be ἐπῆ.

[6] Θεύγνιδος, for Θεόγνιδος, as in Callim. Epigr. xxxii. 4, *θεν μορίη*; Apollon. Rhod. iii. 676; Call. H. in Cer. 58, *θεύς* for *θεος*. Theog. xxviii. 13.

[7] Son of Polypas.] (Cf. 19.) Some have considered that this name designated another person, but it is generally agreed that Πολυπαΐδης

tion I will give advice, Cyrnus, even such as I myself learned, when yet a boy, from the good.[1]

Be wise, and do not on condition of shameful or unjust acts draw to thyself honours, nor distinctions, nor wealth. These things know thus: and consort not with bad men, but ever cleave to the good: with them eat and drink, sit with them, and please them, of whom there is a large force. For from the good thou shalt learn good,[2] but with the bad if-thou shouldst mix, thou wilt lose even the mind thou hast. Learn this, associate with the good, and sometime thou wilt say, that I give good advice to my friends.

Cyrnus,[3] this city is pregnant: but I fear that it will bring-forth a man *to be* a chastiser of our evil violence. For the citizens here on their part are as yet sober-minded: but the leaders, have turned themselves *so as to* fall into much worthlessness. No city yet, Cyrnus, have good men ruined ;[4] but when it pleases the bad to be insolent, and they corrupt the commons, and give judgments in favour of the unjust,[5] for the sake of private gains and power, expect that that city will not long be kept tranquil,[6] even though now it is settled in much

is a patronymic, designating Cyrnus.—*πάντεσσ' ἀνδάνει*, an emendation of Porson at Eurip. Orest. 1623, where he says that he knows no instance of *ἀνδάνω* with the accusative. The editions generally have *πάντας* here.—*ἀνέχων* is here used in a neuter sense. Probably we must explain it by the ellipse of *ἑαυτόν*; see Matth. § 496, 1, p. 828.

[1] *ἀπὸ τῶν ἀγαθῶν.* "It should be recollected that the terms *οἱ ἀγαθοί*, *ἐσθλοὶ*, *βελτιστοί*, &c., are frequently used by the Greek writers to signify the nobles—*οἱ κακοί*, *δειλοί*, &c., to denote the commons." (W. Smith's H. of Greece, p. 85.) So it is with Theognis. So also Sallust uses the terms boni, optimates, optimus quisque, mali, &c. In ver. 30, *ἀρετὰς* is used in a kindred sense to this of *ἀγάθος*. See more at Welcker's Theogn. præf. p. xxi. seq.; Donaldson's New Cratylus, Sect. 322, p. 506.

[2] This passage is put in the mouth of Socrates in Plato's Meno, 95, D. (vol. ix. 294, Ast), and in Xenophon, Symposium, ii. 5.

[3] (Ver. 39—52=Fragm. Frere, xxiii.) Mr. Frere explains the scope of this passage to be, that an aristocracy directed by generous and bold spirits is never overthrown; its danger is, when such are succeeded by a self-seeking corrupt generation of statesmen.

[4] On the contrary they constitute the city. Cf. Thuc. vii. 77, *ἄνδρες γὰρ πόλις, καὶ οὐ τειχῆ*, and Soph. Œd. T. 56, 57.

[5] Cf. here Hesiod, W. and D. 214, 215, *ὕβρις γὰρ τε κακὴ δειλῷ βροτῷ, κ. τ. λ.*, and 220, 221, *τῆς δε δικῆς ῥόθος ἑλκομένης ᾗ κ' ἄνδρες ἄγωσι Δωροφάγοι.*

[6] So Hesiod again, Op. et D. 240, *πολλάκι γάρ σὶλ πασα πολις κακοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀπηύρα.*

calm, when these gains shall have become dear to the ignoble men, coming along with public hurt. For from these is sedition, and civil bloodshed of men, and to a state such as this a monarch would never be pleasing.

Cyrnus, this state is still a state indeed:[1] but its people truly are other, who aforetime knew nor rights nor laws, but were wont to wear-out goat-skins about their sides, and to inhabit this city, like stags, without the walls.[2] And now, son of Polypas, they are noble: but they who were bettermost of yore, now are of-low-degree: who can endure to look on[3] these things? They deceive also one another, laughing one at the other, conscious of the sentiments neither of bad nor good. Son of Polypas, get none of these citizens as a friend, with thine whole heart,[4] for the sake of any advantage: but seem indeed to be friend to all in tongue, yet associate with none of them in any serious matter at all. For you will learn the minds of wretched men, that in their deeds there is no reliance.[5] But they have loved tricks, and deceits, and crafts in suchwise, as men no longer in-a-sound-condition.[6]

Never, Cyrnus, trustingly consult with a mean man, when

[1] Ver. 53—68=Frere's Fragm. xii.

[2] In this and the three preceding lines the effects of a revolution at Megara are portrayed. The ancient aristocracy has been driven out by skin-clad tillers of the ground who dwelt aforetime in the country. There seems no reason to read *εἴσω*, with Brunck, as *ἔξω* may be explained of the former dwelling of this subject class outside the walls. In this view the Quarterly Reviewer, No. cxliv., on Mr. Frere's Theognis, and Sir G. Lewis's observations on the same, [Class. Museum, vol. i. p. 265,] seem to confirm me. The latter says, "Instead of avoiding the frequented places, like timid deer, they now rule in the city."—These *δοραὶ αἰγῶν* were the same as the *σισύραι*, or *βαῖται*, of the Greek shepherds and soldiers. Mr. Frere has not here translated his original. Welcker reads *τῆσδε—πολέος*.

[3] *ἀνέχοιτ' ἐσορῶν*. For this construction of *ἀνεχέσθαι* with a participle, see Matth. Gr. Gr. § 550, b.

[4] *ἐκ θυμοῦ*. This preposition, much as *ἀπὸ* in the next line, is often put with words importing an internal or external impulse of mind. Cf. Hom. Il. ix. 486, *ἐκ θυμοῦ φιλέων*; Soph. Œd. C. 887; Matth. Gr. Gr. § 574, p. 998.—*ἀπὸ γλώσσης*, however, is shown by Matth. Gr. Gr. § 396, 2, obs. 2, to be i. q. *γλωσσῇ*. Cf. Œd. C. 936.

[5] *ἔπ' οὐδεμία*. *ἔπι* is here i. q. *ἔπεστι*, the accent being retracted, by anastrophe, as in Hom. Il. i. 515; Od. xi. 367. Later editors have read *ἔτ'* here.

[6] *ὡς ἄνδρες μηκέτι σωζόμενοι*. Cf. Plat. Theætet. 176, D., *ἀλλ' ἀνδρὸς οἵους δεῖ ἐν πόλει τοὺς σωθησομένους*. In the edition of Callim-

you may wish to accomplish a serious matter: but go to a man-of-worth, and take advice, after you have made great efforts, and accomplished, Cyrnus, a long journey afoot.

Not even to all friends communicate wholly[1] a matter: few, look you, of many have a trusty mind. Rely on *but* few men when you take in hand great deeds, lest ever, Cyrnus, you find incurable sorrow.

A faithful man is worthy to-be-prized-equally with gold and silver,[2] O Cyrnus, in vexatious doubt. Few men, son of Polypas, will you find, as comrades, proving themselves faithful in difficult circumstances, who would have the courage, possessing a like-minded spirit, to share alike good *fortunes* and bad.[3] And of these you will not find, by seeking even among all men, such a number in all as one ship would not carry:[4] upon whose tongue as well as eyes a-sense-of-shame is set, nor does gain lead them to a base dealing.

machus, Theognis, &c., (*Thos.* Bentley, Cambridge,) this line is rendered, Ita tanquam viri non servati, prorsus perditi.

[1] ὅλως. Brunck reads ὁμως, peræquè, pariter, i. e. "to all friends alike." Shaksp. in Henry VIII. act ii. sc. 1, makes Buckingham say,

> "Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
> Be sure you be not loose: for those you make friends
> And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
> The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
> Like water from ye."

This fragment is No. lxx. in Frere's Theognis.

[2] This and the next line are quoted by Plat. Leg. i. 630, A. (vi. 20, Ast.) Something to the same purpose is Hor. Od. I. xxxv. 21—24; and with ver. 78, cf. Od. III. iii. 1, 2,

> Justum et tenacem propositi virum
> Non *civium ardor* prava jubentium, &c.

Lines 77 to 86 form Frere's 66th Fragment.

[3] The scarcity of comrades faithful in adversity is justified by Photinus in Lucan, viii. 485—487,

> Dat pœnas laudata fides, cum sustinet, inquit,
> Quos fortuna premit. Fatis accede, Deisque:
> Et cole felices, miseros fuge;

and again at *535*, Nulla fides unquam miseros elegit amicos.

[4] οὔς *ναῦς μὴμία*. Welcker compares Cic. ad Div. xii. 25, Una navis est jam bonorum omnium, quam quidem nos damus operam, ut rectam teneamus. Two lines below cf. Virg. Æn. iii. 56, 57,

Do not caress me in words, and keep your mind and heart elsewhere,[1] if you love me and if there dwells in you a faithful mind. Either love me, cherishing a sincere mind, or disown and hate me, having raised a quarrel openly.[2] But he who, with one tongue, has *yet* his mind at variance, this man, Cyrnus, *is* a formidable comrade, better as a foe than when a friend.

If a man shall praise you for so long as he sees you,[3] but, when removed elsewhere, launches forth an evil tongue,[4] such a comrade, look you, is not by any means a very good friend, who would say what is most acceptable with his tongue, but thinks differently. But be such an one my friend, who, knowing his comrade, even if he be troublesome in disposition,[5] bears him as a brother. Do you, I pray, my friend, ponder these things in your mind, and at some time hereafter you will remember me.

Let no man persuade thee, Cyrnus, to love a bad man.[6] For what benefit is that man, if he be a friend? Neither would he rescue you from severe trouble and loss, nor when he has what is good, would he be willing to share this. 'Tis the vainest thanks to one that does good to them-

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames.

[1] Compare Hom. Il. ix. 311,

ἐχθρός γὰρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν
ὅς ἕτερον μεν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ εἴπῃ.

Psal. xxviii. 3, "Which speak peace to their neighbour, but mischief is in their hearts." Psal. lxii. 4, "They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly."

[2] *ἀμφάδιην* (*ἀναφαίνω*); the accusative of the adj. used adverbially (sc. *ὁδὸν*). Cf. Hom. Il. vii. 196; xiii. 356. In the next line *δίχ' ἔχει νόον* is literally "has his mind at-two," *δίχα* being antithetical to *μιῇ*. For *δέχα*, cf. Hom. Il. xviii. 510.—At ver. 92, Bekker reads *δειλὸς* for *δεινὸς*.

[3] (Ver. 93—100=Frere's Fragm. xxxiii.) This Fragment is also well translated by Elton in his Specimens of the Classic Poets, vol. iii. p. 127.

[4] *νοσφισθεὶς δ' ἄλλῃ, κ. τ. λ.* Compare Hor. Sat. I. iv. 81—85, Absentem qui rodit amicum, &c. With ver. 96, compare Hom. Od. xviii. 168; Eurip. Orest. 908, *ἡδὺς τοῖς λόγοις, φρονῶν κακῶς.*

[5] *ὀργὴν καὶ βαρὺν ὄντα.* For *ὀργὴν* in this sense, cf. Theogn. 958, 214, 1070. It is the accusative of limitation. Compare the use of the word in Æsch. Prom. V. 378; Soph. Ajax, 639.

[6] (Ver. 101—113=Frere's Fragm. xxxii.) In ver. 102, Bekker adopts the reading *δείλος*.

of-low-degree,[1] all one with sowing the wide-waters of the gray brine.[2] Since neither if you sow the waters-wide, would you reap a thick crop, nor benefiting the mean, would you be requited in turn with benefit. For the mean have an insatiate mind: if you shall have erred in one thing, spilt is the love arising from all the ancient *kindnesses*.[3] But the noble in the highest degree receive and enjoy benefits, and retain memory of good deeds, and gratitude in aftertime.[4]

Never make the mean man friend and comrade,[5] but ever fly from him as a bad harbour. Many, look you, are companions in drinking and eating,[6] but fewer in a serious matter. And nought is harder to discern than a friend of-base-alloy,[7] O Cyrnus, or of more value than caution. The loss

[1] For the construction of ἔρδω with the accusative of the remoter object and εὖ or κακῶς, see Matth. Gr. Gr. § 415, 1, A.

[2] Elton paraphrases thus,

> "Go rather sow the hoary-foaming sea:
> Scant were thy harvest from the barren main,
> Nor kindness from the bad returns again."

Hom. Il. xxi. 59, has the phrase πόντος ἁλὸς πολιῆς, and Virg. Æn. x. 377, Ecce maris magnâ claudit nos objice pontus.

[3] ἄπληστον γὰρ ἔχουσι, κ. τ. λ. In the same vein is Flaminius's exclamation in Shakspeare's Timon of Athens, iii. 1,

> "Thou disease of a friend, and not himself.
> Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
> It turns in less than two nights? This slave
> Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him," &c.

With ἐκκέχυται, in 110, cf. Georg. iv. 492, Ibi omnis effusus labor.

[4] Virg. Æn. iv. 539, Et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti.

[5] (Ver. 113—128=Frere's Fragm. xxxiv.) For the inf. ποιεῖσθαι instead of the imperative, cf. Soph. El. 9, Œd. T. 462; Æsch. Prom. V. 711; Hom. Il. v. 124; Matth. Gr. Gr. 546.

[6] Timon (act III. vi.) says to such,

> "Live loath'd and long
> Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites;
> You fools of fortune, *trencher-friends*, time's flies."—

Horace, Od. I. xxxv. 26,

> Diffugiunt cadis cum fæce siccatis amici
> Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

[7] Clement of Alexandria, says Gaysford, compares Eurip. Med. 515,

> ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ χρυσοῦ μὲν ὅς κίβδηλος ἦ
> τεκμήρι' ἀνθρώποισιν ὥπασας σαφῆ,
> ἀνδρῶν δ' ὅτῳ χρὴ τὸν κακὸν διειδέναι,
> οὐδεὶς χαρακτὴρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι,

of alloyed gold or silver is to-be-borne,[1] and it is easy for a shrewd man to detect: but if the mind of a friend within his breast is untrue without-your-knowledge, and he has a treacherous heart within him, this is the falsest thing *that* God hath made for man, this the most distressing of all to discern. For you cannot know man's mind nor woman's,[2] before you have proved it, like as of a beast-of-burden. Nor could you guess *it*, as if at any time you had gone to *a ware* exposed for sale,[3] for oftentimes appearances[4] deceive the judgment.

Pray, son-of-Polypas, to be foremost neither in dignity nor wealth:[5] but only let there be luck to a man.

Nought among men is better than a father and mother, to whom holy justice is a care.[6]

No one,[7] Cyrnus, *is* himself the cause of loss and gain: but of both these the gods are givers.

Nor doth any man toil, knowing within his heart as touch-

[1] ἄνσχετος, i. q. ἀνάσχετος. Sylburg. Others read ἄσχετος.—ψυδρὸς εων—λέληθε: for this construction see Matth. Gr. Gr. § 552, B. Ruhnken reads ψυδρὸς. The reading ψυδνὸς is held by Brunck to be equally admissible—by comparison of κυδρὸς κυδνὸς, ἀκιδρὸς ἀκιδνός, μολυχρὸς μολυχνός, κ. τ. λ., which Hemsterhusius has brought forward as words of like signification and equally sound form.

[2] οὐ γάρ ἄν εἰδείης. With this and the two lines above compare Plaut. Trinumm. 70—73,

> Sunt quos scis esse amicos: sunt quos suspicor:
> Sunt quorum ingenium atque animus non pote noscier.
> Ad amici partem an ad inimici pervenat.

[3] The rendering of Sylburg here, "ad rem emptitiam seu pro-mercalem," seems more correct than Liddell and Scott's "having come to market." Cf. Acharn. (Aristoph.) 758; Equit. 480, quoted by L. and S. Welcker reads ὤριον.

[4] ἰδέαι, outward appearances, unsubstantial, like Hylas's shadow, of which Propertius speaks, I. xx. 42,

> Et modo formosis incumbens nescius undis
> Errorem *blandis* tardat *imaginibus*.

[5] ἀρετὴν, ἄφενος, accusatives of limitation.

[6] Cf. Horace, Od. IV. iv. 25—35,

> Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles
> Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
> Possent, quid Augusti paternus
> In pueros animus Nerones, &c. &c.

Cf. also Eurip. Heracl. 297, 298.

[7] Ver. 133—142=Frere's 58th Fragment, which he prefaces by observing how superior was the rule of conduct of some enlightened heathen to that which their religion authorized.

ing the issue, whether 'tis well or ill.[1] For oftentimes thinking that he will bring about evil, he is wont to bring about good, ay, and thinking to cause good, he causes ill. Neither to any man do as many things as he may wish arrive: for the bounds of stern impossibility hinder *them*. But we men entertain vain thoughts, knowing nothing.[2] The gods accomplish all things after their own mind.

None ever, son of Polypas, having deceived a guest or a suppliant among mortals, has escaped the eye of the immortals.[3]

Choose also *rather* to live religiously with small means,[4] than to be rich, having gotten riches unjustly. In justice is all virtue collectively, yea, and every man, Cyrnus, if just, is good. Wealth indeed fortune gives even to a man wholly bad,[5] but excellence attends few men, O Cyrnus.

[1] Cf. Soph. Œd. Tyr. 1186—1192; Hor. Od. I. xi. 1, 2; Juvenal, Sat. x. 2, 3,

> **Pauci dignoscere possunt**
> Vera bona atque illis multum diversa.

[2] *ἄνθρωποι, δε μάταια νομίζαμεν.* Cf. Psalm xciv. 11, "The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity;" and again, (xxxix. 6,) "Man walketh in a vain shadow;" and lxii. 9. With the next line cf. Hom. Od. viii. 571,

> *τὰ δέ κεν θεὸς ἢ τελέσειεν*
> *ἤ κ' ἀτελεστ' εἴη, ὥς οἱ φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ.*

[3] Such persons would fall under the wrath of *Ζεὺς ξένιος* and *ἱκετήσιος*. Cf. Hom. Od. xiv. 57, *πρὸς γὰρ Διὸς εἰσὶν ἅπαντες Ξεῖνοι τε πτωχοί τε:* ix. 270; and Virg. Æn. i. 131, Jupiter, hospitibus nam te dare jure loquuntur. To violate the laws of hospitality was a sin against gods and men. The stranger might be a god entertained unawares. Cf. Pausan. VII. xxv. § 1; and more in Smith's Dict. G. and R. Ant. p. 490.

[4] *βούλεο*, sc. *μᾶλλον*. *Brunck;* who alludes to the like omission of "magis" in Ammianus Marcellinus, where we find, lib. XIX. xi. 7, gratanter is used for gratantius. Cf. ibid. XVII. xii. 19, "optabile quàm" for optabilius quam; and xxviii. 1, § 18, Suspicatus parum quàm oportuerat missum. With the sentiment, cf. Proverbs xv. 16; Psalm xxxvii. 16; Agam. Æschyl. 774, *δίκα δε λάμπει μεν ἐν δυσκάπνοις δώμασιν.* The 147th verse is quoted by Aristotle in his Nicom. Ethics, v. 1.

[5] Horace, Od. III. xxiv. 42—44,

> Magnum pauperies opprobrium **jubet**
> Quid, vis et facere et pati
> *Virtutisque* viam deserit *arduæ.*

Insolence,[1] O Cyrnus, the god is wont to present as the first evil to the man, whom he is about to hold in no esteem. Fulness, look you, breeds insolence,[2] whensoever wealth attends a mean man, and one whose mind is not sound.

Do not ever, having become enraged at a man, O Cyrnus, throw-in-his-teeth[3] heart-breaking poverty, or base want-of-means. For Jove, look you, inclines the scale now to one, and now to another, *so that* one while they should be rich, and at another time have nothing.[4]

Never speak in public, Cyrnus, big words; for no man knows what a night and day bring about for a man.[5]

Many, I wot, enjoy a mean mind, but a noble fortune: to whom that which seems ill turns out good. There are, too, who toil with both good counsel and ill luck, but accomplishment does not follow their works.[6]

No man *is* either wealthy or poor, mean or noble, without the help of the gods.[7] One man has one ill, another another;

[1] (Ver. 151—158=Frere's Fragment xl.) Mr. Frere observes that Coriolanus is an example of the insolence here deprecated.—*χώρην θέμεναι*. See below at ver. 820, *τούτων τοι χώρη Κύρν' ὀλίγη τελέθει*.

[2] The Schol. at Pindar, Ol. xiii. 12, ascribes this verse to Homer. Clement of Alexandria says that Solon wrote *τίκτει γὰρ κόρος ὕβριν ὅτ' ἂν πολυς ὄλβος ὄπηται*—which Theognis alters by substituting *κακῷ* for *πολὺς*. He compares Thucyd. III. xxxix. 5; where Arnold quotes Shaksp. Henry VI., "Beggars mounted run their horse to death." For close parallels, cf. Æsch. Agam. 382, 383; Pind. Ol. xiii. 12, *ὕβριν, Κόρου ματέρα*. Herod. viii. 77; the oracle of Bacis, ver. 4.

[3] Cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 717, *μηδὲ ποτ' οὐλομένην πενίην θυμοφθόρον ἀνδρὶ Τέτλαθ' ὀνειδίζειν*.

[4] We may illustrate this by Hom. Od. xix. 78—80, *ἦσαν γὰρ δμῶες μάλα μυρίοι ἄλλα. τε πολλὰ οἷσίν, τ' εὖ ζώουσι καὶ ἀφνείοι καλέονται. Ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς ἀλάπαξε Κρονίων*. Cf. Hor. Od. IV. ix. 45; I. xxxiv 14, 15, Hinc apicem rapax, Fortuna, &c., and III. xxix. 49—53.

[5] Compare Hor. Od. IV. vii. 17, 18,

> Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
> Tempora Di superi.

Add to this Prov. xxvii. 1, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," &c.

[6] Æn. xii. 913, Sic Turno, quacunque viam *virtute* petivit *Successum* Dea dira negat.

[7] *νόσφιν δαίμονος*. The gods are constantly called by Homer and Hesiod *δωτῆρες ἐάων*, and the myth of Pandora's box shows the ascription of all mortals' ills to the same sources. Hesiod, Op. et D. 718, calls poverty *μακάρων δόσιν αἰὲν ἐόντων*, and see Eur. Alcest. 1071.

but in strict truth, no one of men whom the sun looks upon is blest.[1] But whom the gods honour, even he who finds fault, commends, though there is no regard for a man.[2]

Pray to the gods, whose is great might; nought happens to man without the gods, either good things or bad.[3]

Poverty most of all things breaks down a noble man,[4] *more* even, O Cyrnus, than hoary age and hot-ague. And it in truth he ought to flee, and to cast it even into the deep, deep sea,[5] and down steep rocks. For every man subdued by poverty can neither say nor do anything, but his tongue is bound. One ought then, Cyrnus, to seek alike over earth and the broad back of the sea for a riddance from hard poverty.[6] To die, dear Cyrnus, is better for a poor man than to live worn down by hard poverty.[7]

We seek for well-bred rams, asses, and horses,[8] Cyrnus, and

[1] ὄλβιος οὐδεὶς ἀνθρώπων. Hor. Od. II. xvi. 27, Nihil est ab omni Parte beatum. Ov. Met. iii. 136, 137; Soph. Trach. 1—3.

[2] This and the line before signify that even the envious praise the favourites of the gods, though for a man generally they care nought.

[3] So Horace, Od. III. vi. 8,

> Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas:
> Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum
> Di multa neglecti dederunt
> Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ.

[4] (Ver. 173—182=Frere's Fragm. lxxxvi.) Mr. Frere refers this fragment to the period of Theognis' long and needy exile in Sicily. Horat. Ep. I. xviii. 24, speaks of 'Paupertatis pudor et fuga' in the same line.

[5] This passage is referred to by Ammianus Marcellinus, xxix. 1, § 21, p. 503, Angustiis paupertatis attriti: cujus metu vel in mare nos ire præcipites suadet Theognis, poeta vetus et prudens.—μεγακήτεα. According to Hemsterhusius in Timæus of Lucian, μεγακήτης means only huge, from κῆτος. Butm. Lexil. 381, derives it from χάω, χάσκω; and observes that from the old form of these with the κ came κέαζω, to cleave, and κεάδας. For ἠλιβάτων in next line see Butmann, Lex. p. 330.

[6] δίζεσθαι, κ. τ. λ. Thus did Hesiod's father. See Works and Days, 637—οὐκ ἄφενος φεύγων οὐδε πλοῦτον τε καϊδλβον, Ἀλλὰ κακὴν πενίην, τὴν Ζεὺς δίδωσι.

[7] Ov. Trist. I. xi. 23, 24,

> Quocunque aspexi, nihil est nisi mortis imago,
> Quam dubiâ timeo mente, timensque precor:

said by Ovid of himself in his need and exile.

[8] (Ver. 183—196=Frere's Fragm. x.) Compare Horace, Od. IV iv. 29—31,

every one wishes that those from a noble breed should cover.[1] But a well-born man cares not to marry a mean woman, a mean man's *daughter*, if he give her much wealth. No woman refuses to be wife of a mean man *if he be* rich, but prefers that he be wealthy[2] instead of noble. 'Tis wealth they value; noble man weds mean man's daughter, and mean man the daughter of the noble. Wealth is wont to mix the breed. Then marvel not, son of Polypas, that the race of citizens is obscured,[3] for noble is mixed with base.

The man-of-rank *weds* the woman-without-fame, he himself, look you, leads her home, though he knows that she is base-born, because he is induced by her riches; for stern necessity urges him on,[4] which also makes a man's mind wretched.

But to whatsoever man riches shall have come from Jove,[5] and by just means, and with clean hands, they remain ever stedfastly. Though if a man unjustly shall acquire beyond what-is-proper with covetous spirit, or by an oath, having taken beyond what is just, at the moment he seems to bear off some gain, but in the end again there is ill, for the mind of the gods is wont to be superior.[6]

But these things deceive the mind of men; for not at the very time of the acts do the immortals take vengeance on errors.[7] But one man in his own person is wont to pay a

> Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.
> Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
> Virtus.

[1] The reading here, commonly read *βήσεσθαι*, must be altered at any rate to *βήσασθαι* after *βούλεται*. It is rare in this tense in a middle sense. See a note of Brunck, who prefers to read *κτήσασθαι*, to get for himself *a wife*. Hermann, *πλήθεσθαι*.

[2] *ἀφνειὸν*, a dissyllable by synizesis. In the next line *ἔγημε* is the aor. in a present sense, cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 506.

[3] *μαυροῦσθαι*. Cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 325, *ῥεῖα δέ μιν μαυροῦσι θεοὶ*.

[4] *κρατερή — ἀνάγκη*—the Sæva necessitas of Horace.—*ἔντυει*. Cf. Pind. Ol. iii. 51, *ἔντυ' ἀνάγκα πατρόθεν*.

[5] (Ver. 197—208 = Frere's Fragm. lvi.) *καὶ καθαρῶς*. Hor. Sat. 1. iv. 68, At bene siquis Et puris manibus vivat. Hesiod, Op. et D. 337, *ἀγνῶς καὶ καθαρῶς*.

[6] Compare here, as in a former passage, the 37th Psalm, verses 7, 10, 35, 36.

[7] Non in ipso actu ulcisci solent Dei peccata *Brunck*. In the same spirit we have in Hor. Od. III. ii. 31, 32.

bitter debt, another attaches ruin hereafter to his own children.[1] And another justice does not catch ; for unscrupulous death was beforehand sitting on his eyelids,[2] bringing fate.

To an exile, believe me, none is a friend and faithful comrade,[3] and this is more vexatious than banishment *itself*.

Verily, to drink much wine is bad,[4] but if a man drink it prudently, *'tis* not bad but good.

Cyrnus, direct a various habit towards all your friends,[5] mingling *with your own* the temper which each has. Get thee the temper of the polypus,[6] with-tangled-twisting-arms, which on *any* rock to which he has attached himself appears such *as it is* to look upon. Now follow this way, now become different in complexion ; the wisdom of versatility is something of a rapid kind.[7] Be not too indignant when citizens are in a state of disturbance, O Cyrnus ; but go on the middle path, as I do.

Whoso, look you, thinks that his neighbour knows nothing, but that he himself alone possesses intricate counsels, he, I

> Raro antecedentem scelestum
> Deseruit *pede* pœna *claudo*.

Punishment comes certainly though but slowly.

[1] Hor. Od. III. vi. 1, Delicta majorum immeritus lues. Cf Hesiod, Op. et D. 284.

[2] See instances of this image of death in Catull. lxii. 188, Nox tamen ante mihi languescent lumina morte. Propert. III. iv. 17 (Paley); Hor. Od. I. xxiv. 5.

[3] Ver. 209, 210=Frere's Fragment lxxxi.

[4] *οἶνόν τοι πίνειν.* Cf. Hom. Od. xxi. 293,

> *οἶνός σε τρώει μελιηδὴς, ὅστε καὶ ἄλλους*
> *βλάπτει, ὅς ἄν μιν χανδὸν ἕλῃ, μηδ' αἴσιμα πίνῃ.*

πολὺς γὰρ οἶνος πόλλ' ἁμαρτάνειν ποιεῖ; Alexis, quoted by Clarke ad Hom. Od. l. c. And Panyasis, *εἰς ἀκρασίαν*, Fragm. ii. *οἶνος μεν θνητοῖσι θεῶν πάρα δῶρον ἄριστον, πινόμενος κατὰ μέτρον· ὑπὲρ μέτρον δε χέρειον.*

[5] Ver. 213—220=Frere's Fragm. xlii.

[6] *πουλύπου.* This is the sea-polypus, Sepia Octopodia of Linnæus, and Class. Museum, vol. iv. 387 (Art. the Zoology of Homer and Hesiod). Homer mentions it in Od. v. 432, and Hesiod, Op. et D. 524, mentions it under the term *ἀνόστεος*. See also Plin. H. N. ix. 29.

[7] *κραιπνόν τι* is the reading of the Vaticanus Codex. *εὐτροπίης.* This was the talent of Ulysses. Cf. Hom. Od. i. 1. With 220, cf. 331, and Ov. Met. ii. 137, Medio tutissimus ibis. Hor. Od. II. x. 5.

wot, is senseless, reft of sound mind:[1] for we all are acquainted equally with crafty *counsels*. But one chooses not to follow filthy lucre, whilst to another faithless wile-weavings are more agreeable.[2]

Now no limit of wealth has been made-clear to men,[3] for they who of us now have most substance, strive after twice as much. Who could satisfy all? Riches verily to mortals become folly.[4] And from it up-starts ruin, which when Jove shall send upon them worn-and-weary, one at one time and another at another possesses.

Though he be citadel and tower to an empty-minded populace,[5] Cyrnus, the noble man gets little share of praise. Nor longer, I wot, becomes it us, as men in a state of safety, to destroy, as it were, the walls of a city about to be taken.[6]

To thee indeed I have given wings, wherewith thou wilt

[1] *βεβλαμμένος*, used here with a genitive, seems to me to be a parallel construction to that in Agamemn. Æsch. 119, *βλαβέντα λοισθίων δρόμων*; and Hom. Od. i. 195, *Ἀλλὰ νυ τὸν γε θεοὶ βλάπτουσι κελεύθου*. In Latin it is equivalent to "mente sanâ captus."

[2] The imperfect *ἄδον* is used for the present. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 505, 3, and Hesiod, Theog. 10.

[3] Aristot. Pol. I. viii. p. 12, (Bekker, 13, § 1,) quotes this line as one of Solon. With 128, 129, cf. "Man never is, but ever to be blest." Horace, Od. II. ii. 13, speaks of avarice as resembling dropsy, "Crescit indulgens sibi hydrops," &c. Cf. also Ecclesiastes v. 10, "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver," and iv. 8, "Yet there is no end of all his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with riches."

[4] *χρήματά τοι*. Cf. Horace, Sat. II. iii. 158, Quid avarus? Stultus et insanus. And with the next two lines, see ibid. v. 122, 123,

> Filius, aut etiam hæc libertus ut ebibat hæres,
> Dis inimice senex, custodis, ne tibi desit?

and Psalm xxxix. 6, "Surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

[5] *ἀκρόπολις καὶ πύργος*. Parallels to this figurative image of a man of worth are to be found in Œdip. Tyr. 55—57; Thucyd. vii. 77: and in Latin, Hor. Od. II. xvii. 4, Grande decus columenque rerum; Ter. Phorm. II. i. 57, Columen familiæ, &c.

[6] The emendation of Brunck is *ἀλυείν, πόλεως ὥσπερ, ἀλωσομένης*, to be troubled, as if the state, &c. Perhaps the reading of the text may stand, if we remove the comma at *λύειν*. The passage seems to mean, "it ill beseems us to aid in pulling down the walls," (i. e. the bettermost men, called *ἀκρόπολις καὶ πύργος* in 233,) seeing that the *πόλις*, the empty-minded populace, will be led captive sooner or later, and we must keep it up as long as we can.

fly[1] over boundless deep, and all earth, easily borne-aloft; and thou wilt be present at all banquets and feasts, resting in the mouths of many;[2] thee too with sweet-voiced pipes young men gracefully lovely shall sing well and tunefully; and whensoe'er thou comest to the much-lamenting homes of Hades, beneath earth's murky vaults, never more, even though dead, shalt thou lose thy renown, nor,[3] I ween, escape notice, having ever imperishable fame among men, O Cyrnus, whilst thou tarriest in the land of Greece,[4] or up and down the isles, crossing over the fishy barren deep, and not seated on the backs of horses; but the tasteful gifts of violet-wreathed[5]

[1] (Ver. 237—254=Frere's Fragm. li.) *πτέρα* used of song. See Hor. Od. II. xx. 1, 2,

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
Pennâ, biformis per liquidum æthera.

Cf. Od. I. vi. 2; Tibull. I. iv. 65,

Quem referent Musæ, vivet; dum robora tellus,
Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehat amnis aquas.

[2] *πολλῶν κείμενος ἐν στόμασι.* Cf. Ennius quoted by Cicero, Tusc D. i. 15,

Nemo me lacrimis decoret nec funera fletu
Faxit, cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

Two lines below, *καλά τε καὶ λιγέα*, adj. neut. plur. used adverbially, as in Latin, Torva tuens, transversa tuentes, sera comans Narcissus, Virg. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 446, 447.

[3] So Hor. Od. III. xxx. 6, 7,

Non omnis moriar, multaque pars meî
Vitabit Libitinam; usque ego posterâ
Crescam laude recens.

So Harmodius and Aristogiton live in the Scolium of Callistratus, and Lord Denman's translation of it. *φίλταθ' Ἁρμόδι', οὐτί πω τέθνηκας.*

"Loved Harmodius, thou never shalt die;
The poets exultingly tell,
That thine is the fulness of joy,
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell."

[4] *Ἑλλάδα γῆν.* For this use of a gentile substantive for an adj. see Matt. Gr. Gr. § 429, 4; Herod. iv. 78, *Ἑλλάδα γλῶσσαν*: Wordsw. Gr. Gr. § 121.—*ἀνὰ νήσους.* These were a great field of song. Byron refreshes their immortality in "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece," &c.

[5] *ἰοστεφάνων*, violet-crowned. This epithet was a favourite with the Athenians. Cf. Aristoph. Acharn. 637; Eq. 1323: in both used of Athens and Athenians. According to commentators on these passages it is a Pindaric word. With the next line cf. Hor. Od. IV. viii. 27,

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Cœlo Musa beat.

Muses will convey thee, for with all, to whom, even among posterity, minstrelsy is a care, thou wilt be likewise, as long as there *shall be* earth and sun. I, however, meet with small reverence from thee, but with words thou deceivest me, as a little child.[1] That which *is* most just is most noble; health most preferable; but the gaining the object of one's love *is* the most pleasant thing.[2]

I am *as it were* a well-bred racing mare,[3] but I carry a very mean man: and this to me is most vexatious. Often ere now have I been ready to burst the bridle and flee, having thrust from me my mean charioteer.

Wine is not drunk by me,[4] since with a tender maiden, another man, far meaner than I, has the upper hand. Cold water to my sorrow her dear parents drink with her, so that she at the same time fetches water and bears me groaningly.

Mr. Frere sees in the lines 249—252 an allusion to the two means of fame in Greece, Olympic victories in the chariot race, and bardic celebration; whence the connexion of Muses and horses!

[1] The poet urges that Cyrnus requites his celebration by want of respect, and by deceiving him. Mr. Frere includes the next six lines in the same fragment, in which case we must suppose the *οὔ τις ἐρᾷ* of Theognis to be what he did not think he met with from Cyrnus, *αἰδὼς*.

[2] These lines are quoted by Aristot. Eth. Nicom. I. 8, where however the 2nd line is *ἥδιστον δὲ πέφυκ', οὗ τις ἐρᾷ τὸ τυχεῖν*.

[3] *ἀεθλίῃ*. Vinetus, according to Sylburg, derives this allegory of the racing mare from Hom. Il. xxiii. 295. Callimachus, H. in Cer. 110, and Oppian, Cyneg. iv. 107, call the race-horse *ἀεθλοφόρον*. *καὶ τὸν ἀεθλοφόρον καὶ τὸν πολεμήϊον ἵππον*. With the 260th line we may compare Theocr. xv. 54, *ὀρθὸς ἀνέστα ὁ πύῤῥος—διαχρησεῖται τὸν ἄγοντα*.

[4] Theognis in this and the five next lines complains of his rejection by the parents of the maiden he loves, who had been betrothed to a person of far lower rank, (262,) but whose affections he deems still fixed on him. "On Theognis going to see his love, he finds her sitting with her parents; but refuses to drink wine, proposing water as his proper drink. She goes to fetch it, when Theognis takes the opportunity of embracing her." J. Donaldson, (Edinburgh,) from whose Lyra Græca, p. 184, this account is derived, considers the verses 257—260, *ἵππος ἐγὼ—ἡνιόχον* properly to come after ver. 266, and to express the subject of her tender speech. *ψυχρόν* sc. *ὕδωρ* in ver. 263. Cf. Herod. ii. 37. J. Donaldson places a full stop after *μοι*, taking *ψυχρόν μοι* as the speech of Theognis: he reads too in ver. 261, *ἐπεῖπον* for *ἐπεὶ παρὰ*. Gaysford states that Cl. Wassenburg makes one elegy by combining ver. 257—260, 859—862, 579—584, 457—460, with this passage.

Then having clasped the damsel round, I kissed her neck, and she spake tenderly with her lips.

Known, look you, is poverty, even though it be strange, for it neither comes to the market nor the law-suits. For everywhere it has the lesser share, and everywhere 'tis mocked:[1] everywhere also, wheresoever it may be, it is equally hostile.

Equally, in truth, to mortal men the gods have given the other things,[2] to wit, wretched old age and youth. But 'tis the worst of all the evils among men, and more unlucky than death and all diseases, after that you have reared children, and afforded them all things suitable, and laid up money *for them*, having experienced much trouble, *if* they hate their father,[3] and pray that he may perish, and abhor him as *if he were* a beggar coming to them.

It is likely that a mean man would ill respect the rules of justice, since he stands-in-awe-of no divine-vengeance hereafter.[4] For a worthless mortal may take up many impracticable things at the moment, and deem that he arranges all well.

Relying on none of the citizens, advance one step,[5] trusting

[1] *ἐπίμικτος*. Bekker reads *ἐπίμυκτος*, scoffed at, from *μύζω*, because, says Camerarius, the poor *μυκτηρίζονται ὑπ' ἄλλων*.

[2] (Ver. 274—278=Frere's Fragm. cvii.) The lines, he says, show that Theognis had his return embittered by the undutiful behaviour of his family, which had grown up, in his exile from Megara to Sicily.

[3] *τὸν πατέρ' ἐχθαίρουσι*—the construction seems to require *εἰ* or *ὅτι*. An illustration of the whole of this fragment is our Shakspeare's King Lear, e. g. among many other passages, Act I. sc. iv.,

> "Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
> More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
> Than the sea-monster!"

and again,

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!"

καταρῶνται δ' ἀπολέσθαι. The inf. here seems to stand instead of the accusative after *καταράομαι*, which is the usual construction, Hom. Il. ix. 454.

[4] *ἀζόμενον*. An Homeric word only found in the pres. and imperf. Il. i. 21; Od. xvii. 401, &c. In 281, *ἀπάλαμνα* is i. q. *ἀμήχανα*: cf. 481, formed from *ἀπάλαμος*, like *νώνυμνος* from *νώνυμος*, Liddell and Scott's Lexicon.

[5] (Ver. 281—292=Frere's Fragm. lxv.) *πιστὸς* is used here actively,

neither oath nor covenant, not even if a man, wishing to give pledges, chooses[1] to give Jove, the supreme king of immortals, as his surety. For verily in a city so malignantly-blaming *as this*, nothing pleases, and according as any one *does*, so they are called far the more senseless.[2] But now the ills of the well-born are good things to the mean of men, and become a law to the devious. For a sense-of-shame hath perished: impudence and insolence, having mastered justice, possess the whole earth.

Neither does a lion always feast on flesh: but him, strong though he be, yet nevertheless perplexity seizes.[3]

To a babbling man silence *is* the hardest burden, but an unlearned man, if he speak, is *so* to *all* in whose presence he may be. All hate him: yet the mixing up of such a man in a banquet is necessary. Nor does he wish to be a friend, when ill has chanced to a man,[4] even though he may have been born of one and the same womb. Be bitter and sweet, harsh and kind,[5] to hired servants and slaves and neighbours near-your-doors.

It is not meet often-to-change[6] a good life, but to keep peace: and to alter the ill life, until you have brought it right.

as in Æsch. Pers. 55. Cf. Jelf, Gr. Gr. § 256, obs.—*πόδα τόνδε* seems to be used in the same construction as digitum transversum in Plautus, Aulul. I. i. 18, Si hercle tu ex isto loco digitum transversum aut latum unguem excesseris. In the next verse *συνημοσύνη* is from *συνίημι*; and is used by Hom. Il. xxii. 261.

[1] *ἐθέλει*. Hermann prefers *ἐθέλῃ*.

[2] *ὡς δὲ τὸ σῶσαι*. In place of this evidently corrupt reading we adopt Hermann's emendation, *ὡς δε τις, ὡς ἀΐει πολλὸν ἀνολβότερος*, i. e. ut quisque placet, ita stolidior multo audit cæteris civibus. *ἀΐει* is here used in the sense of "audit, is spoken of," "male audit," &c. For *ἐκτραπέλοισι* T. Faber, Brunck, and others read *εὐτραπέλοισι*, "easily-turning."

[3] Not even the lion can insure his meal; chance, or, as we Christians know, God, gives or withholds it. Cf. Psalm civ. 21. For the word *κωτίλῳ* in the next line, cf. Theog. 363, *εὖ κώτιλλε τὸν ἐχθρὸν*: Theocrit. Id. xv. 88; Hesiod, Op. 372.

[4] *οὐδ' ἐθέλει*. Cf. Hor. Od. I. xxxv. 26, Diffugiunt cadis Cum fœce siccatis amici. In the next line *ἐκ μιᾶς γαστερὸς* is i. q. *ὁμογάστριος*. Hom. Il. xxiv. 47.

[5] In this line Camerarius for *ἀπηνὴς* proposes *ἐπηνὴς*, i. e. *προσηνὴς*, benignus; in order that there may be a similar antithesis between *ἐπηνὴς* and *ἀργαλέος* as between *πικρὸς* and *γλυκὺς*.

[6] *κιγκλίζειν*. Metaphorically, "to change-often," properly, to wag the tail, as the bird *κίγκλος*, the wagtail, does. *Liddell and Scott.*

The mean are not wholly mean from the womb, but *through* having cemented a friendship with mean men.[1] And they have learned worthless works, and slanderous words, and insolence, supposing that all *was* true *which* those men said.

Among companions-at-a-meal,[2] be a prudent man; and deem that all escapes his notice, as if absent. Know how to endure jokes, and be brave out-of-doors, understanding what temper each has.

Among the mad indeed I am exceeding mad;[3] but among the just I am of all men most just.

Many mean men are rich, look you; and noble men *are* poor, yet with these we will not exchange their wealth for our excellence:[4] for the latter is ever secure, but riches now one and now another of men possesses.

Cyrnus, a noble man hath a judgment always firm,[5] and is bold when set amidst blessings and amidst ills. But if the god shall present to a mean man substance and wealth, in-his-folly he is unable to contain his meanness.[6]

Do not ever on a slight pretext ruin a man[7] *that is* a

[1] Cf. 1 Cor. xv. 33. where St. Paul quotes from Menander or Euripides, *φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρῆσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί*, and Anthol. Lat. i. 13,

Qui mali sunt, non fuere matris ab alvo mali,
Sed malos faciunt malorum falsa contubernia.

See also Hermione's speech, beginning at ver. 930, in the Androm. of Eurip.

[2] (Ver. 309—312=Frere's Frag. xxxviii.) In the 31st line *μιν* must be referred to *πεπνυμένος ἀνὴρ*, as if it were not in apposition to *σὺ*, in which case the construction and sense are clear. Welcker quotes a saying of Chilo, *γλώττης κρατεῖν, καὶ μάλιστα ἐν συμποσίῳ*. In 311, Welcker reads *εἰς δὲ φέροι*, and "let him contribute," an allusion to the *ἔρανοι* of the Athenians and others. He seems to understand the line above, "and it is seemly that every one should forget himself, as if absent."

[3] Welcker compares Scol. 19, *σὺν μοι μαινομέμῳ μαίνεο, σὺν σώφρονι σωφρόνει.*

[4] *διαμειψόμεθα* in this construction is like the Latin "muto," Hor. II. xvi. 18, Quid terras alio calentes Sole mutamus?

[5] (Ver. 319—322=Frere's Fragm. liv.?) Cf. at 319, 320, Hor. Od. II. iii. 1—4,

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem: non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam,
Lætitiâ.

[6] *ἀφραίνων, κ. τ. λ.* The sentiment may be paralelled by Shaksp., "Beggars mounted ride their horse to death."

[7] (Ver. 323—328=Frere's Fragm. xliii.) The poet deprecates

friend, trusting, Cyrnus, to a harsh slander. If a man in every instance should be wrath at the faults of his friends, never would men be in-concord or in-friendship one with the other. For faults follow-after mortal men,[1] Cyrnus: but the gods choose not to endure them.

Even the slow man with-good-counsel hath caught the swift man in the pursuit, Cyrnus, with the aid of the straightforward justice of the immortal gods.[2]

Quietly, as I do, pursue the middle way with thy feet,[3] nor give to one party the property of the other, O Cyrnus.

Never, Cyrnus, kindly-treat an exile on the ground of hope,[4] for not even, if he has returned home, does he become any more the same.

Make-too-much haste in nothing, the mean is best of all:[5] and thus, Cyrnus, thou shalt have excellence, which too it is hard to get.

May Jove grant me both requital of my friends, who love me,[6] and that I may be more powerful than my foes. And so

resentment for a slight offence. In 324 we have the *a* in *διαβολίῃ* long "in arsi," as in Pind. Pyth. II. 140, *διαβολιᾶν ὑποφάτιες*.

[1] *ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἕπονται*. The construction would be clearer if we read *ἄμ'* or *ἐπ'* for *ἐν* here. Ruhnken suggests *πέλονται*—when no such alteration would be needed. The same commentator points to the next line as the source of a sentiment expressed in an epigram quoted by Demosth. de Cor. p. 322, R., *μηδὲν ἁμαρτεῖν ἐστὶ θεῶν, καὶ πάντα κατορθοῦν*.

[2] With the couplet compare Hom. Od. viii. 329, *Κιχάνει τοι βραδὺς ὠκύν*. Eccles. ix. 11, "I returned and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

[3] Frere's Fragm. xxxvi.—Welcker quotes Phocyl. ap. Aristotle, *πολλὰ μέσοισιν ἄριστα· μέσος θέλω ἐν πόλει εἶναι. καλὸν ἡσυχία, ἐπισφαλὲς προπέτεια*; Periander.

[4] The exile spoken of is marked by the words *ἐπ' ἐλπίδι* to be one of the faction which at the time was worsted—in the civil dissensions of Greek cities. These lived ever, as we see from the historians, in the hope that their party would again get the upper hand, and recall them. Welcker compares Agam. Æsch. 1668, *οἳδ' ἐγὼ φεύγοντας ἄνδρας ἐλπίδας σιτουμένους*, and Eurip. Phœn. 396, *αἱ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὡς λόγος*.

[5] So Hesiod, Op. et D. 694, *μέτρα φυλάσσεσθαι, καιρὸς δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσιν ἄριστος*. Cleobulus said, *μέτρον ἄριστον*.

[6] (Ver. 337—350=Frere's Fragm. lxxviii.) Donaldson, in Lyra Græca, thinks that Theognis here expresses a very determined wish and prayer. In 338, *μεῖζον δυνησόμενον* is paralleled by Aristoph. *μεῖζον δύνασθαι*; and Demosth. *μεῖζον ἰσχύειν*—Schœf. reads *δυνησο-*

should I have the character of being a god among men, if the fate of death should overtake me, when I had recompensed them. But, O Jove, accomplish me, thou Olympian god, a seasonable prayer, grant me to experience in return for ills some good also. But oh might I die,[1] unless I find some cessation from evil cares, and if thou givest *but* sorrows in return for sorrows. For thus is my lot; and there does not appear to me a means of vengeance on the men who perforce have plundered and possess my property; but *like* a dog[2] I have crossed a mountain-torrent, having shaken off everything in the rain-swollen stream. Whose black blood may it be mine to drink:[3] and oh might the good Genius aid me, who would accomplish these things to my mind.

O worthless poverty, why tarriest thou, failing to go[4] to another man? and why, prithee, dost love me, not desiring it? Nay, go, and visit another house, nor along with us be ever sharing this wretched life.

Be of good courage, Cyrnus, in ills, for amid blessings too thou wast wont to rejoice,[5] when the lot fell to thee to have *a share* of these too. And even as thou hast received ill out

μένῳ after δοίη τίσιν. Jacobs reads θείη, instead of δοίη, in which case δυνησόμεν will stand. In ver. 340 we have the heathen elevating vengeance, not mercy, to the rank of the Deity's highest attributes.

[1] "May I die, if I don't find for myself," &c. *J. Donaldson, Lyra Græc.* He reads in the next line δοίην τ', (instead of δοίης with Turneb. and others,) "and if I don't give woes for woes."

[2] The poet likens himself to a dog which has swum through a torrent, in that he had been stript of everything, and is as bereft of all his goods, as the dog, whose meat, &c., the flood has swept away."

[3] With this wish compare Hom. Il. xxii. 346.

αἴ γὰρ πως αὐτὸν μὲ μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀνείη
ὤμ' ἀποταμνόμενον κρέα ἔδμεναι οἷα μ' ἔοργας.

Cf. Il. iv. 35; xix. 210.

[4] With προλιποῦσα thus used cf. Soph. El. 134, οὐδ' ἐθελω προλιπεῖν τόδε, μὴ οὐ στεναχεῖν, κ. τ. λ. *Liddell and Scott.*

[5] Frere's Fragm. lxxi. (2). Cf. Hor. Od. II.iii. 1; Sat. II. ii. 136. In the next line ἐπέβαλλεν with acc. and infinitive mood is paralleled by Herod. ii. 180, Τοὺς Δελφοὺς δε ἐπέβαλλε τεταρτημόριαν—παρασχεῖν (Lidd. and Scott), Cf. Herod. iv. 115, τὸ επιβάλλον: sc. μέρος, with ver. 358, ἐκδῦνα πειρῶ. Cf Hor. Epist. I. ii. 22,

Aspera multa
Pertulit, adversis rerum *immersabilis* undis.

of blessings, even so also, praying to the gods, try to emerge again. Neither display it too much:[1] for when exhibiting any ill, O Cyrnus, you have but few carers for your calamity.

The heart of a man, look you, O Cyrnus, having suffered great loss, is weakened;[2] but when he takes vengeance, afterwards it is increased.

Beguile your enemy with good words:[3] but when he shall have come into your power, take vengeance on him, having admitted of no excuse.

Restrain thy mind,[4] and let mildness ever attend thy tongue: the heart, look you, of mean men is more sharp *than is meet.*

I cannot understand the mind of the citizens,[5] which they entertain: for neither if I do them good, nor ill, do I please them: and many blame me, alike the base-born and the well-born: but none of the unwise can imitate me.

Do not, goading me perforce,[6] and against my will, drive me under the waggon's *yoke,* drawing me, Cyrnus, too much into friendship.

[1] Welcker quotes a Fragm. of Pindar, (171,) *εἰ δε τις ανθρώποισι θεόσδοτος ἀτλάτα κακόστας προστύχῃ ταύταν σκότει κρύπτειν ἔοικεν,* and a saying of Periander, *δυστυχῶν κρύπτε, ἵνα μὴ τοὺς ἐχθροὺς εὐφρανῇς.*

[2] Welcker here compares Hesiod, Op. et D. 93, and Odyss. xix. 360, *αἶψα γὰρ ἐν κακότητι βροτοὶ καταγηράσκουσι,* (the line in Hesiod is probably spurious,) and Odyss. xx. 18, *τέτλαθι δὴ, κραδίη, καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης.*

[3] *κώτιλλε.* Cf. 295 and 488, and Soph. Antig. 756. With this sentiment compare Hesiod, Op. et D. 711, *δὶς τόσα τίννυσθαι, μεμνημένος, κ. τ. λ.* This was the creed too of Archilochus, Solon, and most of the sages of Greece. Aristot. Pol. vii. 6, however speaks nobler language, and more akin to Christian forgiveness of injuries.

[4] Hamlet, I. iii. (Speech of Polonius to Laertes,) "Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportioned thought his act." In Proverbs xx. 23, we find, "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles;" and in xxxi. 26, "And in her tongue is the law of kindness."

[5] (Ver. 367—370=Frere's Fragm. xviii. latter part.) Theognis complains of the arbitrium popularis auræ, (Hor. Od. III. ii. 20,) but consoles himself that "Fools cannot imitate the man they blame." With 369, 370, cf. an adage quoted as of Diogenes, *μωμή σταί τις ῥάδιον ἢ μιμήσεται.*

[6] *κεντῶν.* Cf. Hom. Il. xxiii. 337, *ἀτὰρ τὸν δεξιὸν ἵππον κέντσαι ὁμοκλήσας.* The metaphor is from the use of the goad to drive animals: the moral, that it is better to lead than to drive.

Kind Jove, I marvel at thee, for thou rulest over all,[1] having honour thyself and vast power. Well knowest thou the mind of men, and the spirit of each; and thy might, O king, is highest of all. How *is it* then, O son of Saturn, *that* thy purpose has-the-heart to hold men *that are* sinners, and the just man, in the same portion,[2] both if thy mind shall have been turned towards moderation,[3] and if towards the insolence of men yielding to unjust deeds? Neither is anything defined by the deity for mortals, nor the way in which walking *a man* may please the immortals. But nevertheless they hold wealth harmless; while they who keep their mind aloof from worthless deeds, still are-wont-to-find the mother of poverty, want-of-means,[4] though they love what is just; *want-of-means*, which leads on the spirit of men to error, hurting their minds within their bosoms by strong necessity. So a man has-the-courage, though he wishes it not, to bear many disgraces,[5] yielding to want, which truly teaches many *lessons*, to wit, falsehoods, deceits, and mischievous strifes, to a man even against his will:[6] and they seem to him no evil, for it also breeds vexatious lack-of-means. But in poverty both the mean man, and he who is far better-born are

[1] Ver. 323—328=Frere's Fragm. lvii.

[2] Compare with this complaint against the seeming lack of difference made by the Divine Being between the righteous and unrighteous, Psalm lxxiii. 3—5, 11, 12, &c.

[3] *ἐπὶ σωφροσύνην τρεφθῇ νόος*. For the construction here Welcker refers to Schæfer on Soph. Antig. 1107, *μηδ' ἐπ' ἄλλοισιν τρέπε*. In ver. 382 the MSS. have *ὀδὸν ἡντιν' ἰὼν*, in which case the construction will be that of the antecedent attracted to the case of the relative. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 474, a., and Virg. Æn. i. 578, Urbem, quem statuo, vestra est. Terence, Eunuch. IV. iii. 11, Eunuchum, quem dedisti nobis, quas turbas dedit.

[4] *μητερ' ἀμηχάνίην*. This appears to have been a phrase of Alcæus also. "See Æsch. S. c. Theb. 224, *πειθαρχία τῆς εὐπραξίας μήτηρ*, where see Blomfield's note." *Welcker*. *προάγει* in the next line is the "prolectat" of Ovid, Fast. iv. 433, Præda puellares animos prolectat inanis.

[5] *τολμᾷ δ' οὐκ ἐθέλων*, sc. *τις*, or a subject implied in *χρημοσύνη εἴκων*. Welcker compares for this case of a suppressed subject Hom. Od. xxiv. 107, &c. &c., *οὐδέ κεν ἄλλως Κρινάμενος λέξαιτο κατὰ πτόλιν ἀνδρας ἀρίστους*, where however others read *ἄλλος*. Eurip. Ion, 1388.

[6] *ἄνδρα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα, κ. τ. λ.* For the double accusative after verbs of teaching, &c. see Matt. Gr. Gr § 415, *β*. The same construction is very common in Latin.

seen,[1] whensoever, I mean, want takes-hold-on-them. For the spirit of the former indulges in unjust thoughts, no, nor even is a right sentiment ever inherent in his breast: but the mind of the latter on-the-contrary follows neither bad nor good *fortunes:* it is right however that the bettermost man should have the courage to meet both the one and the other.[2]

Respect your friends,[3] and flee oaths that-ruin-men: but avoid, and give-heed-to, the wrath of immortals.

Make too much haste in nothing: in all the works of man the-fitting-season[4] is best: often a man, seeking gain, is hastening towards rank-and-honours, whom fortune readily draws astray into a great sin, and is wont to make him deem without difficulty that what is *really* evil, that is good: but that what is good-and-useful, that is bad.[5]

Most dear though thou art, thou hast erred; and I, look you, am nowise to blame, but thou thyself hast chanced on sentiments not good.

No treasure wilt thou lay up for thy children better than a sense-of-shame, which also, Cyrnus, attends good men.

Of no man, whom judgment and whom power attends,[6] O Cyrnus, seem thou to be a worse companion.

[1] Something similar is the sentiment of Iolaus in Eurip. Heracl. 302, 303,

> *τὸ δυστυχὲς γὰρ ηὐγένει· αμυνεται*
> *τῆς δυσγενείας μᾶλλον.*

[2] *τα τε καὶ τά,* "tam mala quam bona," Welcker, who illustrates the phrase from Pindar. I have not been able to find the passages to which he refers—though Matthiæ instances Nem. vii. 31, which will be a similar phrase.

[3] Welcker quotes here a saying of Solon, *χρῶ τοῖς θεοῖς. φίλους εὐσέβει. γονεῖς αἰδοῦ,* and Sosiad. Sept. Sap. Dict. *Ὅρκῳ μὴ χρῶ.* In ver. 400 Welcker with others read *ἐντρέπε'* for *ἐντρέπεο.*

[4] (Ver. 401—406=Frere's Fragm. lxiv.) Cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 696, *Μέτρα φυλάσσεσθαι· καιρὸς δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσιν ἄριστος.* And Diog. L. i. 41, quoted by Welcker:

> *Ἦν Λακεδαιμόνιος Χείλων σόφος, ὅς τάδ' ἔλεξε.*
> *Μηδὲν ἄγαν· Καιρῷ πάντα πρόσεστι καλά.*

In the next line *ἀρετὴν* is i. q. opes, divitias. Jacobs reads *ἀπατὴν.*

[5] This is of the nature of judicial blindness, such as is denounced in Isaiah v. 20, "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." Ver. 407, 408=Frere's Fragm. xlix.

[6] Gaysford reads *δόκει*—in which case, as Brunck observes, the couplet may be thus rendered in Latin, "Homine pullo, qui v

But when I drink, I am not about to become so drunk,[1] nor does wine lead me on, so far as to speak a harsh word respecting you.

None like me can I find, when I seek a trusty associate,[2] in whom there is no guile. But when I have come to the touch-stone I am rubbed beside *baser metal*, as gold beside lead, and a mind of superiority[3] is in me.

Many things pass me by, even though I am conscious *of them:* but of necessity I am silent,[4] knowing our power.

To many men well-fitting doors are not set on their tongue,[5] and many things are a care to them, which should be uncared for. For oft that which is bad is better, if stored-up within, and good, having come abroad, is better than what is bad.[6]

Of all things indeed to men on-the earth, not to be born,[7]

lit possitque bene facere, pejor amicus videaris. Welcker reads δοκεῖ, when we shall have to look to the antecedent of ᾧ in the next line for the subject of the verb δοκεῖ. Welcker quotes Hom. Od. viii. 585, 586,

ἐπεὶ οὐ μὲν τι κασιγνήτοιο χερείων
γίγνεται, ὅς κεν ἑταῖρος ἐὼν πεπνυμένα εἰδῇ.

[1] θωρήξομαι: for this sense of θωρήσσω compare Theogn. 470, 508, 840, 880; Aristoph. Acharn. 1135. Liddell and Scott consider the sense metaphorical, "to arm oneself against the cares of life," and compare Horace, Epist. I. v. 17, In prælia trudit inermem. See also Arist. Vesp. 1193. In the next line ἐξάγει is in a future sense, "exagitabit," ἐξάγεσθαι τῇ ὀργῇ—irâ abripi. *Welcker.*

[2] (Ver. 415—420=Frere's Fragm. lxxx.) In ver. 417 we have allusions to the processes of the "assay" office, as Mr. Frere observes, comparing Fragment xxxiv. (117—120).—μολίβδος, black lead, was used as a test of gold. Cf. 1101. Welcker says it is here used for aurum adulterinum, as in Aristoph. Nub. 913.

[3] ὑπερτερίης νόος, a circumlocution for νόος ὑπέρτερος, as in St. Luke xvi. 8, τοῦ μαμῶνα τῆς ἀδικίας, where see Dr. Burton's note thereupon.

[4] ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης Σιγῶ. Welcker quotes Solon, νοῦν ἠγεμόνα ποιοῦ, ὅ δ' ἂν ἰδῃς μή λέγε. εἰδὼς σίγα.

[5] Cf. Psalm cxli. 38, "Set a watch over my mouth, O Lord. Keep the door of my lips." Shaksp. Hamlet, "Give every man thine ear, but few thy tongue." Welcker compares Soph. Philoct. 188, ἀθυρόστομος ἀχώ. Eurip. Orest. 903, ἀνὴρ τις ἀθυρόγλωσσος. Aristoph. Ran. 838, ἔχοντ' ἀχάλινον ἀκρατὲς ἀθύρωτον στόμα. In the next line Stobæus has ἀλάλητα πέλει for ἀμέλητα μέλει.

[6] Welcker illustrates the construction of this verse by Pindar, Ol. ix. 156, ἄνευ δε θεοῦ σεσιγαμένον οὐ σκαιότερον χρῆμ' ἕκαστον.

(Ver. 425—428=Frere's Fragm. lxxxv.) For this sentiment see Soph. Œd. C. 1225—1228; Hom. Il. xvii. 446; Bacchyl. Fr 3, θνα-

and not to see the rays of the piercing sun, is best: but that when born he should, as soon as possible, cross the gates of Hades, and lie low, having heaped together for himself much earth.[1]

To beget and nurture a child is easier than to implant right feelings:[2] this at all events no one has yet contrived, in making the senseless sensible, and the mean noble; but if a god had granted this, I wot, to the sons of Æsculapius,[3] to cure meanness, and the infatuated minds of men, many and great wages would they earn. And if mind were capable-of-being created and implanted in man,[4] never would worthless son have been born of worthy father, *but he would have been* heedful of prudent discourses.[5] But by teaching you will never make the mean man noble.

He is a fool, who has my mind indeed in safe-keeping, but pays no attention[6] to his own proper mind.

No one, look you, is in all things blest, but the nobler man

τοῖσι μὴ φῦναι φέριστον, Μηδ' ἀελίου προσιδεῖν φέγγος· ὄλβιος δ' οὐδεὶς βροτῶν πάντα χρόνον. Eurip. Fragm. Belleroph. xx. 2, κράτιστον εἶναι φημιμ ἢ φῦναι βροτῷ. Cicero ap. Lactant. iii. p. 304, Non nasci longè optimum, nec in hos scopulos incidere vitæ: proximum autem, si natus sis, quamprimum ex incendio effugere.

[1] ἐπαμησάμενον, having heaped together for a tomb or barrow. Cf. Herod. viii. 24, where Valken. quotes this emendation, instead of which Sextus reads γαῖαν ἐφεσσάμενον, which is approved by Hemsterhusius and Brunck.

[2] (Ver. 429—438=Frere's Fragm. xi.) Mr. Frere points out that Theognis here concludes on the affirmative side as to the question "whether virtue and vice were innate," with Pindar and Euripides.

[3] Ἀσκληπιάδαις, the sons of Æsculapius. If these, says the poet, could heal moral maladies as well as bodily, how great would be their reward! For the powers of Æsculapius see Eurip. Alcest. 122—129. Plato in his Meno, p. 95, E. (vol. ix. p. 264, Ast), quotes the 434th and four following lines.

[4] ποιητόν, ἔνθετον. These words, as Welcker observes, are to be construed in a potential sense, as in instances which he quotes from Hom. Il. ii. 361, ἀπόβλητος, 376, ἄπρηκτος: Æsch. Prom. V. 154, ἀλό τοις δεσμοῖς: Æsch. Pers. 163, μέριμν' ἄφραστος, infanda cura: Tacit. German. 20, Inexhausta pubertas. So we should construe here, "capable of being made and implanted."

[5] πειθόμενος, sed patri obsecuturus fuisset.—Plato in his Protagoras, 324, D. (vol. i. p. 38, Ast), uses the same argument, viz. that if virtue could be taught, good fathers would have good sons.

[6] This sense and construction of ἐπιστρέφεται is illustrated by Welcker from Eurip. Or. 352, καίτοι πόλλ' ἐπεστράφη πέδαι.

has the heart[1] to endure what is evil, and still is not known-to-all. But the baser man neither in woe nor weal knows how to remain in possession of spirit: the gifts of the gods come variously to mortals; yet it is right to have the courage to hold the gifts of the immortals,[2] such as they give.

If you choose to drench me, undefiled water shall flow ever clear from the top of my head: and you shall find me in all deeds like-as refined gold,[2] ruddy to look-on, when rubbed by touch-stone; the colour of which from above the dark rust doth not touch, nor mould, but it has its brilliancy[4] always pure.

O man, hadst thou obtained a share of judgment, even as *thou* hast of folly, and hadst thou been sensible as *thou art* senseless, to many of these citizens thou wouldst appear an-object-of-envy, just as now thou art nothing-worth.[5]

A young woman, look you, is not an expedient thing for an old man:[6] for she, like a light boat, does not heed the

[1] (Ver. 441—446=Frere's Frag. liv.) τολμᾷ in ver. 442 signifies sustinet, perfert, obdurat: see Monk, Alcestis 285, for the various senses of τλάω and τολμάω—κοὐκ ἐπίδηλος ὅμως, "keeps his inward sorrows unrevealed." *Frere.* The character indicated by the next two lines does not, (as Horace has it, Od. II. x. 13,) Sperat infestis, metuit secundis. θυμὸν in the 444th line reminds us of Horace's Animosus atque Fortis appare, in the close of the same ode.

[2] ἄλλ' ἐπιτολμᾶν, κ. τ. λ. Welck. compares Hom. Il. xxiv. 49, τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ανθρώποισιν, where τλητὸν is for τλήμονα; and Archiloch., Fr. 48.

[3] (Ver. 447—452=Frere's Fragm. xlvii.) As was observed at ver. 417, Theognis was peculiarly familiar with the assaying of gold. Hence it is a constant image with him: as here in ver. 449, 450. In ver. 447, ἀμίαντον, undefiled, i. e. by dross.

[4] ἄνθος, brilliancy of colour; cf. Liddell and Scott, and the parallels there given, and the use of the phrase ἄνθινα φορεῖν. Cf. Welcker's preface, p. lxxxviii., and Florens Iacchus, Catull. Epithal. 252.

[5] (Ver. 453—456=Frere's Fragm. lxviii.) Mr. Frere observes that it seems to have been addressed to some person formerly influential, but reduced by the revolution and his own misconduct to insignificance.

[6] Camerarius says that this and the three next lines have been copied by one Theophilus, a comic writer in Athenæus, xiii. p. 560.

οὐ σύμφόρον νέα 'στι πρεσβύτῃ γυνή.
Ὥσπερ γὰρ ἄκατος οὐδὲ μικρὸν πείθεται
Ἑνὶ πηδαλίῳ, τὸ πεῖσμ' ἀποῤῥήξασα δὲ
Ἐκ νυκτὸς ἕτερον λιμέν' ἔχουσ' ἐξευρέθη.

In the 460th line, for the use of ἐκ in the phrase ἐκ νυκτῶν, cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 596, and Tiger. Idiot. ix. 3, 4.

rudder, nor do anchors hold her: but, having burst her fastenings, oft in the nights she hath another harbour.

Never set thy mind at least on things impracticable,[1] nor long for wealth, of which there is no accomplishment.

Easily, look you, the gods have given wealth, neither anything mean,[2] nor noble: but there is glory attendant on a difficult work.

Practise yourself about virtue: and let what is just be dear to you, nor let gain, when it is base, get the upper hand of you.[3]

Force no one of these against his will to remain with us,[4] nor bid any, if he wishes it not, go out of doors. Nor rouse in-his-sleep, Simonides, whomsoever of us, drunken with wine, soft sleep shall have seized.[5] Neither bid him that is watchful, sleep against his will, for every-thing-done-by-compulsion is vexatious.[6] And to him that chooses to drink let *one* stand near and pour-out-wine: not every night does it happen to us to live delicately. Now I, for I have due measure[7] of sweet wine, will go home, and be mindful of

[1] Welcker quotes here a saying of Bias of Priene preserved by Diogenes Laertius, *νόσος ψυχῆς τὸ τῶν ἀδυνάτων ἐρᾶν, ἀλλοτρίων δὲ κακῶν ἀμνημόνευτον εἶναι.* Chilo, *μὴ ἐπιθυμεῖν ἀδυνάτων.*

[2] Cf. Hesiod, O. et D. 287—289. And Archilochus, *πάντα πόνος τεύχει θνητοῖς, μελέτη τε βροτείη.*

[3] *μηδέ σε νικάτω κέρδος.* Welcker compares Hesiod, Op. et D. 352, *μὴ κακὰ κερδαίνειν· κακὰ κέρδεα ἴσ' ἄτησιν.* He illustrates *νικάτω* by Soph. Ajax 1334, *μηδ' ἡ βία σε μηδαμῶς νικησάτω Τοσόνδε μισεῖν.*

[4] (Ver. 467—496=Frere's Fragm. viii.) Welcker compares with 467 Hom. Od. xv. 68—71, and 74. See also Theoc. Idyll. xvi. 27,

> Μηδὲ ξεινοδόκον κακὸν ἔμμεναι· ἀλλὰ τραπέζᾳ
> Μειλίξαντ' ἀποπέμψαι, ἐπὰν ἐθέλωντι νέεσθαι.

[5] Here Welcker quotes Apollonid. Anthol. Pal. p. 510,

> Ὑπνώεις. ὦ ταῖρε, τὸ δὲ σκύφος αὐτὸ βοᾷ σε·
> Ἔγρεο· μὴ τερπου μοιριδίῃ μελέτῃ.—

For *θωρηχθέντα*, cf. above, at ver. 413.

[6] Aristotle quotes this line in his Rhetoric, Book I. ch. xi. § 4, and shows that all constraint is contrary to nature, and therefore unpleasant. In 473, before *οἰνοχοείτω* understand *τις*, or *ὁ οἰνοχόος.*—*ἄβρα παθεῖν.* Liddell and Scott point to the same phrase in Solon, xii. 4, (Gaysford's Poet. Minor. p. 139, vol. iii.,) and Herodot. i. 71; iv. 104.

[7] Having imbibed his full share of liquor, the poet says he will go home, as the wisest course for a man neither very sober nor quite drunk: lest he should quarrel with his fellow-guests. With ver. 477 Welcker compares the same passage as it stands in Athenæus, where, instead of *δείξω* we read *ἥκω.*

care-relaxing sleep; and I will show that wine is most pleasant for a man to drink, for neither am I a whit sober, nor yet am I very drunk. Now whoso exceeds *the due* measure of drinking, that man[1] is no longer master of his tongue or mind: but he speaks scandalous words,[2] which, to the sober, seem disgraceful, and nothing is he ashamed to do, whensoever he may be drunk. Though he were sensible before, then he is a fool: do you, then, knowing these things, not drink wine in excess; but either, before you are intoxicated, rise and go,[3] lest your stomach constrain you, like a worthless hireling for-the-day; or be present, and do not drink: but you, though knowing these things, are ever babbling this foolish *word*, "pour-in:" therefore, look you, you are drunk. For one *cup* is taken "to friendship;" another is pledged:[4] this you offer as a libation to the gods: the fourth you hold in your hand. And you know not how to say nay;[5] now, look you, that man will be invincible, who, though he drink many *cups*, shall say nothing silly. But do ye discourse well, tarrying beside the bowl, long keeping-off contentions one from the other; speaking fairly and evenly alike to one and with all, and thus a banquet becomes not unpleasant.

Wine belongs to the senseless man as well as the sensible.

[1] Cf. here Hom. Od. xiv. 466, *καὶ τι ἔπος προέηκεν· ὅπερ τ' ἄῤῥητον ἄμεινον.*

[2] *ἀπάλαμνα* is here used in a different sense from that in ver. 281. It is the same as in Solon, Fragm. xiv. 12, *οὐδ' ἔρδειν ἐθ' ὁμῶς ἔργ' ἀπάλαμνα θέλει*, and Pind. Ol. ii. 105, *ἀπάλαμνοι φρένες Ποίνας ἔπισαν.* In 483, *σώφρων τε καὶ ἤπιος* is read by Athenæus. Welcker reads *τότε νήπιος*, which we have translated.

[3] Welcker doubts the genuineness of this and the three next lines, as contrary to the advice given in ver. 627, 628, and to the law of cups which Cicero (Tusc. Disp. v. 40) quotes as prevailing in Greek banquets, "Aut bibat aut abeat," *πίθι ἢ ἄπιθι.* At ver. 487 we have translated the reading of the Cod. Mutin. *σὺ δ' ἔγχεε τοῦτο μάταιον*, which Welcker pronounces the true reading, and which is illustrated by the Epigram of Meleager, 98, *ἔγχει καὶ πάλιν εἰπὲ· πάλιν, παλιν Ἡλιοδώρας.* Theocr. ii. 152; xiv. 18; Callimach. Ep. xxxi.; at which passages see the notes of the Translations in Bohn's Classical Series.

[4] *ἡ μεν γὰρ* (sc. *κύλιξ*). Welcker compares Athenæus, vi. p. 234, a., *παῖ, τὴν μεγάλην δός, ἐπιχέας φιλίας κυάθους, κ. τ. λ.*, and Plaut. Pers. V. i. 19.

[5] *ἀρνεῖσθαι δ' οὐκ οἶδας*, sc. the pledgings of those, who challenged him to drink. On which see Welcker here and at ver. 487.

When, however, it is drunk above measure, it is wont to render the mind light.[1]

In fire, indeed, skilful men try gold and silver,[2] but wine is wont to show the mind of a man, even though he be exceeding sensible; *wine* which when drinking he is wont to praise beyond measure, so as to disgrace *one* being even wise aforetime.

My head, Onomacritus, is heavy-with-wine,[3] and wine does violence to me, but I am no longer master of my senses; nay, the chamber whirls-round. Come, let me rise and try whether perchance the wine hath my feet too,[4] and my mind within my breast. I fear lest, in my drunkenness, I should do anything foolish, and incur a great disgrace.

Much wine drunk is bad:[5] but if a man drink it with-judgment, 'tis not bad but good.

So thou hast come, Clearistus, after having accomplished *a passage* across the deep sea,[6] hither, wretched man, a beggar to a beggar. Under the ship's sides, truly, we will place

[1] *κοῦφον ἔθηκε νόον.* Compare 629, *ἥβη καὶ νεότης ἐπικουφίζει νόον ἀνδρὸς.* Æschyl. Prom. V. 383, *κουφονοῦν εὐηθίαν.*

[2] (Ver. 499 — 502 = Frere's Fragm. vi.) Welcker illustrates the passage by Æschyl. Fr. xiii., *κάτοπτρον εἶδους χαλκός ἐστ', οἶνος δὲ νοῦ*; Fr. xvi. of Alcæus; Theocr. xxix. 1, *οἶνος—λέγεται καὶ ἀλήθεα*; Hor. Od. I. xviii.; Erasmus, In vino veritas.

[3] (Ver. 503--508=Frere's Fragm. vii.) Mr. Frere observes that Onomacritus was a favourite of Hipparchus, the brother of Hippias, and joint ruler with him. Taking, he adds, the middle of the fourteen years of Hipparchus's reign as the date of these lines, Theognis would be 23 or 24, a likely age at which to have written them. The Quarterly Reviewer, No. 144, thinks otherwise. At ver. 505 Brunck quotes Juvenal, vi. 303, Totum vertigine tectum Ambulat.

[4] *πειρηθῶ μὴ πως καὶ πόδας, κ. τ. λ.* Cf. Shaksp. Othello, act ii. sc. iii., Cassio drunk, protesting that he can stand well enough and talk well enough. At 508, for *θωρηχθείς* compare 413, 470, &c.

[5] Cf. Hom. Il. vi. 261, *ἀνδρὶ δὲ κεκμηῶτι μένος μέγα οἶνος ἀέξει*: Hor. Od. I. vii. 17—19, for the due use: Hom. Od. xxi. 293, 294; and Alexis ap. Grotium, *πολὺς γὰρ οἶνος πόλλ' ἁμαρτάνειν ποιεῖ*, for the undue use of wine.

[6] (Ver. 511—522=Frere's Fragm. lix.) Clearistus, ruined or distressed at home, comes by sea to Megara; probably on a trading voyage, but looking for hospitality from the poet, his hereditary ally.—*ἀνύσσας*, sc. *ὁδόν*. Passow refers to Trachin. Soph. 657, *πρὶν τάνδε πρὸς πόλιν ἀνύσειε*. Add to these Œd. Col. 1562, where one reading is *κατανύσαι*: Ajax, 606; Antig. 805; Electr. 1451. Cf. a similar use of *κατολύειν* Thucyd. i. 136.

benches, Clearistus,[1] such as we have, and as the gods give us: and we will supply the best of what we have: but should any one come, being a friend of thine, *say to him*, "Sit-at-meat, an' thou lovest me." I will neither set apart aught of my substance, nor, for the sake of entertaining thee, will we bring aught more from other quarters. Then should any inquire my means of subsistence,[2] thus tell him, that I *live* with difficulty as regards *living* well, but very well *for one* living with difficulty: so as not to fail even one guest of my father's, though I am not able to afford feasts to more men.

Not to no purpose, Plutus, do mortals honour thee most, for of-a-truth thou bearest distress with ease.[3] For verily it is fitting for the bettermost to have wealth indeed, but poverty *is* proper for a mean man to bear.

Alas me for youth and wretched old age, the latter coming on, and the former departing.

I have betrayed neither any friend nor trusty comrade, nor is there aught servile in my spirit.

Ever is my heart cheered,[4] whensoever I shall have heard the delightsome sound of vocal flutes. And I rejoice in drinking well, and in listing to a flute-player; I delight, too, in carrying the gay lyre in my hands.

Never is a slave's head erect, but always crooked, and has the neck askance.[5] For neither from the squill do roses or

[1] Welcker thinks *ὑποτιθέναι τὰ ζυγά* is used figuratively here, of furnishing a banquet. At ver. 516, before *κατάκεισο* understand "dic ei," or some such words.

[2] Cf. Hor. Epist. I. viii. 3,

> Si quæret quid agam, dic multa et pulchra minantem
> Vivere nec recte nec suaviter.

In the next line *ὡς εὖ μὲν* and *ὡς χαλεπῶς* belong to the class of cases in which *ὡς* is used in limiting propositions, cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 628, 3, e. Before *ἀπολείπειν* understand *ἐμὲ*, or *τὸν ἐμὸν βίον*. Hesiod, Op. et D. 717, urges a man *μήτε πολύξεινον, μητ' ἄξεινον καλέεσθαι*.

[3] *ἦ γὰρ ῥηϊδίως, κ. τ. λ.* Welcker quotes Eurip. Heracl. 303,

> *τὸ δυστυχὲς γὰρ ἡγένει' ἀμύνεται*
> *τῆς δυσγενείας μᾶλλον.*

[4] (Ver. 531 — 538 = Frere's Fragm. lxxiv. 1st part.) Welcker quotes Hom. Od. ix. 5—11, q. v., and for the word *ἰαίνεται* compares Pind. Pyth. i. 20, *Ἄρης—ἰαίνει καρδίαν κώμαισι*. At 533, *ὑπ' αὐλητῆρος* may be compared with the use of *ὑπὸ* in Herodot. i. 17, *ὑπὸ συρίγγων καὶ πηκτίδων*. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 592, B., and Hesiod, Sc. Herc. 280.

[5] Clarke quotes this and the preceding verse at Odyss. xvii. 323,

hyacinths spring, no, nor ever from a bond-woman a free-spirited child

No man, dear Cyrnus, forges fetters for himself,[1] unless the gods beguile my judgment.

I fear, O son of Polypas, lest insolence, even *the insolence* which *destroyed* the savage Centaurs, should ruin this state.[2]

'Tis right that I, O Cyrnus, should adjudicate this cause by rule and square,[3] and deal fair play to both sides, namely, to oracular birds, and to burnt sacrifices, that so I may not incur the foul disgrace of error.

Never do violence to any one through wickedness: for to the just man nought is better than good-conduct.[4]

A voiceless messenger stirs up, O Cyrnus, war-of-many tears,[5] seen clearly *as it is* from a conspicuous mountain-peak. Nay, then, place bridles on your swift-footed steeds, for methinks

ἤμισυ γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἀνέρος, εὖτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἦμαρ ἕλῃσιν.

With 537 we may compare St. Matthew vii. 18, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles;" and with the next line, Hor. Od. IV. iv. 31,

Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

[1] Welcker compares Solon xv. 32,

εὐνομία δ' εὔκοσμα καὶ ἅρτια πάντ' ἀποφαίνει
καὶ θαμὰ τοῖς ἀδίκοις ἀμφιτίθησι πέδας.

For the patronymic Πολυπαΐδη, see above, at ver. 25.

[2] (Ver. 541, 542=Frere's Fragm. xiv.) See the story of the contest between the Centaurs and Lapithæ in Ovid, Met. xii. 210, &c.; Virg. Georg. ii. 455—457; Hor. Od. I. xviii. 7—9; and Smith's Dict. Gr. and R. Biog. i. 666, &c.

[3] *παρὰ στάθμην καὶ γνώμονα.* Cf. 939. Lat. "ad amussim." In ver. 545, *μάντεσιν οιωνοῖς τε* is, according to Camerarius, a case of Hendiadys, "oracular birds," (as in Latin, Pateris libamus et auro, Virg. Georg. ii. 192, and Æn. i. 111, In brevia et Syrtes urget,) as opposed to *αἰθομένοις ἱεροῖσιν*, ignispiciis.

[4] Welcker quotes Hesiod, Op. et D. 267, *οἳ αὐτῷ κακὰ τεύχει ἀνὴρ ἄλλῳ κακὰ τεύχων.* Hom. Od. xxii. 373, where Clarke quotes this line from Theognis.

[5] (Ver. 549—560=Frere's Fragm. lxxii). The march of a force from some neighbouring state, opposed to the politics of Cyrnus and Theognis, is indicated by a fire-signal, and determines them to abandon their country without delay. With *ἄγγελος ἀφθόγγος* compare Æsch. S. c. Theb. 81, *αἰθερία κόνις με πείθει φανεῖσ' Ἀνανδος, σαφὴς, ἔτυμος ἄγγελος.* Suppl. 180, *ὁρῶ κόνιν, ἄνιππον ἄγγελον στρατοῦ.* For the beacon signal generally see Agam. 281—316. In 553 for *διαπρήξουσι* Vinetus reads *διαπρήσσουσι.* Τὸ *μεσηγύ*, sc. *κατὰ*, or it must be taken as the accusative of limitation.

that they will encounter hostile men: nor long the way *which* they will traverse between *us and the foe*, unless the gods deceive my judgment.

It behoves a man lying in severe griefs to take heart,[1] and to ask deliverance from *them* at the hands of the immortal gods.

Consider: the danger, look you, stands on a razor's edge:[2] at one moment you shall have much: at another *far* fewer *possessions:* so that you neither become exceeding rich in possessions, no, nor thrust yourself into much want-of-means.

Be it mine to have somewhat myself,[3] but to bestow the most of the riches of foes on my friends to enjoy.

Now 'tis meet that one should be invited to a banquet, and sit beside a worthy man, versed in all wisdom, so as to understand him[4] whensoever he shall utter aught-of-wisdom, that so you may be instructed, and go home to your house with this gain.

Delighting myself in youth I sport-and-sing:[5] for, when I have lost my life, I shall lie long beneath the earth, like a voiceless stone; and shall quit the delightful light of the sun, and, though I be a man-of-worth, yet shall see nothing any more.

Opinion, indeed, is a great evil to men,[6] but experience a

[1] Hom. Od. xx. 18, *τέτλαθι δή, κραδίη· καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης.* Hor. Od. I. vii. 30, 31.

[2] *ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἵσταται ἀκμῆς*, stands on a razor's edge, is so finely balanced that a hair would turn the scale. Cf. Hom. Il. x. 173; Herodot. vi. 11; Theocr. xxii. 6; Soph. Antig. 996; Livy, in xxxix. 17, In discrimine nunc est humanum genus. Welcker points out that ver. 559, 560 have no reference to *danger*, but to moderate means, so that they ought not to be connected with the two preceding lines.

[3] (Ver. 561—566 = Frere's Fragm. lxxv.) At ver. 564, Welcker quotes Plutarch Sympos., Qu. I. i. 2, to show that even philosophers used to discuss "what was the excellence of a banqueter," "the proper use of wine," and such-like questions.

[4] *τοῦ συνιεῖν.* Camerar. considers this the infin. for the imperat., as Soph. El. 9, &c. But it seems more consonant with the sense to understand it "intelligendi causâ," sc. *ὥστε.*

[5] *παίζω*, "ad myrtum cano," opp. to *λίθος ἄφθογγος.* Pind. Ol. i. 24, *οἷα παίζομεν φίλαν Ἀνδρες ἀμφὶ θάμα Τράπεζαν.* This passage is an evidence of lower views of a future state than pervade the writings of most of the poets of Greece and Rome

[6] Cf. 665. Alcman, Fr. 59, *Πεῖρά τοι μαθήσιος ἀρχά.*

very excellent thing: many of the bettermost *men* have an opinion unproved-by-experience.

Do good, and good shall be done by you:[1] but wherefore send you another messenger? the tidings of a benefit is easy.

My friends abandon me, yes, because I avoid my enemy, as pilot avoids the low-rocks[2] in-the-sea.

'Tis easier to make a mean man out of a bettermost *man*,[3] than a noble man of a base: teach me not: I am not of an age to learn.

I hate a mean man: and I veil myself when I approach him,[4] having the volatile spirit of a little bird. I hate also a roaming woman,[5] and a wanton man, who desires to plough the furrow of another. But the things which have gone by, it is impossible should become undone:[6] the future, however, be that a care to our caution.

Danger, I wot, is attendant on all works, neither knoweth any one,[7] when a matter begins, where he is likely to land. But the man who endeavours to be popular, without forethought,[8] is wont to fall into great and severe ruin. Him how-

[1] *εὖ ἔρδων, εὖ πρᾶσσε.* Bene fac et bene tibi fiet. *Welcker.* The next line is the opposite of Shakspeare's saw, "And the first bearer of unwelcome news Hath but a losing office."

[2] *χοιράδας* (th. *χοίρος*) hogs-backs; ridges of low rock just rising above the sea. Cf. Eumen. Æsch. 9, *Δηλίαν τε χοιράδα*, (and Eurip. Troad. 89, *Δήλιοί τε χοιράδες,*) where Blomf. thinks the whole of Delos is meant, as rising like a *χοίρας* from the sea. See also Virg. Æn. i. 110, Dorsum immane mari summo.

[3] (Ver. 577, 578=Frere's Fragm. xlviii.) The poet, says Mr. Frere, is out of humour at being admonished. In the next line, with *τηλίκος—μαθεῖν*, cf. Hom. Od. xvii. 20, *οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ σταθμοῖσι μένειν ἔτι τηλίκος εἰμὶ.*

[4] *καλυπτ*αμένη.* These are probably the supposed words of some goddess, e. g. Justice.—*μικρῆς ὄρνιθος, κ. τ. λ.* Cf. 1097 *ἤδη καὶ πτερύλεσσιν ἐπαίρομαι ὥστε πετεινὸν*, and Psalm. xi. 1; cxxiv. 7.

[5] *περίδρομον*, an epithet denoting a character exactly opposite to the Latin "Domiseda." With the next line Welcker compares Æsch. S. c. Theb. 753, *ὅστε μὴ πρὸς ἀγνὰν σπείρας ἄρουραν.* Soph. Œd. Tyr. 1485, 1497; Antig. 569.

[6] *ἄργα*, used in passive sense, as in Soph. Œd. Col. 1605, *κοὐκ ἦν ἔτ' ἀργὸν οὐδέν, ὧν ἐφίετο.*

[7] Ver. 585—590, are with little variation to be found in the fragments of Solon. In the next line with *σχήσειν* we must understand *τὴν πορείαν, τὴν ὁρμήν.* Cf. Hom. Od. iii. 182; Ar. Ran. 188; Thuc. ii. 25.

[8] (Ver. 587—590.) Welcker understands this to mean, "He who

ever who doeth well *it is* the deity *that* invests with everything, with lucky chances, and riddance from folly.

It is right to endure what the gods give to men, and to bear easily the lot of both *classes*. Neither when distressed with ills be vexed at heart, nor be delighted on a sudden with good fortune, before you have seen the extreme end.[1]

Good Sir, let us be companions one to another at a distance.[2] There is satiety of everything save wealth. Long then let us be even friends; but do thou associate with other men also, who better know thy mind.

You have not escaped-my-notice as you walked along the road, on which even aforetime you used to drive,[3] stealing my friendship. Away with you, hateful to gods, and faithless to men, *you* who had in your bosom a chilly spotted snake.

Such-like deeds, such insolence, ruined the Magnesians also,[4] as now possesses this sacred city.

Fulness hath ere now destroyed far more men,[5] look you, than famine, to wit, as many as were desirous of having more than their share.

At the beginning a lie *gets* small thanks,[6] but at last base

aims at success (*εὖ ἔρδειν*: which Stobæus reads for *εὐδοκιμεῖν*) by his own efforts, unexpectedly fails, and is stricken by ruin; while he who is successful, and prospers in his efforts, owes that to the Deity, freeing him from the consequences of unaided human nature, folly, and ill-luck."

[1] *πρὶν τελός*. Cf. Soph. Trach. 1, 2. With the two lines generally compare Horace Od. II. iii. 1—4.

[2] This and the three next lines are a gentle hint from Theognis to a friend that he wishes to drop his intimacy, which hint he softens by suggesting that variety is pleasing in the matter of friends, as in other things. In ver. 596, some read *πλὴν πλούτου*. Cf. Hom. Il. xiii. 636, *πάντων μὲν κόρος ἐστὶ, καὶ ὕπνου καὶ φιλότητος*.

[3] *ἠλάστρεις*, imperf. from *ἐλαστρέω*, Ion. for *ἐλαύνω*. Cf. Hom. Il. xviii. 543; Herodot. ii. 138. In ver. 602, one reading is *ψυχρῷ*, and another, that of Brunck, *ποικίλῳ*; but Welcker prefers with reason the general reading, comparing Theocr. xv. 58 (see Virg. Ecl. iii. 93) with the epithet *ψυχρὸν* applied to a snake.

[4] (Ver. 603, 604=Frere's Fragm. xv. in some portions.) The Magnesians were overthrown at the river Mæander by the Ephesians Archil., Fr. 86, has *τὰ Μαγνήσιων κακά*.

[5] *κόρος* is generally associated with *ὕβρις*. Cf. Theogn. 153; Pind. Ol. xiii. 12, Æsch. Agam. 767, &c., as emended by Donaldson, New Cratylus, § 335, p. 518, *νέα δὲ φυεῖ Κόρον*. Such being the case, this fragment fitly follows the last two verses.

[6] *ἀρχῇ ἔπι*. Welck. compares *ἐφ' ἡμέρᾳ, ἐπὶ μηνί*, toto die, mense.

lucre, in truth, and ill arise, both of them: nor is there anything noble to any man, whom a lie attends, even though it be the first that has gone forth from his mouth.

It is not hard to blame one's neighbour, no, nor to praise him: these things are a care to mean men. And mean men do not choose to be silent, prating mischief[1] *rather*, but the noble know how to preserve moderation in all things.

No one of the present *race of* men doth the sun look down upon, being entirely good and moderate.

Not to any great extent are all things accomplished to men's liking, for immortals[2] are far-superior to mortals.

I am much tost-about in difficulties, being vexed at heart: for we have not outrun extreme poverty.

Every one honours a rich man, but dishonours a poor:[3] and in all men there is the same mind.

All-kinds-of-baseness exist among men, and all-kinds-of excellence, and devices for livelihood.

'Tis hard for a sensible man to speak much among the senseless, and *so it is* always to be silent: for this is impossible.

In truth, 'tis disgraceful for a drunken man to be amongst sober men:[4] and disgraceful if a sober man remains among the drunken.

In 610, Gaysford reads *κἂν ἐξέλθῃ*, Brunck *καὶ* from Stobæus. *κἄν* appears to afford the best sense, although Welcker seems to disapprove Neander's translation, "etiamsi id primum sit ejus mendacium," which we have followed.

[1] *κακὰ λεσχάζοντες*. *λεσχάζειν* seems to answer our English word "to gossip," from *λεσχή*, a low inn, or lounge; cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 493 and 502, above. With the next line cf. Hesiod, Op. 694.

[2] Welcker quotes Heraclitus, (in Stobæus, Serm. iii. p. 48,) *ἀνθρώποις γίγνεσθαι ὁπόσα θέλουσιν, οὐκ ἄμεινον.*

[3] Compare with this couplet Hom. Od. xi. 359, and Ov. Art. Am. ii. 277,

> Dummodo sit dives, barbarus ipse placet,
> Aurea sunt vere nunc sæcula. Plurimus auro
> Venit honos. Auro conciliatur amor.

And Hesiod, Op. 688, *χρήματα γὰρ ψυχὴ πέλεται δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν.*

[4] Welcker illustrates this passage by Lucian, Ep. xvi.,

> *ἐν πᾶσιν μεθύουσιν Ἀκίνδυνος ἤθελε νήφειν*
> *τοὔνεκα καὶ μεθύειν αὖτος ἔδόξε μόνος.*

The 628th ver. reminds us of the last line of one of the Epigr. in the Greek Anthology, *μισῶ—μύθων μνημόνας ὑδροπότας.*

Man's-estate and youth lighten a man's mind,[1] and stir up the spirits of many to error.

Whoso hath not a mind *that is* master of his inclinations, he, I wot, Cyrnus, lies ever in follies, and in great errors.

Consult twice and thrice on whatever shall have come into your mind,[2] for a hasty man, look you, is hurried-to-ruin.

Judgment and sense-of-shame attend men that are good, who now are really few among the many.

Hope and hazard are alike among men:[3] for both these are severe deities.

Often beyond both expectation and hope[4] it is given *men* to discover the works of men, but success is not wont to follow their counsels.

A single individual, look you, troubles neither one-well-affected, nor his foe,[5] unless he meet with a serious matter. Many are friends and comrades over the bowl,[6] but fewer in a serious matter.

[1] Cf. Hom. Il. iii. 108, Αἰεὶ δ' ὀπλοτέρων ἀνδρῶν φρένες ἠερέθονται, and Il. xxiii. 589. Horace, Od. I. xxxv. 36, speaks specifically as to the fruits of youthful light-mindedness,

> Unde manus juventus
> Metu deorum continuit? Quibus
> Pepercit aris.

At ver. 631 Welcker quotes a saying of Chilo, θυμοῦ κράτει.

[2] Hom. Il. xxiv. 354, φράζεο, Δαρδανίδη, φραδέος νόου ἔργα τέτυκται.

[3] κίνδυνος here is i. q. "metus." *Camerarius.*—For this personification and deification of feelings or passions, see Ov. Met. ii. 760, &c., of Envy; Spenser, Fairy Queen, I. iv. 18; and Paradise Lost, b. iv. 988, "His stature reached the sky, and on his crest Sate *Horror* plumed;" xi. 490, "*Despair* tended the sick, busier from couch to couch:" and Virg. Æn. iv. 174, *Fama* volat, &c.

[4] πὰρ' δόξαν, κ. τ. λ. So Pind. Ol. xiii. 116, παρ' ὅρκον καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδα.

[5] Welcker here reads οὔ τοί κ' ειδείης ουτ' εὔνουν, οὔτε τὸν ἐχθρὸν, and in the next line ἀντιτύχοις for ἀντιτύχοι. The force of the couplet is somewhat of the nature of the Latin adage, Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.

[6] Compare Hor. Od. I. xxxv. 26—28,

> Diffugiunt cadis
> Cum fæce siccatis amici,
> Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

Periander said φίλοις εὐτυχοῦσι καὶ ἀτυχοῦσιν ὁ αὐτὸς ἴσθι.

Few companions would you find faithful protectors, when you are placed in great perplexity of spirit.

Now at length a sense-of-shame hath perished among mankind,[1] but shamelessness roams over the earth.

Thou luckless poverty, why, seated on my shoulders,[2] dost thou disgrace my body and mind? Nay, thou teachest me against my will perforce many disgraceful arts, though I know from men good and noble *lessons*.

May I be fortunate, and dear to the immortal gods,[3] O Cyrnus; then am I eager for no other excellence.

Along with thee, Cyrnus, when thou hast suffered misfortune, we are all distrest: but of-a-truth grief for another *lasts* but-for-a-day.

In hard *fortunes* be not at all excessively disgusted at heart, neither rejoice in prosperity: for 'tis a noble man's *course* to bear all things.

Nor is it right to swear this, "that this thing shall never be,"[4] for the gods also, in whose hands is the issue, are wroth.

Yet still one ought to do somewhat:[5] both good hath arisen from ill, and ill from good; ay, and the poor man very quickly becomes rich, while he who has possessed very much on a sudden is wont to lose everything, in fact, in a single night. And sensible man errs, and glory oft attends a senseless man: honour too even a mean man is wont to obtain.

If I had wealth, Simonides, even such as I was acquainted

[1] Welcker compares with this line Hesiod, Op. et D. 197—199. To which add Ov. Met. i. 150, Juv. vi. 19, of the flight of Astræa from the lawless earth. For the same use of *ἐπιστρέφεται*, he refers to Anacreon, Fr. 29, *ἐπιστρέφεται δ' ὑψηλῶν κορυφὰς ὀρέων*.

[2] Ἆ. Welcker illustrates the interjection here by Simonides, Fr. 101, *Αἶ, αἶ, νοῦσε βαρεῖα, τὶ δὴ ψυχαῖσι μεγαίρεις*. This and the next line remind us of the image introduced by Horace in Od. III. i. 40, Post equitem sedet atra cura. Or we may imagine poverty seated as it were on his shoulders, in the mean and sordid garb he wore perforce.

[3] *θεοῖς φίλος ἀθανάτοισι*. So Horace, Od. I. xxxi. 13, Dis carus ipsis. At ver. 655, Welcker aptly quotes Æsch. Agam. 790—792, *τῷ δυσπραγοῦντι δ' ἐπιστενάχειν. Πᾶς τις ἕτοιμος ἔ· δῆγμα δὲ λύπης Οὐδὲν ἐφ' ἡπαρ προσιχνεῖται*, and Pind. Nem. i. 82—85.

[4] Welcker quotes Linus,

ἔλπεσθαι χρὴ πάντ', ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐστ' οὐδὲν ἄελπτον·
ῥᾴδια γὰρ θεῷ τελέσαι, καὶ ἀνήνυτον οὐδέν,

and Pind. Ol. xiii. 116, 117.

[5] Brunck reads *χρὴ πρῆξαι μέντοι τι* instead of *καὶ πρῆξαι, κ. τ. λ.*

with,[1] I should not be vexed at associating with the noble. But now they (riches) pass-me-by, though I knew them,[2] and I am mute through poverty, though still knowing better than many. Wherefore we are borne-on now, having pulled down our white sails,[3] from the Melian Sea, through murky gloom: but they do not choose to bale the ship, and the sea surmounts both the vessel's sides, whereby with great difficulty any one saves himself: yet the *sailors* are slumbering,[4] and have made the pilot, good though he was, cease *from his work*, the *pilot* who used to watch over it understandingly. By force they plunder property, order is upset, and no longer is there an equal distribution in common: but the porters bear-rule, and the mean are above the noble. I fear lest haply the waves should ingulf the ship.[5] Let thus much have been

[1] Ver. 667—682=Frere's Fragm. lxiii., and is supposed by Mr. Frere to be an invitation from Simonides, who was rich, and siding with the dominant party, on his arrival at Megara, to Theognis, who was ruined, and whose friends were out of office. Theognis bitterly pleads that his present circumstances and political fortunes render him little fitted for the company of the literati (some of them *κακοί*, i. e. of the opposite party) he should meet.

[2] J. Donaldson thinks *γιγνώσκοντα* is the nom. neut. plur., "those (creatures) that knew me," sarcastically, and he refers to Jelf's Gr. 382, 1. But the translation adopted in the text is, I think, safer, and more like Greek.

[3] Welcker here quotes Archilochus and Alcæus, and refers to Horat. Od. I. xiv. 5—8,

> Et malus celeri saucius Africo
> Antennæque gemant? ac sine funibus
> Vix durare carinæ
> Possint imperiosius
> Æquor.

Plato, in Repub. lib. vi. compares the state to a ship, *Μηλίου ἐκ πόντου*, i. e. the sea around the island of Melos, I suppose, viz. the Myrtoan. Cf. Horace, Od. I. i. 14, &c.—For *ἀντλεῖν* in ver. 673, cf. Heracl. 169, *ἐς ἄντλον ἐμβήσει πόδα*.

[4] *οἳ δ' εὕδουσι*, and what follows, is, as Welcker points out, only a further picturing of the neglect of those in the state, who are said in ver. 673 *ἀντλεῖν οὐκ ἐθέλειν*. Bekker reads *οἳ' ἐρδουσι*, with a comma after *σώζεται*. J. Donaldson (Lyra Græca, p. 184) places a full stop at *σώζεται*, and takes *οἷα* as expressive of astonishment. With ver. 676, cf. Æsch. S. c. Theb. 2, 3, *ὅστις φυλάσσει πρᾶνος ἐν πρύμνῃ πόλεως, Οἴακα νωμῶν, βλέφαρα μὴ κοιμῶν ὕπνῳ ἐσθλὸν γ' ἕξ*, Gaisf. *ἐσθλὸν ὅτι* Bekk. Cf. Hom. Il. iii. 279.

[5] Compare Virg. Æn. i. 116,

wrapt in riddles darkly,[1] for the men-of-worth ; but a man if he be wise, would be cognizant also of the evil.

Many dunces have riches, but others seek what is noble,[2] though harassed by severe poverty : but impossibility-of-working lies-beside both : the one class want-of-riches impedes, of-intellect the other.[3]

'Tis impossible for mortals to strive against immortals,[4] or to deal out justice. To none is this permitted.

It is not right to cherish[5] what should not be cherished, nor to do what it were better to leave unaccomplished.

With satisfaction mayest thou duly perform thy voyage through the great sea,[6] and may Neptune bring thee home, a joy to thy friends.

Many men, look you, being senseless, has fulness ruined, for 'tis hard to understand moderation, when good things are present.

In truth, O my spirit, I cannot afford thee all things fitting.[7] Bear up : for not by any means thou alone art fond of what is beautiful.

Ast illam ter fluctus ibidem,
Torquet agens circum, et rapido vorat æquore vortex ;

and Hor. Od. I. xiv., quoted above.

[1] *ταῦτα μοι γνίχθω.* Here for the due understanding of the passage we must erase the stop at *γνίχθω*, so that the sense may be rather that the riddles, though dark to others, are made for the *ἀγάθοι*, the political friends of Theognis, to understand. *κεκρυμμένα* may be used as the neut. plur. adj. used adverbially. Cyrnus is the helmsman spoken of in the foregoing verses.

[2] (Ver. 683—686=Frere's Fragm. xciv. "The rarity of wealth and taste united is detrimental to the progress of the fine arts." Welcker compares with ver. 683, Callimach. H. in Jov. 95, *οὔτ' ἀρετῆς ἄτερ ὄλβος ἐπίσταται ἀνδρας ἀεξειν· Οὔτ' ἀρετῆ ἀφένοιο.*

[3] *χρήματα*, i. q. *χρημοσύνη. νόος*, i. q. *ἀνοία.* Cf. Heyne ad Il. x. 98, *καμάτῳ ἀδδηκότες ἠδὲ καὶ ὕπνῳ*, who observes that a thing itself is by the Tragic and Lyric poets often put for the defect of that thing. *Welcker.*

[4] Welcker compares Hom. Il. v. 407 ; vi. 129, 141 ; Hesiod, Op. 210. To which we may add Æsch. Prom. V. 49, *ἅπαντ' ἐπράχθη πλὴν θεοῖσι κοιρανεῖν* : Hom. Od. xii. 117 ; Eurip. Iph. Taur. 1479

[5] In ver. 689 Camerarius reads *πημαίνειν* and *πημαντέον*, i. e. to work mischief which should not be worked.

[6] Cf. Theocr. vii. 52, *ἔσσεται Ἀγεάνακτι καλὸς πλόος ἐς Μιτυλήναν*, and with the next line Horace, Od. I. iii. 5—8. With the next couplet compare ver. 605, 606, above.

[7] *θυμέ.* For this address to his spirit, see the poet at ver. 1029, *τόλμα, θύμε, κακοῖσιν*, and at ver. 887, *Ηβώοις, φίλε θυμέ.*

When I am flourishing,[1] friends are many; but should any calamity have chanced upon *me*, few retain a faithful spirit. For to the multitude of men there is this virtue only, namely, to be rich: but of the rest, I wot, there is no use.[2]

Not even though you should have the sense of Rhadamanthus himself,[3] and be more knowing than Sisyphus, son of Æolus; (even he who by his cunning came-up-again from Hades, after having persuaded Proserpine by wily words, *Proserpine*, who gives oblivion to mortals, and misleads their mind:[4] and never hath any other devised this, I ween, whomsoever in truth the black mist of death has enshrouded, and he has come to the chilly place of the dead, and crossed the dark portals[5] which confine the souls of the dead, even though they refuse: yet, verily, even thence came back the hero Sisyphus to the light of the sun through his own exceeding-shrewdness;) nor if you could make falsehoods like to truths,[6] having the skilful tongue of the god-like Nestor, and were

[1] Ver. 697—718=Frere's Fragm. ci.

[2] Cf. Horace, Ep. I. i. 53, 54,

> O cives, cives! quærenda pecunia primum,
> Virtus post nummos.

With the use of ἦν along with ἄρα for ἐστί, Welcker compares Plat. Phæd. 54, Heindorf.

[3] This and the few next lines remind us of a similar digression in Tyrtæus, El. iii. 3—10.—Rhadamanthus was a son of Zeus and Europa, and a brother of Minos, king of Crete, and became a judge in Hell after death: cf. Hom. Od. iv. 464, &c. Sisyphus was a son of Æolus (cf. Hor. Od. II. xiv. 20) and Enarete. Before death he bade his wife not to bury him; and then in the lower world made this a plea to Proserpine for being allowed to return to the upper world. Thence he was brought back only by the force of Hermes. For his punishment below, see Hor. Epod. xvii. 68; Virg. Georg. iii. 39; Ovid. Met. iv. 459.

[4] βλάπτουσα νόημα. Cf. Hesiod, Theog. 89, λαοῖς βλαπτομένοις, and 222, νόον βεβλαμμένος ἐσθλοῦ. Hom. Od. xxi. 294; Pind. Pyth. ix. 167, λόγον βλάπτων.

[5] Cf. Virg. Georg. iv. 467,

> Alta ostia Ditis,
> Et caligantem nigrâ formidine lucum
> Ingressus, Manesque adiit, regemque tremendum,
> Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.

[6] So Hesiod, Theog. 27; Hom. Od. xix. 203, ἴσκε ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγων, ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα: Callimach. H. in Jov. 65; Hor. A. P. 238.—For Nestor, see Hom. Od. iii. 244, 126; Il. i. 273; ii. 336, &c.—For

swifter of foot than the fleet Harpies, and the sons of Boreas, whose feet go swiftly. Nay, then, 'tis right that all should lay up this maxim, that wealth has the most power among all.

Equally rich, look you, are he to whom there is much silver and gold, and plains of wheat-producing earth, horses and mules; and he to whom that which is needful is ready, so that he may enjoy himself in pleasures of stomach, sides, and feet;[1] and boys and women: for when the fitting season of these shall have arrived, and at-the-same-time their youthful prime is suitable, these are wealth to mortals: for no one goes to Hades with all his immense wealth.[2] Neither by paying ransom can he escape death, or heavy diseases, or wretched old age coming upon him.

O Father Jove, would that it might please the gods, that their insolence should delight sinners;[3] and that this might be agreeable to their mind, namely, that whoso ruthlessly

the Harpies, mentioned in ver. 715, cf. Hesiod, Theog. 266; Virg. Æn. iii. 225, &c.

[1] Welcker compares Horat. Epist. I. xii. 5,

> Si ventri bene, si lateri est, pedibusque tuis, nil
> Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.

Boissonade seems right in understanding πλευραῖς καὶ πόσιν of *sleep and slippers*, indolent living. παῖδες τ' ἠδὲ γυναῖκες is, perhaps, in apposition to the subjects of πλουτουσιν in ver. 719, and then means "whether youths or maidens, lads or lasses." But more probably it is coupled to τὰ δεόντα, as the subject of πάρεσι; which view is confirmed by the two lines following.

[2] See Psalm xlix. 17, "For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him." With the two next lines compare Hom. Od. xiii. 59, εἰσόκε γῆρας Ἔλθῃ, καὶ θάνατος, τὰ τ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώποισι πέλονται. Virg. Georg. iii. 66, 67,

> Subeunt morbi tristisque senectus,
> Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.

[3] (Ver. 729—750=Frere's Fragm. lv.) Theognis complains of posthumous hereditary retribution. Compare with 729, 730, Hom. Il. xiii. 631—635; Od. xxiv. 350, 351; Hesiod, Op. et D. 270—273; Æsch. Agam. 1585, quoted by Welcker. The sense of the passage is clear, if we take its two leading features to be the poet's prayer, that sinners may rejoice in their folly and then afterward pay the penalty; and his wish that the guiltless child may not suffer for the guilty parent. He sums up all this in 739, by ταῦτ' εἴη μακάρεσσι θεοῖς φίλα. In ver. 735 we read παίδας with Turn., Neand., and Welcker.

works daring deeds in his heart, nowise standing-in-awe-of the gods, that he, *I say*, thereafter should atone for his evil deeds; and that the father's infatuation should not in after-time be a woe to the children. But that children, who, being born of an unjust sire, know and do justice, reverencing thy wrath, O son of Cronus, and from the very first loving the right amongst the citizens, should not pay the penalty for any transgression of their sires. May these things be agreeable to the blessed gods: but now he that commits wicked deeds escapes, and another presently suffers the punishment. Then how, O king of immortals, is it just, that whoso is aloof from unrighteous deeds, holding no transgression, nor sinful oath, but being righteous, should suffer what is not just? What other mortal, too, I pray, when he looks at this man, would afterwards stand-in-awe-of the gods, and entertaining what feeling? When an unrighteous, infatuated man,[1] having avoided the wrath neither of any man nor of the immortals in anywise, doeth wrongs, and is glutted with wealth; whereas the righteous are wasted, being worn out by severe poverty.

Having learned this, dear comrade, get riches justly, keeping a prudent spirit, afar from blind-folly, *and* ever remembering these *my* words;[2] then at the last you will commend me, giving heed to a wise speech.

May Jove, dwelling in heaven, hold on high[3] his right hand ever over this city for its health and safety, as well as the other immortal blessed gods; but may Apollo nerve my tongue and mind: and on the other hand let the holy melody sound with lyre,[4] and also flute; but let us, having made full drink-offerings to the gods, drink and speak pleasantly one

[1] Cf. Psalm lxxiii. 3, 11, 12, &c., "Behold, these are the ungodly that prosper in the world, they increase in riches."

[2] Cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 300 (298), *ἀλλὰ σύ γ' ἡμετέρης μεμνημένος αἰὲν ἐφετμῆς.*

[3] (Ver. 755—766=Frere's Fragm. cv. Theognis, says Mr. Frere, here appears as a returned emigrant studiously patriotic and popular at Megara.) With ver. 755, *ὑπειρέχοι*, cf. Hom. Il. ix. 419, *μάλα γὰρ ἐθεν εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς χεῖρα ἐὴν ὑπερέσχε*, which occurs again at 686 in the same book.

[4] *φόρμιγγ'*. For the elision of *ι* in the dat. sing. see Linwood's Lexicon to Æschylus, p. 120, a.; Elmsley on Heraclid. 693; Lobeck on Soph. Ajax, 801.—*ἀρεσσάμενοι*: for this use of *ῥεπκω* in its primary sense, "to make good," cf. Hom. Il. iv. 362 Od. xxii. 55. See Liddell and Scott.

with the other, in no wise fearing the war of the Medes. So be it! and, better *still*, be it ours,[1] enjoying a cheerful spirit, aloof from cares to pass our days cheerily, and delight ourselves, and to drive far away[2] ill fates, wretched age, and the end of death.

'Tis meet that the Muses' servant and messenger,[3] if he know aught special of wisdom, should not begrudge it: but should seek after some things, point out some, and invent others; alone knowing for what purpose he should use them.

O sovereign Phœbus, thou thyself fencedst the citadel[4] in favour to Alcathous, son of Pelops; do thou then ward off from this city the insolent army of Medes,[5] that so thy people, in cheerfulness, as spring comes on, may send thee splendid hecatombs, delighting themselves with lyre, and lovely festival, with choirs of pæans, and shoutings around thine altar. For of a truth I fear, when I look on the folly and people-destroying seditions[6] of the Greeks. Yet do thou,

[1] *ὧδ' εἶναι καὶ ἄμεινον.* Mr. Frere compares with this sentiment the Scotch "May there never be worse among us," or the sailors' "Here's better luck still."

[2] *διάγειν.* Before this verb and *ἀμῦναι* understand *εὐχόμεθα.* L. Bos. Ellips. p. 620, Schæf.

[3] *θεράποντα καὶ ἄγγελον.* Cf. Theocr. Idyll. xvi. 29; xvii. 115. *Μουσάων ὑποφῆται.* Hor. Od. III. i. 3, Musarum sacerdos.—Two lines below *μῶσθαι* is like the Latin use of "quærere" in Propert. I. vii. 6, Atque aliquid duram quærimus in dominam; Plaut. Pseudol. 396, Quærit quod nusquam est gentium, reperit tamen. (Welcker.)

[4] The worship of Apollo was very ancient in Megara (Schol. ad Pind. Nem. v. 34; Ol. xiii. 155). He had a temple in Megaris. Pausan. I. xliv. § 9, 10. The coins have the head of Apollo, the lyre, the ships, and dolphins. (Dodwell's Tour, ii. 180, quoted by Welcker.)—For Alcathous, son of Pelops, building the citadel of Megara to the tune of Apollo's lyre, cf. Pausan. I. xli. § 5; Pind. Isthm. viii. 148—150. He is mentioned too in Eurip. Heracl. 279; cf. Ov. Met. viii. 14, Regia turris erat vocalibus addita muris, &c. See Welcker at this passage, and Smith, Dict. Gr. and R. Geogr. ii. 313, B.

[5] Herodot. lib. vi. 112, has *τέως ἦν τοῖσι Ἕλλησι καὶ τοὔνομα τῶν Μήδων φόβος ἀκοῦσαι*, where Baehr quotes this passage of Theognis. Brunck observes that the foregoing lines prove Theognis to be a Megarensian and not a Sicilian. Smith's Dict. of Gr. and R. B. iii. 1074, B.

[6] Theognis appears to have lived till after the Persian Invasion in 490, B. C. See Smith's Dict. ibid. His fears for the divided states of Greece are shown by history to have been just; though Athens and Sparta for the time laid aside their rivalry.

Phœbus, propitiously guard this our city. For I have gone aforetime both to the Sicilian land, and I have gone to Euboea's vine-clad plain,[1] and to Sparta, splendid city of reed-nursing Eurotas, and all did with alacrity entreat-me-kindly when I came. But no pleasure in them came over my spirit; so much, I wot, is nought else dearer than our father-land.[2]

Never may other fresher care present itself to me, in place of charming wisdom;[3] but may I ever, possessing this, delight myself with lyre, with dance, and song; and with these blessings may I have a noble mind.

Harming by baneful deeds neither any stranger nor any of your townsmen, but, being just, delight your own mind: and of the unfeeling citizens some will speak ill of you, others better.

The noble one man blames much: another praises:[4] but of

[1] *Εὐβοίης ἀμπελόεν πεδίον.* Smith, Dict. Gr. and R. G. i. 872, A., says that at the present day a light red wine is made of the vines grown in the northern plains of the island. For *δονακοτρόφου* applied to the Eurotas compare Eurip. Iph. in Aul. 179, *ἀπ' Εὐρώτα δονακοτρόφου.* Helen. 208, *γυμνάσιά τε δονακόεντος Εὐρώτα.* Cf. ibid. 349 and 493, and Iph. in Taur. 400, *δονακόχλοα.*

[2] Welcker compares Hom. Od. ix. 34,

ὡς οὐδὲν γλύκιον ἧς πατρίδος, οὐδὲ τοκήων
γίγνεται, εἴπερ καὶ τις ἀπόπροθι πίονα οἶκον
γαίῃ ἐν ἀλλοδαπῇ ναίει ἀπανευθε τοκήων.

At which passage Clark adduces Cic. de Off. i. § 17; Eurip. Phœn. 409; Ovid. ex Pont. I. iii. 35,

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.
Quid melius Româ?

Virg. Ecl. i. 3.

[3] For the use of the comparative here followed by the superfluous *ἀντὶ*, cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. 450, obs. 1; Soph. Antig. 182; Trach. 577, *ἀντὶ σοῦ πλέον.*

[4] (Ver. 795—798=Frere's Fragm. xx.) At 797, Welcker quotes Simonides, *πάμπαν δ' ἄμωμος οὔτις, οὐδ' ἀκηριος.* With reference to the noble being exposed to blame and detraction, cf. Shaksp. As you like it, Act ii. sc. 3,

"Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you."

In ver. 798 Gaysford gives as the "plena locutio" *ἀλλ' ὡς λῷϊον ἔστιν ἐκείνῳ, οὗ ὀλίγοις μέλει.* Welcker reads *ᾧ λῷϊον*, where *ᾧ* is apparently the relative used for the demonstrative. (799—802=Frere's Fr. xix.)

the mean there is no record: but of men unblamed is none upon the earth; and 'tis best for him, of whom there is no care to the greater number.

No one of men will either be, or hath been, born, who will go down to Hades pleasing to all. For not even he who reigns over mortals and immortals, Jove, son of Cronus, can please all mortals.

It behoves, indeed, a man that goeth-to-consult-the oracle, Cyrnus,[1] to keep more straightly than compasses, line, or rule; such a man, I mean, as he to whom the god at Pytho, having given answer to the priestess, shall have indicated a prophecy from his rich sanctuary; for neither though you add aught would you discover any remedy, nor if you have diminished aught, would you escape *the punishment of* offence, on the part of the gods.

I have experienced a thing nowise inferior to an unseemly death,[2] but of all other things most vexatious, O Cyrnus. My friends have cast me off: so I, having drawn near to mine enemies, am about to see also what mind they have.

An ox, stamping on my tongue with sturdy foot,[3] restrains me from chattering, though *I am* versed in it, O Cyrnus. But still it is impossible to escape from what is fated to suffer; and what I am fated to suffer I nowise fear to endure. Into a vast unspeakable evil[4] are we come, wherein above all, O Cyrnus, the fate of death may seize us both together.

[1] From this passage it is inferred that Cyrnus was old enough, and of sufficient standing in the city, to be sent to Delphi as a sacred envoy (*θεωρός*) to bring back an oracle, which the poet exhorts him to preserve faithfully. Smith, Dict. Gr. and R. B. iii. 1076, a. In ver. 805 Πυθῶνι is the dativus loci: cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. 406, b.; Trachin. 571, Δωδῶνι.—οὔτε τι γὰρ προσθεὶς. Compare for this phrase Deuteron. iv. 2; xii. 32, "Thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it."

[2] (Ver. 809—812=Frere's Fragm. lxxxii.) In ver. 811 Mr. Frere explains προῦδωκαν, "cast me off," "refused me pecuniary aid," and compares the like use of the word in ver. 529, Οὔτε τινα προῦδωκα.

[3] Compare Æschyl. Agam. 36, *τά δ' ἄλλα σιγῶ. βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ μέγας Βέβηκεν.* Donaldson, N. Cratyl. § 468, observes that the sense of "weight" or strength is implied in βοῦς in these two passages, as is shown by κρατερῷ ποδί here. Hence he infers that βα- is an intensive prefix in many compound words, as also ἱππο- in the words ἱππόκρημνος, &c.

[4] Here we have adopted Brunck's reading ἄῤῥητον. Welcker's reading is πολυάορτον. Turneb. and others, ἄῤῥηκτον.

But they who dishonour their parents, when growing old, for these, Cyrnus, there is no place *of esteem*.[1]

Neither aid any tyrant in the hopes that 'tis *matter* of gain,[2] nor slay him, when you have entered into covenants sworn before the gods.

How hath our spirit had the heart to sing to the flute-player ?[3] but from the forum is seen the limit of the land, which maintains with her fruits men wearing at feasts and on auburn locks purple garlands. Nay, come now, Scythian, shave thy hair, and cease from revelling, and lament the fragrant country lost.

By faith have I lost wealth, and by unbelief preserved it :[4] but the counsel of both is difficult. All this *my property* is with the crows and in ruin ; nor is any of the immortal blessed gods to blame in my judgment : but man's violence, and much gain, and wrong have thrust me out of many good things into poverty.

[1] Welcker illustrates this passage by Hesiod, Op. et D. 187, 188, and 331—334, q. v. Hom. Il. iv. 478, *οὐδὲ τοκεῦσιν θρέπτρα φίλοις ἀπέδωκε, μινυνθάδιος δέ οἱ αἰὼν Ἔπλετ'*. The words *χωρὴ τελέθει* are perhaps to be taken literally, there is no land or space for such. Welcker compares the 4th commandment, "That thy days may be long in the land." Virgil in Æn. vi. 608 finds a place for the violator of this law of nature and affection in the place of torment : Pulsatusque parens, &c.

[2] (Ver. 821, 822=Frere's Fragm. xxiii.) Mr. Frere considers these lines to refer to the assassination of Hipparchus, and Welcker compares Pind. Pyth. xi. 79. But he reads *κέρδεσιν εἴκων*, instead of *κέρδεος εἶναι*.

[3] (Ver. 823—828=Frere's Fragm. lxi.) The poet's piping in the market-place of Megara finds a sudden ending, as he sees from it the fruits of harvest being brought home from fields once his own, to other barns. So thinks Mr. Frere. Welcker connects the lines with the sudden sight of harvest-fields sadly narrowed by the incursions and encroachments of the enemy. In ver. 627 *Σκύθα* is addressed to the Scythian slave. Such were among the police at Athens; cf. Aristoph. Thesmoph. 1025 (Kuster). Welcker discovers some allusion to the shaving the head in token of having been conquered. But cf. *σκυθίζω, ἀποσκυθίζω*, Liddell and Scott.

[4] (Ver. 829—834=Frere's Fragm. lii.) *ἐν κοράκεσσι*, cf. the common imprecation *ἐς κόρακας*. Aristoph. Vesp. 982, Pac. 1221, 500, Liddell and Scott, where it is remarked that the allusion in all these cases is to dying and being unburied, cf. Hom. Il. i. 4, not to the Latin idea of the gallows. Abi in malam crucem et pasce corvos. Cf. Hor. Ep. I. xvi. 48

There are two fates truly of drinking to wretched mortals,[1] limb-relaxing thirst, and baneful drunkenness. Now between these I shall abide, nor will you persuade me either not to drink at all, or to be excessively drunken. Wine, indeed, in other respects is agreeable to me, but in one 'tis disagreeable, *to wit*, when, having made me drunk, it leads me against a foe. But when *one*, being *properly* above,[2] shall have been lowered, then 'tis meet he should go home, having ceased from drinking.

To upset a man well established is easy; but to set right that which is ill settled, is difficult.

Spurn the empty-spirited rabble,[3] strike them with sharp goad, and place around them a galling yoke. For no more will you find a populace so fond of despots, among all men, as many as the sun looks down upon.

May Olympian Jove destroy the man who chooses to deceive his comrade, prating smoothly[4] to him. I knew indeed even before, but much better now, that the mean have no gratitude.

Oft hath this city through the baseness of its rulers, like a ship wandering out of its course, driven past the land.

But if any of my friends sees me in any trouble, turning his head away, he does not even choose to look on me: yet if any good *comes* to me from any quarter, such as often[5] happen to a man, I find many greetings and friendships.

[1] δίσσαι τοὶ κῆρες. Welcker compares Mimmerm. ii. 5, Κῆρες δὲ παρεστήκασι μέλαιναι, κ. τ. λ.; and at ver. 839, 840, Anacreon,—

Οὐ φίλος, ὅς κρατῆρι παρὰ πλέῳ οἰνοποτάζων
νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρυοέντα λέγει.

See also Hor. Od. I. xxvii. 1—4. Welcker takes χαρίζεται in an extraordinary sense for "gratum facit, placet."

[2] Understand τις, as at ver. 388, above. The allusion is, it would seem, to the debasing nature of drunkenness. At ver. 843, 844, cf. (with Welcker) Pind. Pyth. iv. 484—487.

[3] (Ver. 845—848=Frere, lxvii.) These lines are an ironical exhortation to the ruler of the opposite faction to make the best use of his opportunity. Welcker compares with 845 Meleager Epigr. 49, Λαξ ἐπίβαινε κατ' αὐχένος, ἄγριε δαιμόν. Propert. I. i. 4, Et caput impositis pressit Amor pedibus.

[4] μαλθακὰ κωτίλλων. Cf. 295, 488; Soph. Antig. 756, μὴ κώτιλλέ. *Welcker.* In ver. 852, Welcker reads οὕνεκα for τοὔνεκα; for the ὖδεα, i. q. ὖδειν, see Matt. Gr. Gr. § 198, 4.

[5] For πολλακι in this line Welcker with much robability reads παυράκι, from παῦρος, like ὀλιγάκις.

My friends forsake me, and will not give me aught,[1] when men appear: but I of-my-own-accord go out at-eve, and come-in again at dawn, when the voice of wakening cocks is heard.[2]

To many useless men the god gives good wealth,[3] which being nothing, is better neither to itself nor its friends. But the great glory of martial excellence[4] will never perish, for a warrior saves both country and city.

Then may the broad brazen vault-of-heaven fall on me[5] from above, that terror of men of olden-time, if I shall not help them indeed who love me: but be to my foes a vexation and great source-of-loss.

Wine, I in part commend thee, partly blame: neither can I wholly either ever hate or love thee. Good art thou, and bad. Nay, who would blame *thee?* or who praise thee, if he has due measure of wisdom?

Drink wine, which to me from the top of Taygetus[6] vines have borne, which the old man, beloved by the gods, Theotimus, planted in the mountain glades, introducing cold water

[1] This is by Camerarius called *ἑταιρικὸν ἐπίγραμμα, ὡς ἀπὸ γυναικός*. But its explanation is not clear, and guesses are wide of the mark. Line 859 occurs in part in ver. 575.—With *ἑσπερίη ὀ' ἔξειμι* cf. supra ver. 460, *πολλάκις ἐκ νυκτῶν ἄλλον ἔχει λιμένα*.

[2] *ἠμος ἀλεκτρυόνων*. See the Hymn of St. Ambrose, ii. 5. Præco diei jam sonat; and Prudentius ad Gallicinium, 1, 2. Ales diei nuncius Lucem propinquam præcinit, &c.

[3] Cf. Tyrtæus, El. xiii. 13 (infra ver. 997). Welcker quotes Bacchylides, fr. 4, *πλοῦτος δε καὶ δειλοῖσιν ἀνθρώπων ὁμιλεῖ*. (863—866 =Frere's Fr. c.)

[4] Cf. here Hom. Od. xxiv. 195, 196. Eurip. Andromach. 773—776, *οὗτοι λείψανα τῶν ἀγαθῶν Ἀνδρῶν ἀφιρεῖται χρόνος ἀ δ' ἀρετὰ καὶ θανοῦσι λάμπει*. Hor. Od. IV. viii. 28, Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. Seneca, Herc. Ætæus, 1982, Nunquam Stygias fertur ad undas Inclyta virtus.

[5] *ἔν—πέσοι*. Tmesis for *ἐμπέσοι*. In the next line for *παλάιγενέων*, one MS. reads *χαμαιγενέων*. *παλαιγενέων* (cf. Lidd. and Scott) is used for forefathers in Hom. H. to Cer. 113.

[6] (Ver. 875—880=Frere's Fragm. cii., where it is suggested that Theognis must have had ties of hospitality with some Spartan family, i. e. that of Theotimus, or Clearistus, mentioned elsewhere (cf. 511). Welcker places the two fragments, mentioning these names, together.) For Taygetus see Virg. Georg. ii. 487, and a full account under art. "Laconia," Smith, Dict. Gr. and R. Geogr. vol. ii. p 108, a. b.

from the grove-of-plane-trees.[1] Drinking of which, thou wilt dispel[2] harsh cares, and when thou hast well drunk, wilt be far the lighter.

May peace and wealth possess the state, that I may revel[3] with others, for I love not baneful war. Neither do thou too much lend an ear, when the herald shouts loud and far:[4] for we are not fighting for our father-land. Yet 'tis disgraceful, when present and mounted on fleet-footed steeds, not to look upon tearful war.

Alas me, for our cowardice! Cerinthus is undone,[5] and the goodly vineyard of Lelantum is stript. The noble flee: the mean administer the state: would Jove might destroy the Cypselizing race![6]

Nought better than judgment hath a man in himself, I wot, or more vexatious, Cyrnus, than lack-of-judgment.

[1] *εκ Πλατανιστοῦντος.* Pausanias, (see Welcker,) III. xxiii. 1, mentions the promontory of Platanistus, and in IV. xxxiv. 2, a fountain of the same name, in Laconia and Messenia. For such invitations as this, cf. Hor. Od. I. xx. 1.

[2] *Θωρηχθείς* is here used punningly, cf. Frere, p. 106, armed, fortified with wine. Cf. for this passage Horace, Od. vii. ad fin., and Lucret. ii. 132, &c.

[3] (Ver. 881—886=Frere's Fragm. xcix., who considers it to refer to the battle of Elorus, previous to the siege of Syracuse by Gelon, B. C. 492, or to some petty warfare while Theognis was an exile at Thebes.) With *κωμαζοιμι*, in ver. 882, cf. 1061 and 934. Cf. also with the passage generally, Hom. Od. xxiv. 485, *πλοῦτος δὲ καὶ εἰρήνη ἅλις ἔστω.*

[4] The tone of indifference and carelessness bespeaks an exile, only fighting for the land of his brief sojourn, and taking a part in the battles only upon a point of honour. Cf. Frere.

[5] (Ver. 886—890=Frere's Fragm. lxxiii. where see Mr. Frere's prefatory remarks.) Cerinthus was a city of Eubœa. Cf. Valkenaer's note at Herodot. book v. 99, (p. 427, 27,) where he mentions that Lelantum was a very fertile plain, abounding in waters, an old source of contention between the Eretrians and Chalcidians. Cf. Callim. H. in Del. 289, and Spanheim's note there.—Valkenaer quotes this passage: Cf. Herodot. book v. 99, Thuc. i. 15, at the end, for the war between Chalcidians and Eretrians.

[6] *Κυψελλίζον.* This word formed from *Κυψέλος*, the founder of the Tyranny, in which his son Periander succeeded him at Corinth; to which he rose by aid of the "demos;" cf. Aristot. Polit. v. 8, 9. The participle is here used to speak of the race of tyrants generally, as we find the words *Φιλιππίζον*, *Μηδίζον*, elsewhere. Megara sided with the Cypselid dynasty.

Cyrnus, be not in all respects wroth with mortal men, knowing that you have a mind, like as each man has, in your breast, and deeds *also*. To mortals, whether the just man, or the unjust, great loss may ensue. Of each man one act is worse,[1] another better: but no man is himself wise in all respects.

Whoso watches expenditure,[2] hunting after riches, has the most distinguished excellence in the sight of men-of-understanding.

For if it were possible to ascertain the end of life,[3] *to wit*, how much time having accomplished, a man were fated to go to Hades, it would be reasonable that he, who awaited his destiny the longer time, should most spare the substance which he had. But now 'tis not so: a circumstance which really rouses great vexation in me, and I am heart-worn, and have my mind in doubt. So I stand in a cross-road,[4] and there are two roads in front for me: I consider on which of these I am to proceed first: either being at no expense I waste my life in wretchedness; or, accomplishing but few works, I live pleasantly. For I, too, have seen a man who was careful, and never would allow his stomach food fit for a free man,[5] rich though he was: yet ere he had finished he descended within Pluto's mansion, and the chance-comer from among men received his wealth; so that he toiled in vain[6] and did not give as a man could wish. Another have I seen, who indulging his appetites squandered his wealth, and said, "I de-

[1] Welcker illustrates this by Hom. Il. iv. 320, xiii. 729; Od. viii. 167, &c.

[2] (Ver. 899—926=Frere's Fragm. xcviii.) The question of larger indulgence is decided in favour of continued economy.

[3] Jacobs reads *εἴ γὰρ ἔην κατιδεῖν βιοτου τέλος, ἦ ὁπόσον τις.*

[4] *ἐν τριόδῳ δ' ἕστηκα*, an expression of hesitation, with which we may compare Pindar, Pyth. xi. 59, 60, *κατ' ἀμφισίπορον τρίοδον ἐδινάθην*, "tanquam in trivio circumactus sum."

[5] Cf. Hor. Ep. I. xvi. 63, Quî melior servo, quî liberior sit avarus, Sat. I. i. 95—97, Umidius quidam—ne se penuria victûs Opprimeret, metuebat.

[6] *ὥστ' ἐς ἄκαιρα πονεῖν.* Hor. Sat. I. i. 90, Infelix operam perdas. *ὅς κ' ἐθελοι τις.* al. *ᾧ* al. *ὅσσ'*. But *ὅς* yields the best sense. So that he bestowed not his wealth, according as a man would wish to leave his wealth after his death. Cf. here Hor. Epod. I. 31—33,

Haud paravero
Quod aut avarus ut Chremes terrâ premam:
Discinctus aut perdam nepos.

light my soul, and then retire:"[1] but he begs of all his friends, wheresoever he may have seen one. Thus, Damocles, 'tis best of all to regulate your expenditure according to your means, and to pay attention *to this;* for neither will you *then* toil first, and give another a share in the fruit of your toil; nor will you finish your servitude a beggar; no, nor, should old age come, will all your wealth flee-away: for in such a class as this 'tis best to have riches: since if you are rich, *you will have* many friends;[2] but should you be poor, *then* few: and then no longer is the same man equally good.

'Tis best to spare: since not even does any one wail for the dead, unless he sees wealth left behind.

Few among men doth worth and beauty attend:[3] happy he who hath obtained both of these: all honour him: the young alike, and his equals-in-age, and his elders give place to him.

I cannot sing tunefully with my voice,[4] like a nightingale, for the last night I went to a revel. Nor do I set up the piper as an excuse; but a comrade, no wise lacking sense, fails me. Close to the piper will I sing, standing here on the right, and praying to the immortal gods.

[1] *ὑπάγω.* According to Brunck this word is equivalent to *προάγω*, (I go on my way through life). With ver. 919 cf. the phrase of Horace, Od. IV. ix. 48, Rectius occupat Nomen beati, qui deorum Muneribus sapienter uti, &c.; though Horace does not arrive at the same conclusion as Theognis, whose view is that a man should be careful, that he may have more at the last. In ver. 821, *κάματον μεταδοιης*, cf. Soph. Œd. Col. ver. 1484, *χάριν μετάσχοιμι.*

[2] The poet's principle here is, Nil satis est, inquit, quia tanti, quantum habeas sis, Hor. Sat. I. i. 62. With the maxim in ver. 927 Welcker compares Periander's saying, *φειδόμενον χρεῖττον ἀποθανεῖν, ἢ ζῶντα ἐνδεῖσθαι.*

[3] These four lines are a sort of parody of Tyrtæus, El. iii. ad fin., probably put together by some rhapsodist; as we find in other parts of the verses ascribed to Theognis portions of Solon and Evenus mixed up in a sort of hotch-potch. See note in Klotz's Tyrtæus, El. iii. 39, note.

[4] (Ver. 933—938=Frere's Fragm. lxxxix.) According to Welcker, we have Theognis here pleading inability to sing, not owing to any fault of the piper who was to accompany him, but owing to regret at the absence of the friend of last night's revel, who is ironically said to be *σοφίης οὐκ επιδευόμενος.* He compares ver. 261, 262. Camerarius distinguishes ver. 937, 938 as another convivial ditty. Welcker quotes from the Anthology *ὦ κιθαρῳδέ, παραστὰς ὡς κιθαρίζεις.*

I will walk by rule on the straight path, swerving to neither side: for 'tis meet I should entertain all right views. I will distinguish my bright native-city, neither having brought *myself* under the power of the commonalty,[1] nor complying with unjust men.

Though having overtaken with my feet, as a lion trusting in his strength,[2] a fawn from a stag, yet have I not drunk its blood: and though I have mounted lofty walls, I have not sacked the city; though I have yoked my steeds, I have not set foot in my chariot. I have accomplished and yet not accomplished, succeeded and yet not succeeded, done yet not done, achieved yet not achieved.

There are two evils to him that doth good to the mean man: he will both be stript[3] of his own many possessions, and get no thanks.

If, after having experienced some great good from me, you are not thankful, may you come again a beggar to my house.

While I was drinking alone of the dark-water spring,[4] methought the water was of a sweet and limpid nature; but now hath it been polluted; water is mixt with water: I will drink then of other fountain or river.

Never praise before that you shall have clearly known as to a man, the temper, disposition,[5] bent, which he is of. Many,

[1] *ἐπὶ—τρέψας*, a case of Tmesis—we must understand *ἐμαυτόν*, with Camerarius and the Schol., or with Müller (Dor. ii. 72, quoted by Welcker) *πόλιν*.

[2] Welcker classes this and the five following lines among the Epigrams of Theognis, and sees in them an enigma, of the same class as others which he quotes, e. g. *γῆς* (*αἴας*) *ἔθανε κατὰ δεσμὸν ὅτ' ἀγγείων ἀφάμαρτεν*, where *γῆς* equals Ajax, *ἓν φανερᾷ γενόμαν* [sc. in *Delo φανερᾷ*]. We are to understand this epigram of unsuccessful love, and a lover who has hunted down his game yet fails to secure it. For *πρήξας* in reference to success in amours, he compares Theocr. Idyll. ii. 142, *ἐπράχθη τὰ μέγιστα*.

[3] *χηρώσει*, will be bereaved of. Brunck and Welcker read *χηρεύσει*.

[4] (Ver. 953—956=Frere's Fragm. v.) *αὐτὸς*, i. e. solus. Cf. Hom. Od. i. 53, *ἔχει δὲτε κίονας αὐτός*. Aristoph. Acharn. 504, *αὐτοὶ γὰρ ἴσμεν*. Frere interprets this of the determination of Theognis to abandon a mistress whose love for every one has made her too indiscriminate for his taste. He, too, will henceforth be a more general admirer. For *ὕδει*, in ver. 955, see Hesiod, Op. 61, *γαῖαν ὕδει φύρειν*, and a fragment of Callimach. 466. It is formed from *ὕδος*, an old nominative derived from *ὕω*.

[5] *ἐνθμὸν*. Welcker quotes Archil. Frag. xiv. 7, *γίγνωσκε δ' οἷος*

look you, having a base and wily nature, hide *it*, having put on *themselves* a spirit to-last-the-day, but of each of all these time discloses the character: for I too, I wot, have gone far wide of my judgment, and have been before-hand in praising *you*, ere I had thoroughly learned your character: but now at length, as a ship, I stand far apart.[1]

But what excellence is it to drink and carry off the prize-of-wine?[2] oft verily even the worthless man surpasses the worthy.

There is no one of mortals, who, when once earth shall cover him,[3] and he shall have descended to Erebus and the abode of Proserpine, delights *therein*, because he neither hears lyre nor piper, nor lifts to *his lips* the gifts of Bacchus. Seeing these things, I shall feel well at heart, so long as untremblingly I carry light limbs and head.[4]

Be no man friend to me in tongue, but in deed too:[5] and let him be active both with hands and means. Neither let him delight my spirit with words over cups, but show by acts if he can do aught good.

Let us then stake our dear spirits on festivals, while yet they can bear the delightsome works of enjoyment. For

ρυθμὸς ἀνθρώπους ἔχει. With the next line we may compare Hom. Odyss. xxiii. 217, *πολλοὶ γὰρ κακὰ κέρδεα βουλεύουσι*.

[1] Cf. Soph. Ajax, 646, *ἅπανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κ'αναρίθμητος χρόνος Φύει τ' ἄδηλα, καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται*. In ver. 964 Camerarius thinks that the simile of a ship, keeping clear of another ship for fear of a collision, is indicated. Welcker thinks the idea presented is of a ship outsailing another; cf. Pind. Ol. ix. 35, *θᾶσσον ναὸς ὑποπτέρου*.

[2] Camerarius observes that the Greeks of Theognis's date delighted in contests of wine not less than the Teutones of his own day. For the account of the prize given on the day of the *χόες* at the Dionysia to the man who first drank off his *χοῦς*, see Smith, Dict. G. and R. A. 227, a., 342, b.; Aristoph. Acharn. 1086, 960, and Schol. ibid. Athen. x. p. 436—438.

[3] Schæfer at this and the following refers to his note and that of Porson at Eurip. Med. p. 453; and shows that the construction is, *οὐδεὶς ἀνθρώπων (ἔστιν) ὅς ἐπεὶ ποτε γαῖα καλύψῃ (αὐτὸν)—τέρπεται* In ver. 970, Schæf. reads *ἐσαειρόμενος*, i. e. *προσφερόμενος*, a very rare sense of the word, as he observes.

[4] Compare here Theocr. Id. xiv. 70, *ποιεῖν τι δεῖ, ἃς γόνυ χλῶρὸν*, Hor. Ep. xiii. 6; Aristoph. Acharn. 219.

[5] (Ver. 973—976=Frere's Fragm. xxxi.) In the next line the use of *ἀμφότερα* is illustrated by Welcker from Hom. Il. iv. 60, *ἀμφότερον, γενεῇ τε, καὶο ὔνεκα σὴ παράκοιτις Κίκλημαι*: Od. xiv. 505; Theocr. Idyll. xxv. 69, *ἀμφότερον, δόμῳ τε χρυσός δούπῳ τε πεδοῖϊν*.

quickly as thought passes brilliant youth,[1] neither is the speed of coursers fleeter, even those which impetuously bear a spear-brandishing warrior to the struggle of men, whilst they exult in the wheat-bearing plain.

Drink when *men* drink:[2] but when thou shalt have been at-all disgusted in spirit, let no man know that thou art troubled. One while, look you, you will grieve at suffering, and at another, doing, you are able to rejoice, and at different times you are a different man.

Would it was allowed, Academus, that thou shouldst chant a lovely hymn,[3] and that a slave in the fair flower of youth might be the prize proposed to thee and me contending on the score of skill—then shouldst thou know how much better are mules than asses.

But when the sun[4] indeed just now cheers on his solid-hoofed steeds in æther, holding the middle of the day, then cease we from dinner, *to go* whither inclination leads every one, gratifying the appetite with all manner of good things; and let a comely Lacedæmonian[5] maiden with slender hands quickly bring out water, and *carry* in the garlands.

[1] *αἶψα γὰρ, κ. τ. λ.* Compare Hom. Od. vii. 36, *τῶν νέες ὠκεῖαι, ὡσεὶ πτερὸν, ἠὲ νόημα*, where Clarke quotes Claudian. Rapt. Proserp. ii. 200, Quantum non jaculum Parthi, non impetus Austri; Non leve sollicitæ mentis discurrit acumen. Cic. Tusc. Disp. i. § 19. Nihil est animo velocius, nulla est celeritas, quæ possit cum animi celeritate contendere. At ver. 981, compare Virg. Georg. ii. 145; Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert.

[2] Chilo (quoted by Welcker) said, *πίνων μὴ πολλὰ λάλει, ἁμαρτήσεις γάρ.* Compare Plato, Leg. i. p. 637 (Ast, vol. vi. p. 38, D). In ver. 986, Epkema and Welcker read *χαιρήσεις· ἔσεαι δ' ἄλλοτε ἄλλος ἀνήρ.*

[3] (Ver. 987—990=Frere's Fragm. xci.) *εἴθ' εἴγ.* Welcker, *εἰ θείης.* See Frere's remarks on this passage; in ver. 989, the Aldine edit. reads *δηριόωσι*, which Gaisford prefers to *δηριάσαντοιν.* With the next line compare Virg. Ecl. viii. 55, Certent et cycnis ululæ.

[4] (Ver. 991—996=Frere's Fragm. civ.) In ver. 993 for *ὅπου* Welcker reads *ὅσου*, from Athenæus; Brunck, *ὅσον.* Various conjectures have been hazarded to supply the place of *λήγοιμεν*, which, however, as Welcker shows, may stand if we compare Xenophon's Symposium, where, on the removal of the banquet, a Syracusan enters with flute-player and dancer; and Virg. Æn. i. 733, 734, Postquam prima quies, &c. But Welcker thinks that the lines are a parody of Bion's.

[5] *Λάκαινα κόρη.* Welcker shows from Muller's Dorians, that the Dorians of Sicily employed a girl instead of a boy to be

But excellence, this is the noblest prize among men,[1] and the most fair for a wise man to bear off; and this is a common blessing to every city and people, he who with-broad-stride stands fast amid the first ranks.

Now I will counsel men for their-common-good,[2] that every one enjoying the bright bloom of youth may also entertain sound thoughts in his heart, to enjoy the good, each of his own possessions: for twice to grow-young is not given by the gods, neither *is there* to mortal men an escape from death:[3] but baneful and destructive old age overpowers them, and touches the tops of their heads.

How blest and fortunate and lucky he,[4] who hath descended to Hades' dark mansion, without having experienced troubles, before that he has made his enemies cower, and overcome them even perforce, and ascertained what spirit his friends have.

Straightway perspiration without measure flows down my skin,[5] and I am fluttered when I look at the prime of my

cup-bearer. So did the gods, Hom. Il. iv. 12. For the beauty of the women of Sparta Welcker compares Hom. Od. xiii. 412, and an oracle relating to the insignificance of Megara, in the first lines of which we find,

> γαίης μὲν πάσης τὸ Πελασγικὸν Ἄργος ἄμεινον,
> ἵπποι Θεσσαλίκαι, Λακεδαιμόνιαι τε γυναῖκες.

These lines are to be found in the Schol. to Theocr. Idyll. xiv. 48 (vol. ii. p. 121, Kiessling).

[1] This and the three following lines are from Tyrtæus, El. iii. 15, q. v.

[2] Compare with this passage Simonides, Fragm. c. (Gaisford, v. 3), Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρῆμ' ἔμπεδον αἰεί, κ. τ. λ.—ἥβης ἄνθος. Welcker illustrates this by Hom. Il. xiii. 484, and Tyrt. i. 28, ὄφρ' ἄρα τίς χ' ἥβης ἄνθος ἔχῃ. In ver. 1003 ἀνηβᾶν is "pubescere," as in Callimach. H. in Jov. 56, ὀξὺ δ' ἀνήβησας, where see Ernesti's note. τῶν αὐτοῦ κτεανῶν εὖ πασχέμεν, is to be well-off-as-to, or to enjoy one's own—as we find γενόμαι and ἀπολάνω used (Liddell and Sc.).

[3] Compare Alcest. Eurip. 75, 76, ἱερὸς γὰρ οὗτος τῶν κατὰ χθονὸς θεῶν Ὅτου τοδ' ἔγχος κρατὸς ἀγνίσῃ τρίχα, which words are spoken by "Death," and 419, πᾶσιν ἡμῖν καταθανεῖν ὀφείλεται. Hor. A. P. 63, Debemur morti nos nostraque. With the burden of this whole argument cf. Horat. Od. I. ix. 12—17; II. xi. passim.

[4] (Ver. 1007—1010=Frere's Fragm. lxxxiii.) In ver. 1009 note the transitive use of πτῆξαι, and compare Hom. Il. xiv. 40, πτῆξε δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν. ὑπερβῆναι, according to Welcker, is used absolutely.

[5] This with the five next verses, are the work of Mimnermus,

equals-in-age, delightsome alike and beautiful; for it ought to be of longer duration, but, like a dream, precious youth is a short-lived thing: and presently over-head hangs unhappy and unsightly old age.

Never will I place my neck under the galling yoke of my enemies, not even though Tmolus[1] is above my head.

To the meaner sort their minds are more empty through baseness: but the doings of the noble are always more direct.

The practice of mischief, look you, among men is easy: but the method[2] of good, Cyrnus, is difficult.

Take courage, mine heart, in troubles, e'en though you have suffered things unendurable:[3] the heart of the baser sort, look you, is ever too hasty. Neither do you, at any rate, aggravating your chagrin at works that-have-been-unaccomplished,[4] bear hate, nor be indignant: neither vex your friends. Nor delight your enemies: for the destined awards of the gods not easily could mortal man escape, either if he descended to the bottom of the dark lake, or when murky Tartarus holds him.

To beguile a noble man, look you, is most difficult, as it hath long been decided, Cyrnus, in my judgment. I knew it indeed even before, but much better now; that the mean have no gratitude.

Senseless and fools *are* the men who drink not wine when the dog-star rises.[5] Come hither, with the aid of the piper

(Fragm. v. in Gaisford's Poet. Min. vol. iii. p. 220,) though the first three verses are not found in Stobæus. At ver. 1014, cf. Psalm xc. 5.

[1] (Ver. 1017—1020=Frere's Fragm. lxxi. p. 4.) Tmolus was a mountain of Lydia, cf. Virg. Georg. i. 56, ii. 98. Τμωλος, says Steph. Byzant., (and others, as Strabo and Pliny, concur,) is from Τίμολος by contraction; and so Ovid. Met. vi. 15, xi. 86.

[2] παλάμη. Cf. Theogn. 624, βίοτου παλάμαι. Herodot. viii. 19, ἔχειν τινὰ παλάμην, where Schweighheuser in Lex. Herodot. interprets the word ansa, occasio, via, ratio efficiendi aliquid.

[3] (Ver. 1023—1030=Frere's Fragm. liii.) With ver. 1023, cf. Hom. Od. xx. 18, τέτλαθι δή, κραδίη· καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης.—The sense of the next line is, mean men may have bitter or hasty spirits; but with the noble it should not be so.

[4] ἀπρήκτοισι. According to Ruhnken on Apollon. Rh. i. 246, the sense of ἀπρήκτος here is "difficult." In that passage the French edition of Dubner, 1841, has πόνος δ' ἄπρηκτος ἰοῦσιν, labor vero difficilis euntibus. With θεῶν δ' εἰμαρμόνα δῶρα, κ. τ. λ., compare Æsch. Pers. 93—102.

[5] ἄστρου καὶ κυνὸς seems an hendiadys. The dog-star was called

let us laugh and drink beside one that weeps, whilst we delight in his griefs. Let us sleep: and the watching over the city shall be the warder's care, *the watch* over our lovely rockless fatherland. Yes, by Jove, if any of these sleeps even wrapped-up, he will listen to our revelling eagerly. Now let us drink and enjoy ourselves, speaking fairly: and what shall be hereafter, that is the gods' concern.[1]

To you now, as to a dear child, I myself will give sound advice; and do you ponder these things in your heart and mind.[2] Never do any evil hastily, but deliberate in the deep of your heart, and with your better mind. For of them that contend, 'tis the heart and the mind that contend; but counsel leads to a good and sound mind.

But this account we will let-pass.[3] Do thou however pipe to me: and both of us will be mindful of the Muses. For

Κυων or Σείριος, cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 607. Hesiod, Op. et D. 587—592, recommends men *αἴθοπα πινέμεν οἶνον—ἐπεὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ γούνατα Σείριος ἄζει.* Homer mentions this star as *κὺν' Ὠρίωνος* in Il. xxii. 29. Alcæus, quoted by Welcker, has *πίνωμεν· τὸ γὰρ ἄστρον περιτέλλεται.* Cf. Horace, Od. I. xvii. 17—22,

> Hic in reductâ valle, Caniculæ
> Vitabis æstus——
> Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
> Duces sub umbrâ.

παρὰ κλαίοντι· this, taken in connexion with the next six lines, seems to refer to the opposite party to that of Theognis, which has apparently met with reverses, exciting the joy and revelry of his friends. These, having well garrisoned the city, are feasting and revelling.

[1] Compare here Hom. Od. xix. 502, *ἀλλ' ἔχε σιγῇ μῦθον· ἐπιτρεψον δε θεοῖσιν.* Hor. Od. I. ix. 9, Permitte Divis cætera, and Od. II. xi. 11, 12,

> Quid æternis minorem
> Consiliis animum fatigas?

[2] Welcker here quotes Hesiod, Op. et D. 27 and 277, and Hom. Odyss. xviii. 128, *τοὔνεκα τοι ἐρέω· σὺ δὲ σύνθεο καὶ μευ ἄκουσον*, and with ver. 1047, Il. ix. 496,

> *Ἀλλ' Ἀχιλεῦ, δάμασον θυμὸν μέγαν· οὐδὲ σε χρὴ*
> *νήλεες ἦτορ ἔχειν· στρεπτοὶ δε τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοι.*

[3] (Ver. 1051—1054=Frere's Frag. xci. p. 2.) In ver. 1054 *αμφιπερικτίονας*, a word equivalent to *ἀμφικτύονας*, and used by Callinus, 2, *οὐδ' αἰδεῖσθ' ἀμφιπερικτίονας*, is figuratively used of minstrels near each other at a banquet. See Welcker ad loc. Compare with ver. 1053, Hor. Od. I. i. 29, Me doctarum hederæ, &c.

they have given these delightful gifts to-hold, to thee, and me, and in truth to the dwellers-all-around.

Timagoras, 'tis hard for one-seeing-from-far, to understand the temper of many,[1] even though he be wise. For some have meanness disguised by riches; and others rank by ruinous poverty.

But in youth 'tis best to sleep beside an equal-in-age, satisfying the desire of works of-love: 'tis better too to sing with a piper[2] *accompanying you*, when you go a revelling: than this nought, look you, else is more delightsome to men and women. What to me are riches and dignity? Delight along with good cheer surpasses everything.

Senseless and childish *are* the men, who mourn for the dead,[3] and not the flower of manhood, when it perishes.

Prithee, delight thyself, dear heart:[4] soon will there be some other men, and I in death shall be black earth.

Cyrnus, direct a various temper-of-mind towards all *your* friends, mingling such a character as each is of. One while follow this *character;* at another be diverse in your nature: a better thing, look you, is wisdom than great excellence.

[1] (Ver. 1055—1058=Frere's Fragm. xciii.) Welcker has observed that ὀργὴ in this passage indicates the mind and spirit, while κακοτὴς and ἀρετὴ refer to the rank and condition. The meaning seems to be that the rich mean man belies his natural disposition, and so does the poor noble man, the former by seeming liberality, the latter by forced closeness.

[2] (Ver. 1061—1064=Frere's Fragm. iii.) ἔπι in 1062 is i. q. ἔπεστι. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. vol. i. p. 67, § 30 (1832).

[3] Welcker illustrates this passage by Plato, Republ. i. p. 329, c., (Ast, vol. iv. p. 8,) where Cephalus is represented appealing to Socrates whether most equals-in-age of their own did not lament the past pleasures of youth, love, drinking, and feasting. Theognis here thinks with Cephalus.

[4] This and the next line form the beginning of Frere's Fragm. cii. Cf. ver. 1229, 1230, where nearly the same verses occur again. With the sentiment cf. Hor. Od. III. viii. 27,

> Dona præsentis rape lætus horæ, ac
> Linque severa;

and IV. vii. 14--17,

> Nos ubi decidimus,
> Pulvis et umbra sumus.

See also Anacreon, Ode vi. ad fin. With ver. 1069—1072, cf. 213—218 supra, where the same precept is inculcated. Before ὀργὴν in ver. 1070 understand ποιὴν.

Of a thing unaccomplished 'tis most hard to know the end,[1] how the god will accomplish this. For gloom is spread over *it*, and previous to that which is about to be, the bounds of human helplessness *are* not to-be-understood.

No one of mine enemies will I blame, if he be noble;[2] no, nor will I commend a friend, if he be a mean man.

Thus it behoves the well-born man, I wot, directing his thoughts *to it*, to keep them ever stedfast until the end to a friend. You needs must bear worthily many unpleasant things,[3] since you know not how to do that which is not pleasant to yourself.

Castor and Pollux, *ye* who dwell in divine Lacedæmon[4] on the Eurotas, beautifully-flowing stream, if ever I should devise evil for a friend, may I myself find it: but should he devise aught against me, may he find twice as much.

My mind is distressed respecting your friendship:[5] for I can neither love nor hate you: knowing *as I do* that 'tis hard to hate, after one has been a friend to a man; and hard to love a man without his concurrence. Look therefore now to another; to me at least there was no constraint to do this: *namely, the kindnesses*, for which aforetime you were grateful to me.

Now even on wings am I uplifted, like a bird from a vast marsh, having escaped from a base man, and having dragged

[1] Compare with this ver. 585, 586, supra, which are assigned by Welcker and Gaisford to Solon. Thales said, *ἀσφαλες τὸ γενόμενον, ἀσαφὲς τὸ μέλλον.*

[2] (Ver. 1077, 1078=Frere's Fragm. lxxxiv.) Jacobs explains the next couplet as laying down that if a noble man does change his mind and purpose, it must not be so, as to affect his friends, to whom he must always be the same.

[3] *δῆμον δ' ἄξια πολλὰ.* Welcker suggests that we should here read *Δημώναξ, σοὶ πολλὰ φέρειν βαρύ*, quoting many happy emendations; e. g. Ov. Amor. iii. 9, 23, where Grævius restored Patareïdis for "pater edidit." Brunck reads *δεῖ μὲν σ'ἄξια πολλὰ φέρειν βαρέ'*, Te quidem gravia multa condigne ferre necesse est, which we have adopted as the text from which to translate.

[4] (Ver. 1083—1086=Frere's Fragm. ciii.) This address is made to the Dioscuri, because they are the patrons of friendship, owing to their own brotherly love. *Welcker.*

[5] (Ver. 1087—1092=Frere's Fragm. l.) Cf. Anthol. Pal. p. 595, *εἰ μισεῖν πόνος ἐστὶ, φιλεῖν πόνος, ἐκ δύ' ὁλέθρων αἱροῦμαι χρηστῆς ἕλκος ἔχειν ὀδύνης. Welck.* In ver. 1092, *τῶν μοι πρόσθε χάριν τίθεσο*, i. e. *ἐφ' οἷς πρότερον χάριν οἶδας.* Winterton translates "superiorum mihi gratiam repone"

away my neck. But you, when you have lost my friendship, will afterwards be sensible of my prudence, *no matter who it was* that counselled you concerning me, and bade you go away and abandon my friendship.

Insolence hath ruined both the Magnesians, and Colophon, and Smyrna:[2] Cyrnus, it will certainly ruin us likewise. But having been put to the test, and being rubbed beside lead, *as* being refined gold, you will be fair to all.

Ah wretched me! for now have I become a laughing-stock to foes, and to my friends a trouble, having suffered sadly.

O Cyrnus, they who were noble aforetime, are now on the other hand mean: and those who were base before, are now noble: who can endure to look upon[3] these things, *to wit*, the noble more dishonoured, and the baser sort obtaining honour? whilst the well-born man espouses a wife from a mean man's house. So deceiving each other they exult one over the other, cherishing remembrance neither of good nor bad.

Possessing riches, you have reproached me with poverty:[4] but something I have, and something more I shall make, after having paid my vows to the gods.

O wealth, of all gods fairest and most delightsome, with thy aid, e'en though mean, I become a noble man.

May I have youth's prime, and may Latona's son,[5] Phœbus

[1] *ἀποῤῥῆξας βρόγχον*, i. e. *τὸν τράχηλον ἐξελκύσας*. *Camerarius*. In the line before for *λίμνης μεγαλῆς*, Grævius suggested *ἐκ λινέης νεφέλης*, out of a fine linen bird-net. With ver. 1097, 1098, cf. infra 1239, 1240.

[2] *ὔμμας ὀλεῖ*. Welcker suggests *ὔμμ' ἀπολεῖ*. For the line before he quotes Cic. de Leg. Agrar. i. 7, Si superbia, nata inibi esse ex Campanorum fastidio videtur. In ver. 1102 some read *χρυσὸς* for *καλὸς*. For this allusion to assaying, see above at ver. 417.

[3] *ἀνέχοιτ' εσορῶν*. Cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 550; Hom. Il. v. 895. With ver. 1108, cf. Theogn. 183—196. Nearly the same words occur above at ver. 59, 60, except that there *γνώμας* is read instead of *μνήμην*, in ver. 1110.

[4] (Ver. 1111, 1112=Frere's Fragm. xcii.) Palladas, 81, (quoted by Welcker,) *οὐκ ἐμὲ τὴν πενίην δὲ καθυβρίσαι· εἰ δὲ καὶ ὁ Ζεὺς Ἣν ἐπὶ γῆς πτωχός, καὐτὸς ἔπασχεν ὕβριν.* (Ver. 1113, 1114=Frere's Fragm. xcvi.)

[5] (Ver. 1115—1118=Frere's Fragm. i.) With *ἥβης μέτρον ἔχοιμι*, cf. Hom. Il. xi. 225; *ἥβης ἐρικυδέος ἵκετο μέτρον*. Od. xi. 317, *εἰ ἥβης μέτρον ἵκοντο*. Hes. Op. et D. 132, 438. Cf. Liddell and Scott and Welcker.

Apollo, love me, and Jove, sovereign of immortals; that so I may live my life aloof from all ills, delighting my spirit with youth and riches.

Remind me not of ills: I have suffered, look you, such treatment as Ulysses;[1] who went to the vast mansion of Hades, and came up again from it; *Ulysses*, who, prudent as in truth he was, also slew with pitiless steel the suitors of Penelope, his wedded spouse: *she* who had long awaited him, while she remained abiding beside his dear son, until he set foot in the land, and *trod* the terror-causing inmost corners.[2]

If I but drink, I care not for spirit-wasting poverty,[3] nor hostile men, who speak ill of me. But I lament for delightsome youth, which is failing me: and I bewail troublesome old-age coming-upon-me.

Cyrnus, for present friends we will stay the beginning of ill:[4] and let us seek remedies for the growing wound.

Hope alone remains a kind goddess among mortals,[5] the rest have abandoned us, and gone to Olympus.

Gone is Faith, a mighty goddess: gone from men Temperance: the Graces too, my friend, have quitted earth, and

[1] (Ver. 1119—1124=Frere's Fragm. lxxvi.) For the visit of Ulysses to the shades, see Hom. Od. xi. passim. For *κουριδίης ἀλόχου*, see Butmann's Lexil. p. 392—394; Hor. Od. III. x. 11, Penelopen difficilem procis.

[2] Wassengbergh quoted by Welcker reads *ὄφρ' Ἰθάκης ἐπέβη, δαιδαλέου τε μυχοῦ, μυχοῦ* to avoid the awkwardness of two different cases after *ἐπέβη*. There seems no reason for altering *δειμαλέους* for *δαιδᾶλέου*, as the *μυχοί*, says Welcker, are the recesses, or corners, defended by many suitors, strong and brave. But perhaps *δειμαιλέων τε μυχῶν* might be read.

[3] (Ver. 1025—1028=Frere's Fragm lxii.) For *εἰ πίομαι*, Bekker and others read from Stobæus *οὔτε γε μήν*. With the verses 1127 and 1128, cf. Hor. Od. IV. i., throughout

[4] (Ver. 1129, 1130=Frere's Fragm. lxxi p. 1.) Welcker quotes a verse from Suidas, *ἀρχὴν ἰᾶσθαι πολὺ λώϊον ἠὲ τελευτήν*.

[5] (Ver. 1131—1146=Frere's Fragm. lxxix.) Welcker accounts for the transition from praise of the goddess Hope in ver. 1143, by explaining that hope, which, as says Tibull. II. vi. 21, Alit agricolas, also supports exiles, and depressed parties in states (cf. 333, 334). Theognis is led by mention of hope, to think of the day when he may regain from his foes his lost possessions. Soph. Ant. 897, *ἐν ἐλπίσιν τρέφω*; 1246, *ἐλπίσιν δὲ βόσκομαι*. For the departure of the deities from earth cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 197—200. In 1133 *πίστις* is the Cana Fides of Virgil, Æn. i. 292; cf. Hor. Od. I. xxiv 6, Cui *Pudor*, et Justitiæ soror *Incorrupta Fides*, nudaque veritas. Pudor is perhaps the *σωφροσύνη*

just oaths *are* no more to be relied on among men, neither does any-one reverence the immortal gods.[1] But the race of holy men hath waned, nor are they any longer sensible of ordinances, no, nor holy lives. Yet so long as a man lives, and beholds the light of the sun, acting-piously as regards the gods, let him wait on Hope. And let him pray to the gods, burning also splendid thighs of victims,[2] and to Hope let him sacrifice first and last. And let him ever muse on the perverted language of unjust men, who, nowise reverencing the immortal gods, are ever setting their thoughts on the possessions of others, having attached shameful marks to evil deeds.

Never let go your present friend, and seek out another,[3] complying with the words of meaner men.

Be it mine to be rich, aloof from evil cares, and to live harmlessly, meeting-with no ill.

I neither long nor pray to be rich:[4] but be it mine to live on my little store, and find no hurt.

Wealth and wisdom are *a matter* most irresistible ever; for neither could you over-fill the desire with wealth:[5] and in like manner the wisest man doth not shun wisdom, but longs after it: yet cannot satisfy his desire *therewith*.

No treasure is it better to lay-up-for your children;[6] yet

[1] Cf. Hor. Od. I. xxxv. 35—37,

Unde manus juventus
Metu deorum continuit? Quibus
Pepercit aris?

And at ver. 1137 cf. Psalm xii. 1, "Help, Lord: for the godly man ceaseth: for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

[2] *καὶ ἀγλαὰ μηρία καίων.* Schæfer reads *κατ'* for *καί*, from Iliad xv. 373, *κατὰ πίονα μηρία καίων.* With *ἐλπιδι πρώτῃ καὶ πυμάτῃ*, cf. Hesiod, Theog. 34 and 48, and Theognis. 2, 3.

[3] Solon said, *Φίλους μὴ τάχὺ κτῶ, οὕς δ' ἂν κτήσῃ, μὴ τάχυ ἀποδοκίμαζε.—Welcker.*

[4] Welcker quotes Archilochus, *Οὔ μοι τὰ Γύγεω τοῦ πολυχρύσου μέλει.*

[5] Cf. Solon, Fragm. v. 71; Gaisford, Poet. Min. vol. iii., *πλούτου δ' οὐδὲν τέρμα πεφασμένον ἀνδράσι κεῖται.* Welcker points out in these lines an instance of the thing compared being placed after that with which it is to be compared. Cf. Pind. Ol. ix. 74.

[6] (Ver. 1157—1164=Frere's Fragm. liv.) The natural explanation of the verses 1157, 1158, would be to refer them to "liberality," though Welcker dissents from the notion of the noble (*ἀγαθοῖς*) being in a state described by *αἰτοῦσιν.* But the reverses of political par-

give it, Cyrnus, to noble men when they crave it. For no man is in all respects all-blessed :[1] but the noble man has resolution to keep his misfortune, albeit not manifest *to all*, whilst the meaner person knows not how to keep his spirit even alike, in prosperity or in adversity. But on mortals fall various behests of the immortals ; to endure then the gifts of the immortals, such as they give *men* to have, it is meet.

In prudent men, eyes, tongue, and ears, and man's intelligence are-by-nature in the midst of their breasts.[2]

Company with the noble : but never follow the base, whensoever you are finishing a journey or your traffic.[3] Of the noble noble is the answer, noble the works : but of the baser sort the winds carry away the worthless words. From evil-company come ills : and well wilt thou too understand this, since thou hast erred against the mighty immortals.

The gods, O Cyrnus, give judgment as the best *boon* to mortals :[4] judgment hath the issues of every man. O happy he that truly hath it in his mind. Verily it is far superior to dangerous insolence and wretched satiety. But satiety is an evil to mortals : than which two nought is more evil ; for all mischief, Cyrnus, is from these.

Would that, O Cyrnus, thou mightest be clear from suffering and doing disgraceful deeds ; then wouldst thou have greatest experience in virtue.

ties would reduce, as they did often, nobles to beggary. Welcker applies the whole to an unlawful love.

[1] *οὐδεὶς τοι παντ' ἐστι, κ. τ. λ.* This and the five following verses occur before in 441—446 ; with no variation except *ἔχειν* instead of *ἔχων* in the second verse. Perhaps in the present instance the construction *τολμᾷ ἔχων* may be resolved into a case similar to those quoted by Matthiæ, Gr. Gr. § 552—554.

[2] Grotius and Gaisford quote a reading *στηθέων εὐξύνετος* for *ἐν συνετοῖς φύεται.*

[3] *τερματά τ' ἐμπορίης.* Welcker reads *ἐπ' ἐμπορίην.—τέρματ' ἐμπορίης* is by Liddell and Scott explained as a periphrasis, like Æsch. Eum. 746, *τέρματ' ἀγχονῆς.* With ver. 1170 cf. Propert. II. xxviii. 8, Quicquid jurarunt, ventus et unda rapit. Ver. 1171, 1172=Frere's Fragm. xxxvii. Compare Hor. Od. III. ii. 21—32.

[4] Welcker illustrates this line by a fragment of Solon, viii. *γνωμοσύνης δ' ἀφανὲς χαλεπώτατον ἐστι νοῆσαι Μέτρον, ὃ δὴ πάντων πείρατα μοῦνον ἔχει.* For *κόρος* in ver. 1177, cf. Theogn. 153, and the notes there. *ὕβρις* and *κόρος* are represented as near of kin by Pindar, Herodotus, and other Greek writers.

Cyrnus, reverence and fear the gods;[1] for this prevents man either from doing or saying unholy things.

To lay-low a tyrant that grindeth-down-his-people, *even* as you will,[2] is no call for wrath on the part of the gods.

Good sense and *good* speech, these *things* are-by-nature in *but* few men,[3] who are masters of both these.

No one by paying ransom can escape death[4] or severe misfortune, unless fate impose an issue. Neither can mortal man, though he wish it, by gifts escape anxieties, to wit, when the god sends griefs.

I desire not to lie in regal couch when dead;[5] but be mine some good thing whilst I am yet alive. Prickles, I ween, to a dead man are a like couch to embroidered carpets; the wood is either hard or soft: *it matters not.*

Neither swear by the gods a perjured oath, for it is not endurable to hide from the immortals a debt that is due.

I hear, son of Polypas, the voice of the shrill-crying crane,[6] even her, who to mortals comes as harbinger of the season for ploughing; and it smote my dark heart[7] that others possess

[1] So Hesiod, Op. et D. 706, *εὖ δ' ὅπιν ἀθανάτων μακάρων πεφυλαγμένος εἶναι.* See also Pythagor. Aurea Carmina, i. (Winterton's Poet. Min. Græc.).

[2] With *δημοφάγον* cf. Hom. Il. i. 231, *δημοβόρος βασιλεύς.—κατακλῖναι.* Camerarius doubts the use of this word in the sense of to "lay-low," and suggests *κατακῆναι.—οὐ νέμεσις.* Cf. Hom. Od. i. 350.

[3] Ver. 1185—1186=Frere's Fragm. xxvi.

[4] (Ver. 1187—1190=Frere's Fragm. xxvii.) Cf. for the sentiment expressed here Eurip. Alcest. 112—135; Hor. Od. II. xiv. 5—12. With ver. 1189, 1190, cf. St. Paul to the Romans, viii. 22, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

[5] Ver. 1191—1194=Frere's Fragm. xxiv., who connects these reflections with the pageant at the burial of Hipparchus.—*τεθνεώς*, a dissyllable by synizesis, cf. Matt. Gr. Gr. § 198, 3, f.—*ἀσπάλαθος*, a shrub with such sharp prickles that it was used as an instrument of torture. See Plat. de Rep. 616, a. (L. and S.). The two last lines are different ways of expressing that the grave levels all distinctions.

[6] (Ver. 1197—1202=Frere's Fragm. lx.) Cf. Hesiod, Op. et D. 447—450, *φράζεσθαι δ' εὖτ' ἂν γεράνου φωνὴν ἐπακούσῃς*, κ.τ.λ., and the notes on that passage.

[7] *κραδίην—μέλαιναν.* Welcker quotes for this phrase Hom. Il. i. 103, *μένεος δὲ μέγα φρένες ἀμφιμέλαιναι Πίμπλαντο.* Odyss. iv. 661; Æsch. Agam. 546, *ὡς πόλλ' ἁμαρᾷ ἐκ φρενὸς μ' ἀναστένειν.* In ver. 1202 I have translated Welcker's reading *ἀδειμνηστῆς* instead

my flourishing fields, neither do my mules drag the bent-yoke of the plough, on account of that ever-to-be-remembered voyage.

I will not go, neither shall a tyrant be lamented by me,[1] nor go beneath the earth with wailing over his tomb. No, nor would he, if I were dead, either be grieved, or let fall warm tears adown his eyes.

I neither forbid you, nor invite you, to revel: you will be troublesome, when present, and friendly, whensoever you are absent.[2]

I am Æthon by family: but, forced from my fatherland,[3] I dwell in Thebes, a well-fortified city. Mock me not rudely, Argyris, nor abuse my dear parents: for upon you presses the day of servitude; but for me, woman, there are many other ills indeed, for I am an exile from my country; yet distressing slavery *hangs* not over me, nor do men export us for sale,[4] and even for us indeed there is a fair city, situate in oblivion's plain.

of the common reading, *ἀλλῆς μνηστῆς*. The poet had been despoiled of his possessions whilst absent on a voyage.

[1] (Ver. 1203—1206=Frere's Fragm. xxv.) This passage, like ver. 1191—1194, may have reference to the pomp of the tyrant's obsequies. Ver. 1205, 1206 remind us of Childe Harold's

> "Why should I for others groan,
> When none will sigh for me?"

[2] *ἀργαλέος γὰρ ἐὼν*. According to the suggestion of Camerarius, adopted by Welcker, we read here *ἀργαλέος παρεὼν*, and understand *ἔσῃ*.

[3] (Ver. 1209—1216=Frere's Fragm. lxxiv. part 3.) According to Frere this is part of the indignant reply of our poet to Argyris, a female slave, who was engaged in singing at a banquet, and questioned the noble birth of Theognis. It is connected with ver. 531—538. This seems the most simple way of understanding the passage that has been suggested, and is perhaps one of Mr. Frere's happiest hits. Camerarius professes ignorance of what we are to understand by the word *Αἴθων*. Welcker says it has the force of an appellative. It may have been a name of the family of Theognis, which would prove his noble race at once to his contemporaries. In ver. 1211, for the word *δέννάζε* compare Soph. Ant. 759; Ajax, 243.

[4] *περνᾶσι*, an Homeric word, Il. xxii. 45; xxiv. 752; xviii. 292. According to Crusius's Homeric Lexicon, it is a form of *περάω*, whence *πόρνη* is formed, which may point the bitterness of the word used in reply to Argyris. *Ληθαῖον πέδιον*, a figurative expression for the forgetfulness in which the exile says he will bury his sorrows.

Never let us sit down and laugh beside them that mourn,[1]
O Cyrnus, delighting ourselves in our own advantages.
To deceive an enemy, indeed, and ill-affected man, *is* hard, Cyrnus: but for a friend to deceive a friend *is* easy.

VERSES

ASCRIBED BY VARIOUS WRITERS TO THEOGNIS.

Nought, Cyrnus, is more unjust than anger, which hurts its possessor, by meanly indulging passion.

Nothing, Cyrnus, is more sweet than a good wife:[2] I am a witness, and be thou so to me of my truthfulness.

Speech is wont to bring many false-steps to mortal men, when the judgment, Cyrnus, is disturbed.

The cares of men have had allotted to them,[3] and possess, various wings, being divided for the sake of spirit and subsistence.

Be young, dear heart: soon will there be some other men; and I, having died, shall be dark earth.

But growing old, he is distinguished among the citizens,[4] nor does any wish to hurt him, in point of respect or justice.

On no one, Cyrnus, do the rays of the sun that-giveth-light-to-men look down, over whom blame doth not hang.

[1] Cf. St. Paul to Rom. xii. 15, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Chilo in Stobæus iii. *Ἀτυχοῦντι μὴ ἐπιγέλα· κοινὴ γὰρ ἡ τύχη.* Ver. 1219, 1220, Frere's Fragm. xliv.

[2] (Ver. 1223, 1224=Frere's Frag. lxxvii.) Welcker illustrates the passage by Hom. Odyss. vi. 182—185; Hesiod, Op. et D. 703—705. Simonides, Fragm. ccxxiv.,

γυναικὸς οὐδὲν χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λῃΐζεται
ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.

[3] (Ver. 1227, 1228=Frere's Fragm. xcv.) For *μειρόμεναι* in ver. 1228, Welcker reads *μυρόμεναι*. The verses, 1230, 1231, seem to belong to the same fragment as 875—880.

[4] Ver. 1231, 1232 are a fragment of Tyrtæus, which would more properly have gone with verses 929—932 above. In the next fragment for *φαεσιμβρότου ἠελίοιο*, cf. Hom. Odyss. x. 138, 191.

But I am not able to ascertain what mind the citizens entertain, for neither when I do good nor ill do I satisfy them.

For heretofore hath a marine corpse invited me home,[1] though dead, yet speaking with living voice.

[1] *θαλάττιος—νεκρὸς.* The allusion here is to the spiral shell called κόχλος, cochlea, which the Tritons were supposed to have used as trumpets. Cf. Virg. Æn. vi. 171—173; Cic. de Divinat. ii. c. 64, where a quotation from the Amphion of Pacuvius, which ends with "eviscerata, inanima, cum animali sono," sc. testudo, alludes to the same shell.

THE

REMAINS OF HESIOD,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.—ΘΕΟΓ

THE THEOGONY,

OR GENERATION OF THE GODS.

ARGUMENT.

The Proem is a rhapsody in honour of the Muses. It opens with a description of their solemn dances on Helicon, and of the hymns which they sing during their nightly visitation of Earth. The poet then relates their appearance to himself, and his consequent inspiration; describes their employments in Heaven, their birth and dignity; their influence on kings, minstrels, and bards; and finishes with invoking their assistance, and proposing his subject. The COSMOGONY, or Origin of Nature, then commences, and blends into the THEOGONY, or Generation of the Gods, which is continued through the whole poem, and concludes with the race of demigods, or those born from the loves of goddesses and mortals. The following legendary fables are interwoven episodically with the main subject: I. The Conspiracy of Earth and Cronus, or Saturn, against Uranus or Heaven. II. The Concealment of the Infant Jupiter. III. The Impiety and Punishment of Prometheus. IV. The Creation of Pandora, or Woman. V. The War of the Gods and Titans. VI. The Combat of Jupiter and Typhœus.

BEGIN we from the Muses, O my song!
Whose mansion is the mountain vast and holy
Of Helicon; where aye with delicate feet
Fast by Jove's altar and purpureal fount
They tread the measur'd round: their tender limbs
Lav'd in Permessian waters, or the stream
Of blest Olmius, or pure Hippocrene,
On the high top of Helicon they wont
To lead the mazy measure, breathing grace,
Enkindling love, and glance their quivering feet.
Thence break they forth tumultuous, and enwrapt
Wide with dim air, through silence of the night
Shape their ethereal way, and send abroad
A voice, in stilly darkness beautiful.
Jove ægis-arm'd they praise, in choral hymns
Of adoration; and of Argos nam'd

Majestic Juno, gliding on her way
With golden-sandal'd feet; and her whose eyes
Glitter with azure light, Minerva born
From Jove; Apollo, sire of prophecy,
And Dian, joyous in the sounding shaft;
Earth-shaker Neptune, earth-enclasping god;
And Themis, name adorable in heaven;
And Venus, lovely with her tremulous lids;
And Hebe, who with golden fillet binds
Her brow; and fair Dione, and the Morn,
And the great Sun, and the resplendent Moon;
Latona, and Iäpetus, and him
Of mazy counsel, Saturn; and the Earth,
And the vast Ocean, and the sable Night;
And all the holy race of deities
Existing ever.
They to Hesiod erst
Have taught their stately song; the whilst his flocks
He fed beneath all-sacred Helicon.
Thus first those goddesses their heavenly speech
Address'd, th' Olympian Muses born from Jove:
"Night-watching shepherds! beings of reproach!
Ye grosser natures, hear! we know to speak
Full many a fiction false, yet seeming-true,
Or utter at our will the things of truth."
So said they—daughters of the mighty Jove
All-eloquent—and gave unto my hand
Wondrous! a verdant rod; a laurel-branch
Of bloom unwithering; and a voice imbreath'd
Divine; that I might utter forth in song
The future and the past: and bade me sing
The blessed race existing evermore,
And first and last resound the Muses' praise.
But why this wandering tale, as it were told
In oaken shade, or shelter of the rock?
Come, from the Muses let the song proceed,
Who the great spirit of their father Jove
Delight in heaven; and with symphonious voice
Of soft agreement, in their hymns proclaim
The present, and the future, and the past.
Flows inexhaustible from every tongue

That sweetest voice: the Thunderer's palaces
Laugh in their melody, while from the lips
Of those fair goddesses the honey'd sounds
Are scatter'd far and wide. Olympus rings
From every snow-topt summit, and resound
The mansions of celestials. They a voice
Immortal uttering, first in song proclaim
The race of venerable Gods, who rose
From the beginning, whom the spacious Heaven
And Earth produc'd; and all the deities
From them successive sprung, dispensing good.
Next also Jove, the sire of gods and men,
They praise; or when they lift the solemn song,
Or when surcease: how excellent he is
Above all gods, and in his might supreme.
Now to the race of Men, and hardy brood
Of Giants, flows the strain; and thus in heaven
Th' Olympian Muses charm the mind of Jove.
Them erst Mnemosyne, whose empire sways
Eleuther's fertile soil, conceiv'd in shades
Pierian, with their sire Saturnius there
Blending embrace of love: they to all ills
Oblivion yield, to every troubled thought
Rest: thrice three nights did all-consulting Jove
Melt in her arms, apart from eyes profane
Of all immortals, to the sacred couch
Ascending: but when now roll'd round the year,
And moons had wan'd and seasons due revolv'd
And days were number'd, she the virgins nine
Gave at a birth; in unison of soul
Attemper'd soft, whose care is only song;
In whose free bosom dwells th' unsorrowing mind.
They saw the light of heaven no distant space
From where Olympus his extremest top
Rears in eternal snow. There on the mount
They dwell in mansions beautified, and shine
In the smooth pomp of dance: and them beside
The sister Graces hold abode; and Love
Himself is nigh, participant in feast.
So through their parted lips a lovely voice
The Muses breathe; they sing the laws that bind

The universal heaven ; the manners pure
Of deathless gods, and lovely is their voice.
Anon they toward th' Olympian summits bend
Their steps, exulting in the charm of voice,
And songs of immortality : remote
The dusky earth remurmurs musical
The echo of their hymnings ; and beneath
Their many-rustling feet a pleasant sound
Ariseth, as tumultuous pass they on
To greet their awful sire.
He reigns in heaven,
The glowing bolt and lightning in his grasp,
Since by ascendant strength cast down from high
Saturn his father fell : hence Jove to all
Disposes all things ; to th' eternal gods
Ordering their honours.
Thus the Olympian maids
Are wont to sing, the daughters nine of Jove :
Clio, Thalia, and Melpomene,
Urania, Erăto, Terpsichore,
Polymnia and Euterpe, and the last
Calliope :—she, proudly eminent
O'er every Muse, with kings majestical
Associate walks. Whom of the monarch race,
The foster-sons of Jove, the Muses will
To honour ; on whose infant head, when first
Usher'd to light, they placid look from high
With smiling aspect ; on his tongue they shed
A gentle dew, and words as honey sweet
Drop from his lips. On him the people's eyes
Wait awful, who in righteousness discerns
The ways of judgment ; who in wisdom speaks
Infallible, and straight the contest calms
When mightiest. Lo ! in this are monarchs wise ;
That from the seat of justice to the wrong'd
They turn the tide of things, retrieving ills
With mild accost of soothing eloquence.
Him, when he walks the city-ways, all hail
With gentlest awe, and as he were a god
Propitiate : him th' assembled council view
Conspicuous in the midst. Lo ! such to man

The Muse's gift all-sacred. From the Muse
And Phœbus, archer-god, arise on earth
Minstrels and men of song ; but kings arise
From Jove himself. Unutterably blest
He whom the Muses love. A melting voice
Flows ever from his lip: and is there one
Whose aching heart some sudden anguish wrings?
But lo ! the bard, the Muse's minister,
Awakes the strain: he sings the mighty deeds
Of men of yore: the praise of blessed gods
In heaven: and straight, though stricken to the soul,
He shall forget, nor aught of all his griefs
Remember: so the blessing of the Muse
Hath instantaneous turn'd his woes away.
Daughters of Jove, all-hail ! but O inspire
The lovely song ! the sacred race proclaim
Of ever-living gods ; who sprang from Earth,
From the starr'd Heaven, and from the gloomy Night,
And whom the salt Deep nourish'd into life.
Declare how first the gods and earth became ;
The rivers, and th' immeasurable sea
High-raging in its foam : the glittering stars,
The wide-impending heaven ; and who from these
Of deities arose, dispensing good :
Say how their treasures, how their honours each
Allotted shar'd : how first they held abode
On many-cav'd Olympus :—this declare,
Ye Muses ! dwellers of the heavenly mount
From the beginning ; say, who first arose ?
First Chaos was : next ample-bosom'd Earth,
The seat eternal and immoveable
Of deathless gods, who still th' Olympian heights
Snow-topt inhabit. Third, in hollow depth
Of the vast ground, expanded wide above
The gloomy Tartarus. Love then arose,
Most beauteous of immortals : he at once
Of every god and every mortal man
Unnerves the limbs ; dissolves the wiser breast
By reason steel'd, and quells the very soul.
From Chaos, Erebus and sable Night . . . .
From Night arose the Sunshine and the Day ;

Whom she with dark embrace of Erebus
Commingling bore.
Her first-born Earth produc'd
Of like immensity, the starry Heaven :
That he might sheltering compass her around
On every side, and be for evermore
To the blest gods a mansion unremov'd.
Next the high hills arose, the pleasant haunts
Of goddess-nymphs, who dwell among the glens
Of mountains. With no aid of tender love
Gave she to birth the sterile Sea, high swoll'n
In raging foam ; and, Heaven-embraced, anon
She teem'd with Ocean, rolling in deep whirls
His vast abyss of waters.
Crœus then,
Cæus, Hyperion, and Iäpetus,
Themis, and Thea rose ; Mnemosyne,
And Rhea ; Phœbe diadem'd with gold,
And love-inspiring Tethys : and of these,
Youngest in birth, the wily Saturn came,
The sternest of her sons ; and he abhorr'd
The sire that gave him life.
Then brought she forth
The Cyclops haughty of spirit : Steropes,
Brontes, and Arges of impetuous soul ;
Who gave to Jove his thunder, and who forg'd
The lightning flame. Resembling gods they were,
Save that a single ball of sight was fix'd
In their mid-forehead : hence the Cyclops' name :
For that one circular eye was broad infix'd
In the mid-forehead :—strength was theirs, and force,
And craft of curious toil.
Then other sons
Were born of Earth and Heaven : three mighty sons
And valiant ; dreadful but to name ; a race
Aspiring ; Cottus, Gyges, Briareus.
A hundred arms from forth their shoulders burst,
Mocking approach ; and fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mould : their giant forms
Tower'd huge, in bold immeasurable strength.
Of all the children sprung from Earth and Heaven,

The fiercest these ; but all their sire abhorr'd
From the beginning : all his race he seiz'd
As each was born, and hid in cave profound,
Nor e'er releas'd to day ; and in his work
Malign exulted Heaven. Then inly groan'd
The vast Earth, grief-opprest, and straight devis'd
Ill stratagem of fraud : and thus intent,
When now she had produced a whiter kind
Of temper'd iron, cunning-wrought she forg'd
A sickle huge, and to her children spake :
Daring she spake, yet at her heart aggriev'd :—
"My sons ! alas, ye children of a sire
Most impious, now obey a mother's voice ;
So shall we well avenge the fell despite
Of him, your father, who the first devis'd
Deeds of injustice."
While she said, on all
Fear seiz'd ; nor utterance found they, till with soul
Embolden'd, wily Saturn huge address'd
His awful mother.
"Mother, be the deed
My own : thus pledg'd, I will most sure achieve
This feat ; nor heed I him, our sire, of name
Detested ; for that he the first devis'd
Deeds of injustice."
Thus he said : and Earth
Was gladden'd at her heart. She planted him
In ambush dark and secret : to his grasp
The rough-tooth'd sickle gave, and tutor'd him
In every wile.
Vast Heaven came down from high,
And with him brought the gloominess of night
On all beneath : with ardour of embrace
Hovering o'er Earth, in his immensity
He lay diffus'd around. The wily son
From secret ambush then his weaker hand
Put forth : his right the sickle grasp'd, with teeth
Horrent, and huge, and long : and from his sire
He swift the source of generative life
Cut sheer : then cast behind him far away
The bloody ruin. But not so in vain

Escap'd it from his hold : the gory drops
Earth, as they gush'd, receiv'd. When years roll'd round
Thence teem'd she with the fierce Eumenides,
And giants huge in stature, all in mail
Radiant, and wielding long-protended spears :
And Nymphs, wide worshipp'd o'er the boundless earth
By Dryad name.
So severing with keen steel
The sacred spoils, he from the continent
Amidst the many surges of the sea
Hurl'd them. Full long they drifted o'er the deeps;
Till now swift-circling a white foam arose
From that immortal substance, and a nymph
Was nourish'd in the midst. The wafting waves
First bore her to Cythera the divine:
To wave-encircled Cyprus came she then,
And forth emerg'd, a goddess, in the charms
Of awful beauty. Where her delicate feet
Had prest the sands, green herbage flowering sprang.
Her Aphrodite gods and mortals name,
The foam-born goddess : and her name is known
As Cytherea with the blooming wreath,
For that she touch'd Cythera's flowery coast ;
And Cypris, for that on the Cyprian shore
She rose, amid the multitude of waves.
Love track'd her steps, and beautiful Desire
Pursued; while soon as born she bent her way
Toward heaven's assembled gods; her honours these
From the beginning ; whether gods or men
Her presence bless, to her the portion fell
Of virgin whisperings, and alluring smiles,
And smooth deceits, and gentle ecstasy,
And dalliance, and the blandishments of love.
Now the great Heaven, rebuking in his wrath
The sons whom he had form'd, the Titan name
Stamp'd on his offspring, who vindictive wrought
A heinous act audacious : after-time
Should bring the vengeance ; they should rue the deed.
Abhorred Fate, and dark Necessity,
And Death, were born from Night; by none embrac'd
These gloomy Night brought self-conceiving forth :

And Sleep; and all the hovering host of Dreams.
Again she teem'd with Momus; Care full-fraught
With many griefs: and next th' Hesperian maids,
Whose charge o'ersees the fruits of bloomy gold
Beyond the sounding ocean, the fair trees
Of golden fruitage. Then the Destinies
Arose; and Fates in vengeance pitiless;
Clotho, and Lachesis, and Atropos,
Who at the birth of men dispense the lot
Of good and evil. They of men and gods
The crimes pursue; nor ever pause from wrath
Tremendous, till destructive on the head
Of him that sins the retribution fall.
Then teem'd pernicious Night with Nemesis,
The scourge of mortal men; again she bore
Fraud, and lascivious Love; slow-wasting Age,
And still-persisting Strife.
From hateful Strife
Came sore affliction, and oblivion drear;
Famine, and weeping sorrows; combats, wars,
And slaughters, and all homicides; and brawls,
And bickerings, and deluding lies: with them
Came lawlessness and galling injury,
Inseparable mates; and the dread oath—
A mighty bane to him of earth-born men
Who wilful swears, and perjur'd is forsworn.
The Sea with Earth embracing, Nereus rose,
Eldest of all his race; pure from deceit
And true; with filial veneration nam'd
Ancient of years: for mild and blameless he;
Remembering still the right; still merciful
As just in counsels. Then rose Thaumas huge,
Phorcys the strong, and Ceto fair of cheek,
And last Eurybia, of an iron soul.
From Nereus and the fair-hair'd Doris, nymph
Of ocean's perfect stream, the lovely race
Of goddess Nereids rose to light, whose haunt
Is midst the waters of the sterile main.
Eucrate, Proto, Thetis, Amphitrite,
Love-breathing Thália, Sao, and Eudora,
And Spio, skimming with light feet the wave;

Galene, Glauce, and Cymothöe;
Agave, and the graceful Melita;
Rose-arm'd Eunice, and Eulimene;
Pasithea, Doto, E'rato, Pherusa,
Nesæa, Cranto, and Dynamene;
Protomedía, Doris, and Actæa;
And Panope, and Galatæa fair;
Hippothöe winning soft; Hipponöe
The roseate-arm'd; Cymodoce who calms
The stormy billows of the darken'd main,
And blasts of mighty winds; her aids the Nymph
Cymatolége, while along the deep
With beauteous ankles Amphitrite glides:
Cymo, Eïone, Liagore,
And, grac'd with blooming sea-wreath, Halimed:
Pontoporía, and Polynome;
Evagore, and blythe Glauconome;
Laomedía, and Evarne sweet
Of nature, as unblemish'd in her charms;
Lysianassa and Autonome,
And Psamathe of all-engaging form;
Menippe the divine; and Pronöe,
And Neso, and Eupompe, and Themistho;
And last Nemertes, with prophetic soul
Blest of her sire immortal. These are they
From blameless Nereus born, the fifty nymphs
In labours vers'd of blameless ministry.
Electra, nymph of the deep-flowing main,
Embrac'd with Thaumas: rapid Iris thence
Rose, and Aello, and Ocypetes,
The sister harpies, fair with streaming locks:
On fleetest wings upborne, they chase aloft
The hovering birds and wandering winds, and soar
Into the heaven.
From Ceto fair of cheek,
And Phorcys, came the Graiæ: (gray they were
E'en from the natal hour, and hence their name
Is known among the deities on high
And man's earth-wandering race.) Pephredo clad
In flowing vesture, and her sister nymph,
The saffron-rob'd Eny'o. Then were born

The Gorgons; who beyond the sounding main
Inhabit, on th' extremest verge of earth,
Where night enwraps the pole, and where the maids
Hesperian warble forth their thrilling strains.
Stheno, Euryale, Medusa last,
Deep-suffering; for that mortal is her date:
The two immortal, and in bloom unchang'd.
Yet her alone the blue-hair'd god of waves
Enfolded, on the tender meadow-grass
And bedded flowers of spring: and when from her
Perseus the head dissever'd, then upsprang
Chrysaor huge, and Pegasus the steed,
So nam'd, near ocean's fountains born; but he,
Chrysaor, in his hands a falchion held
Of beamy gold: rapt on the winged horse
He left beneath him Earth, mother of flocks,
And soar'd to heaven's immortals: and there dwells
In palaces of Jove, and to the god
Deep-counsell'd, bears the bolt and arrowy flame.
  Chrysaor with Callirŏe blending love,
Nymph of sonorous ocean, sprang to birth
Three-headed Geryon: him did Hercules
Slay spoiling, 'midst his oxen pliant-hoof'd,
On Erythia girdled by the wave:
What time those oxen ample-brow'd he drove
To sacred Tyrinth, the broad ocean-way
Once past; and Orthus, the grim herd-dog, stretch'd
Lifeless; and in their murky den beyond
The billows of the long-resounding deep,
The keeper of those herds, Eurytion, slain.
  Another monster Ceto bore anon
In the deep-hollow'd cavern of a rock,
Stupendous, nor in shape resembling aught
Of human nor of heavenly; the divine
Echidna, the untameable of soul:
Above, a nymph with beauty-blooming cheeks
And eyes of jetty lustre; but below,
A speckled serpent horrible and huge,
Bloody-devouring, monstrous, hid in caves
Of sacred earth. There in the uttermost depth
Her cavern is, within a vaulted rock;

Alike from mortals and immortals deep
Remote: the gods have there her place assign'd
In mansions known to fame.
So pent beneath
The rocks of Arima, Echidna dwelt
Hideous; a nymph immortal, and in youth
Unchang'd for evermore. But legends tell
That with the jet-eyed nymph the whirlwind fierce,
His terrible embrace, Typhaon, join'd:
She, fill'd with love, a progeny conceived
Of strain undaunted. Geryon's dog of herds,
Orthus, the first arose: the second birth,
Unutterable, was the dog of hell,
Voracious, brazen-voiced, and bold and strong,
The fifty-headed Cerberus: and third
Upsprang the Hydra, pest of Lerna's lake;
Whom Juno, white-arm'd goddess, fostering train'd
With deep resentment fill'd, insatiable,
'Gainst Hercules; but he, the son of Jove,
Named of Amphytrion, in the dragon's gore
Bath'd his unpitying steel, by warlike aid
Of Iolaus, and the counsels high
Of Pallas the Despoiler. Last came forth
Chimæra, breathing deluges of flame
Unconquerable; a monster grim and huge,
And swift and strong, and crested with three heads—
A lion's tawny semblance one; and one
As of a goat; a mighty snake's the third.
In front the lion threaten'd; and behind
The serpent; and the goat was in the midst,
Exhaling fierce the strength of burning flame:
On the wing'd horse her brave Bellerophon
Slew.
She, compell'd by Orthus, gave to birth
Depopulating Sphynx, of Cadmus' race
The fell destruction; and the lion bore
Nam'd of Nemæa: him to fierceness rear'd
Jove's glorious consort; and his lair assign'd
Among Nemæa's hills, the pest of men.
There lurking in his haunts he long insnar'd
The roving tribes of man, and held stern sway

O'er cavern'd Tretum, o'er the mountain heights
Of Apesantus, and Nemæa's wilds;
Till strong Alcides quell'd his gasping strength.
Again, embrac'd by Phorcys, brought she forth
Her youngest-born, the dreadful snake, that couch'd
In the dark earth's abyss, a wide domain,
Holds o'er the golden apples wakeful guard.
To Ocean Tethys brought the rivers forth
In whirlpool waters roll'd: Eridanus
Deep-eddied, and Alphéus, and the Nile;
Fair-flowing Ister, Strymon, and Meander,
Phasis and Rhesus; Achelous bright
With silver-circled tides; Heptaporus,
And Nessus; Haliacmon and Rhodíus;
Granícus, Ladon, Simois the divine,
Penéus, Hermus, and Sangarius vast;
Æsepus, and the smooth Caician stream;
Ardescus, and Parthenius, and Evenus;
And last divine Scamander.
Bore she then
A sacred race of Nymphs. O'er spacious earth
They with the rivers and the king of day
Claim the shorn locks of youth. This portion hold
From Jove, Admete, Pitho, and Ianthe,
Electra, Doris, Prymno, Cly'mene;
Urania, heavenly fair; Calliröe;
Rhodía, Hippo, and Pasithöe;
Plexaure, Clytie, and Melobosis;
Idya, Thöe, Xeuxo, Galaxaure;
And amiable Dione, and Circeis
Of nature soft, and Polydora fair;
Ploto the nymph of bright-dilated eye;
Perseis, Ianira, and Acaste;
Xanthe, the sweet Petrœa, saffron-rob'd
Telestho; Metis and Eurynome;
And Crisie, and Menestho, and Europa;
Asia, Calypso, love-enkindling nymph;
And A'mphiro, and Tyche, and Eudora:
Ocyröe, and Styx: but she the rest
Transcends in excellence. To Ocean these
Were born, and Tethys, Nymphs of elder birth;

But more untold remain. Three thousand nymphs
Of oceanic line, in beauty tread
With ample step, and far and wide dispers'd
Haunt the green earth and azure depth of lakes,
A blooming race of glorious goddesses.
As many rivers also, yet untold,
Rushing with hollow-dashing sound, were born
To awful Tethys: but their every name
Is not for mortal man to memorate,
Arduous; yet known to all the dwellers round.
Now Thia, yielding to Hyperion's love,
Bore the great Sun, and the resplendent Moon;
And Morn, that wide effuses rosy light
To all earth-wandering men, and deathless gods
Whose mansion is yon ample firmament.
Eurybia, noble midst the goddess race,
With Crius blending love, produc'd the god
Pallas, Astræus huge, and Perses, him
Transcending all in many-scienc'd lore.
The Morn to huge Astræus bore the Winds
Of spirit untam'd; East, West, and South, and North
Swift-rushing on his way, the goddess bore
Embracing with a god. Last, Lucifer,
The dawn-appearing star; and all the host
That crown with glittering light the vault of heaven.
Styx, ocean-nymph, with Pallas blending love
Bore Victory, whose feet are beautiful
In palaces; aspiring Zeal, and Strength,
And Force; illustrious children: nor apart
From Jove their mansion is: for never throne
Is set in heaven, for never passes forth
The Godhead on his way, but they are seen
Behind his glory. Where the Thunderer sits,
There stablish they their seat: so wisely wrought
The ocean-nymph, incórruptible Styx:
What time the Lightning-sender call'd from heav'n,
And summon'd to th' Olympian mountain vast
All Deities immortal; thus he spake:
"Hear, all ye gods! Whoe'er in aid of Jove
Shall give the Titans battle, he shall need
No heavenly gift; and all of honour held

Erst midst immortals, be his portion still·
And he that murmur'd under Saturn's reign,
Ungifted and unhonour'd, shall arise,
As justice claims, to honours and rewards."
Lo! then, incórruptible Styx the first,
Sway'd by the careful counsels of her sire,
Stood on Olympus; and her sons beside;
There grac'd with honour, and with goodly gifts.
Her Jove ordain'd the great tremendous oath
Of deities; her sons for evermore
Indwellers in the heavens. Alike to all,
E'en as he pledg'd that sacred word, the god
Perform'd: so reigns he, strong in power and might.
Now Phœbe sought the love-delighting couch
Of Cæus; and embracing with a god
Conceiv'd the goddess; and to her is born
Latona, rob'd with azure; ever mild;
To mortals placid and immortal gods;
Mild from her birth, and gladsome o'er the rest
In heaven.
Anon she fam'd Asteria bore,
Whom Perses, to his ample palace erst
Leading, proclaim'd his bride. She fruitful teem'd
With Hecaté, whom the Saturnian king
O'er all hath honour'd, and with glorious gifts
Endow'd: allotting her divided sway
O'er earth, and o'er the main untillable.
Nor less her honour in the starry skies
Chief rev'renc'd by immortals; and whoe'er
Of earth-born men with custom'd sacrifice
Propitiates Heaven, he then the name invokes
Of Hecaté; abundant honour straight
Shall follow on his path, if to that prayer
Gracious the goddess leans, and opulence
Attend his footsteps; for the power is hers.
O'er all the gods who born from earth and heaven
Receiv'd their share of glory, she supreme
Allotted empire holds: nor aught from her
Of all those honours midst the elder gods
Titanic held, hath Jove in violence
Revok'd, nor snatch'd away: but as it stood

In the beginning, so her portion'd power
Endures. She, sole-begotten, higher meed
Of glory hath obtain'd; far ampler sway
O'er heaven, and earth, and main: for her doth Jove
Delight to honour.
Lo! to whom she wills
Her presence is vouchsaf'd, and instant aid
Magnific: whom she views with gracious eyes,
He mid the forum o'er the people shines
Conspicuous. When the mailed men arise
To deadly battle, comes the goddess prompt
To whom she wills; bids rapid victory
Await them, and extends the wreath of fame.
She sits upon the sacred judgment-seat
Of venerable monarchs. She is found
Propitious, when in solemn games the youth
Contending strive: there is the goddess nigh
With succour: he whose hardiment and strength
Victorious prove, with ease the graceful palm
Achieving, joyous o'er his parents' age
Sheds a bright gleam of glory. She is known
To them propitious, who the fiery steed
Rein in the course; and them who labouring cleave
Through the blue watery vast th' untractable way.
They call upon the name of Hecaté
With vows; and his, loud-sounding god of waves,
Earth-shaker Neptune: easily at will
The glorious goddess yields the woodland prey
Abundant; easily, while scarce they start
On the mock'd vision, snatches them in flight.
She too with Hermes is propitious found
To herd and fold; and bids increase the droves
Innumerable of goats and fleecy flocks,
And swells their numbers, or their numbers thins.
The sole-begotten of her mother's love,
She thus is honour'd with all goodly gifts
Amongst immortals. Her did Jove appoint
The nursing-mother bland of infant youth;
Of all who thenceforth to the morn's broad light
Should raise the tender lid—this from the first
Her soothing office, and her honours these.

Embrac'd by Saturn, Rhea gave to light
A glorious race. She Vesta, Ceres, bore,
And Juno golden-sandal'd; and of heart
Ruthless, the mighty Pluto, him who dwells
In subterraneous palaces profound;
Earth-shaker Neptune; and consulting Jove,
The sire of gods and men, whose thunder-peal
Rocks the wide earth in elemental war.
But them, as issuing from the sacred womb
They touch'd the mother's knees, did Saturn huge
Devour, revolving in his troubled thought
Lest other of celestials midst the gods
Usurp the kingly sway: for to his ear
The tidings came, from Earth and Heaven star-crown'd,
That it was doom'd by Fate, strong though he were,
To his own son he should bow down his strength:—
Jove's wisdom this fulfill'd. No blind design
He therefore cherish'd, and in crooked craft
Devour'd his children.

But when now was nigh
The birth of Jove, the sire of gods and men,
Rhea both Heaven and Earth, her parents lov'd,
Besought, that they might counsel and advise
How secretly the babe may spring to light;
And how the father's furies 'gainst his race,
In subtlety devour'd, may meet revenge.
They to their daughter listen'd, and complied;
Proclaiming what the Destinies had doom'd
Of kingly Saturn and his dauntless son:
And her they sent to Lyctus, to the clime
Of fruitful Crete. And when her hour was come,
The birth of Jove her youngest-born, then Earth
Took to herself the mighty babe, to rear
With nurturing softness in the spacious isle
Of Crete. So came she then, transporting him
Swift through the darksome night, to Lyctus first;
And thence, upbearing in her arms, conceal'd
Beneath the sacred ground, in sunless cave,
Where shagg'd with densest woods th' Egean mount
Impends. But to th' imperial son of Heaven,

Whilom the king of gods, a stone she gave
Inwrapt in infant swathes; and this with grasp
Eager he snatch'd, and in his ravening breast
Convey'd away: unhappy! nor once thought
That for the stone his child behind remain'd
Invincible, secure; who soon, with hands
Of strength o'ercoming him, should cast him forth
From glory, and himself th' immortals rule.
Swift throve the monarch-infant, and his limbs
Teem'd with heroic vigour: and with lapse
Of years, by Earth's all-subtle prudence foil'd,
Huge Saturn, vers'd in mazy wiles, releas'd
His offspring, by the might and arts of Jove
Vanquish'd. He first the stone, the last devour'd,
Disgorg'd:—this Jove in Pythos all-divine
On earth's broad surface fix'd, in the deep cleft
Of high Parnassus, to succeeding times
A monument, and miracle to man.
The brethren of his father too he loos'd
From their oppressive bonds; the sons of Heaven,
Whom Heaven, their sire, had in his phrensy bound.
They the good deed in grateful memory bore;
And gave the thunder, and the burning bolt,
And lightning, which vast Earth had heretofore
Hid in her central caves: in these confides
The God, and reigns o'er deities and men.
With Cly'mene, the beauteous-ankled nymph
Of ocean, shar'd Iäpetus the bed
Of bridal love. She bore to him a son
Dauntless of heart, strong Atlas; the renown'd
Menœtius; and Prometheus vers'd in arts
Of various cunning: Epimetheus last,
Of erring soul, who from the first drew down
Sore evil on th' inventive race of man;
For he the first from Jove unwary took
The clay-form'd maid. Flagitious in offence,
Menœtius, by the smouldering lightning struck
Of wide-beholding Jove, to Erebus
Fell headlong, through immeasurable pride
Of impious guilt. But Atlas the broad heaven
By strong necessity upholds: his hands

And head he rears erect, against the clime
Where aye th' Hesperian Maids clear-warbling sing,
On earth's far verge—the heavenly Counsellor
This lot assign'd him: and Prometheus vers'd
In various wiles he bound with fettering chains
Indissoluble, chains of galling weight,
Midway a column. Down he sent from high
The broad-wing'd Eagle: she his liver gorg'd
Immortal; for it sprang with life, and grew
In the night-season, and the waste repair'd
Of what by day the bird of spreading wing
Devour'd. But fair Alcmena's valiant son
The torturer slew, and from Prometheus drove
The cruel plague, and freed him from his pangs.
Nor yet high-reigning Jove withstood; that thence
To Hercules of Thebes might glory arise
Far ampler, o'er the many-nurturing earth.
Him honouring, from his former wrath did Jove
Now rest; the wrath which heretofore he felt,
For that Prometheus 'gainst the wisdom strove
Of Jupiter th' omnipotent. When erst
The gods with mortals at Mecona held
Contention, a huge ox with ready thought
Dividing then, he set before the god
His wisdom to beguile: for here the flesh
And entrails in the hide depositing
With unctuous fat, the belly of the ox
He covering close o'erlaid; and there the bones
With cunning skill adjusting he dispos'd,
And in white fat envelop'd. Then the sire
Of gods and men:
"Son of Iäpetus!
O'er all of kingly race in arts renown'd,
O friend! how partial are thy portion'd shares!"
Thus of imperishable counsel spake
The god, and in his accent was reproach.
Him answer'd then Prometheus, deeply vers'd
In crooked subtlety, with laugh suppressed,
Nor of his arts forgetful:
"Glorious Jove!
Mightiest of ever-living gods! of these

Choose to thyself. e'en as thy thought persuades."
Musing deceit he spake; nor did not Jove,
Of counsel incorruptible, the fraud
Know and perceive; and in his inmost thought
Much evil he foredoom'd to mortal man
Which time should bring to pass. With both his hands
He the white fat uprais'd from earth, and wrath
Possess'd him: yea, his very soul was wroth,
When laid with cunning artifice he saw
The whitening bones. Thenceforth the tribes of earth
The whitening bones consume, when climbs the smoke
Wreath'd from their fragrant altars. Then again
Cloud-gatherer Jove with indignation spake:
"Son of Iäpetus! o'er all deep vers'd
In counsels, dost thou then remember yet
Thy arts delusive?"
So to wrath incens'd
Spake he of wisdom incorruptible:
And still the fraud remembering, from that hour
The strength of unexhausted fire denied
To all the dwellers upon earth. But him
Benevolent Prometheus did beguile:
The far-seen splendour in a hollow reed
He stole, of inexhaustible flame. But then
Resentment stung the Thunderer's inmost soul;
And his heart chaf'd in anger, when he saw
The fire far-gleaming in the midst of men.
Straight for the flame bestow'd devis'd he ill
To man. And now the crippled artist-god,
Illustrious, moulded from the yielding clay
A bashful virgin's image, as advis'd
Saturnian Jove. Then Pallas azure-eyed
Bound with the zone her bosom, and with robe
Of silvery whiteness deck'd her folded limbs;
With her own hands a variegated veil
Plac'd on her head, all-marvellous to sight;
Twin'd with her tresses a delicious wreath
Of mingled verdure and fresh-blooming flowers;
And clasp'd her brows with diadem of gold:—
This Vulcan with his glorious hands had fram'd
Elaborate, pleasing to the sire of gods.

Full many works of curious craft, to sight
Wondrous, he grav'd thereon; full many beasts
Of earth, and fishes of the rolling main;
Of these innumerable he there had wrought—
And elegance of art there shone profuse,
And admirable—e'en as though they mov'd
In very life, and utter'd animal sounds.
But now when this fair mischief, seeming-good,
His hand had perfected, he led her forth
Exulting in her grac'd attire, the gift
Of Pallas, in the midst of gods and men.
On men and gods in that same moment seiz'd
The ravishment of wonder, when they saw
The deep deceit, th' inextricable snare.
For lo! from her descend the tender sex
Of Woman—a pernicious kind: on earth
They dwell, destructive to the race of men:
With Luxury they, not life-consuming Want,
Fitly consorted. And as drones within
The close-roof'd hive, coöperative in works
Slothful and base, are nurtur'd by the bees,—
These all the day till sinks the ruddy sun
Haste on the wing, 'their murm'ring labours ply,'
And still cement the white and waxen comb;
Those lurk within the sheltering hive close-roof'd,
And gather in their greedy maw the spoils
Of others' labour,—such are womankind;
They whom the Thunderer sent, a bane to man,
Ill helpmates of intolerable toils.
More evil yet he gave, in semblance veil'd
Of good: for whoso, from the nuptial tie
Averse, and vexing cares of woman-state,
Wills not to wed, but destitute of her
The cherisher of age, consum'd by years
Declines alone; he though perchance he live
With plenty blest, yet in the death-hour leaves
His wealth dispersed to strangers from his blood.
Or he whose lot is marriage, and whose bride
Of modest fame, congenial to his heart,
Shall find that evil clashing with the good
Contends perpetual. But the man who gains

Her of injurious kind, lives bearing deep
A wound within; in heart and soul a grief
Endless, and irremediable despair.
Therefore it is not given thee to deceive
The god, nor yet elude th' omniscient mind.
For not Prometheus, void of blame to man,
Could 'scape the burden of oppressive wrath;
And vain his various wisdom; vain to free
From pangs, or burst th' inextricable chain.
When first their sire 'gainst Cottus, Briareus,
And Gyges, felt his moody anger chafe
Within him,—sore amaz'd with that their strength
Immeasurable, their aspect fierce, and bulk
Gigantic,—with a chain of iron force
He bound them down, and fix'd their dwelling-place
Beneath the spacious ground: beneath the ground
They dwelt, in pain and durance: in th' abyss
There sitting, where earth's utmost bound'ries end.
Full long opprest with mighty grief of heart
They brooded o'er their woes: but them did Jove
Saturnian, and those other deathless gods
Whom fair-hair'd Rhea bore to Saturn's love,
By counsel wise of Earth, lead forth again
To light. For she successive all things told:
How with the giant brethren they should win
The glory bright of conquest.
Long they fought
With toil soul-harrowing; they the deities
Titanic and Saturnian; each to each
Oppos'd, in valour of promiscuous war.
From Othrys' lofty summit warr'd the host
Of glorious Titans; from Olympus they
The band of gift-dispensing deities
Whom fair-hair'd Rhea bore to Saturn's love.
So wag'd they war soul-harrowing: each with each
Ten years and more the furious battle join'd
Unintermitted: nor to either host
Was issue of stern strife, nor end: alike
Did either stretch the limit of the war.
But now when Jove had set before his powers
All things befitting; the repast of gods

The nectar and ambrosia, in each breast
Kindled th' heroic spirit: and now all
The nectar and ambrosia sweet had shar d,
When spake the father of the gods and men:
"Hear, ye illustrious race of Earth and Heaven,
What now the soul within me prompts. Full long
Day after day in battle have we stood
Oppos'd, Titanic and Saturnian gods,
For conquest and for empire: still do ye,
In deadly combat with the Titans join'd,
Strength mighty and unconquerable hands
Display: remembering our benignant love
And tender mercies which ye prov'd, again
From restless agony of bondage ris'n,
So will'd our counsel, and from gloom to day."
He spake; when answer'd Cottus the renown'd:
"O Jove august! not darkly hast thou said:
Nor know we not how excellent thou art
In wisdom; from a curse most horrible
Rescuing immortals: O imperial son
Of Saturn! by thy counsels have we ris'n
Again, from bitter bondage and the depth
Of darkness, all unhoping of relief:
Then with persisting spirit and device
Of prudent warfare, shall we still assert
Thy empire midst the rage of arms, and still
In hardy conflict brave the Titan foe."
He ceas'd. The gift-dispensing gods around
Heard, and in praise assented: nor till then
So burn'd each breast with ardour to destroy.
All on that day rous'd infinite the war,
Female and male: the Titan deities,
The gods from Saturn sprung, and those whom Jove
From subterraneous gloom releas'd to light:
Terrible, strong, of force enormous; burst
A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge;
From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then array'd
Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
And in their nervous grasp wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks On th' other side alert

The Titan phalanx clos'd : then hands of strength
Join'd prowess, and display'd the works of war.
Tremendous then th' immeasurable sea
Roar'd ; earth resounded : the wide heaven throughout
Groan'd shattering : from its base Olympus vast
Reel'd to the violence of gods : the shock
Of deep concussion rock'd the dark abyss
Remote of Tartarus : the shrilling din
Of hollow tramplings, and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they reciprocal their weapons hurl'd
Groan-scattering ; and the shout of either host
Burst in exhorting ardour to the stars
Of heaven ; with mighty war-cries either host
Encountering clos'd.
Nor longer then did Jove
Curb his full power ; but instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was fill'd
With his omnipotence. At once he loos'd
His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian, flash'd
With his continual presence ; for he pass'd
Incessant forth, and scatter'd fires on fires.
Hurl'd from his hardy grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift ; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendour, and the thunderbolt
Fell : roar'd around the nurture-yielding earth
In conflagration, far on every side
Th' immensity of forests crackling blaz'd :
Yea, the broad earth burn'd red, the streams that mix
With ocean, and the deserts of the sea.
Round and around the Titan brood of Earth
Roll'd the hot vapour on its fiery surge ;
The liquid heat air's pure expanse divine
Suffus'd : the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from writhen lightnings, each dim orb,
Strong though they were, intolerable smote,
And scorch'd their blasted vision. Through the void
Of Erebus, the preternatural glare
Spread, mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,

Had been, as if midway the spacious heaven,
Hurtling with earth, shock'd—e'en as nether earth
Crash'd from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruining from high. So vast the din,
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roar'd from heaven.
Shrill rush'd the hollow winds, and rous'd throughout
A shaking, and a gathering dark of dust,
The crush of thunders and the glare of flames,
The fiery darts of Jove: full in the midst
Of either host they swept the roaring sound
Of tempest, and the shouting: mingled rose
The din of dreadful battle. There stern strength
Put forth the proof of prowess, till the fight
Declin'd: but first in opposite array
Full long they stood, and bore the brunt of war.
Amid the foremost towering in the van
The war-unsated Gyges, Briareus,
And Cottus, bitterest conflict wag'd: for they
Successive thrice a hundred rocks in air
Hurl'd from their sinewy grasp: with missile storm
The Titan host o'ershadowing, them they drove
All-haughty as they were, with hands of strength
O'ercoming them, beneath th' expanse of earth,
And bound with galling chains; so far beneath
This earth, as earth is distant from the sky:
So deep the space to darksome Tartarus.
A brazen anvil rushing from the sky
Through thrice three days would toss in airy whirl,
Nor touch this earth till the tenth sun arose:
Or down earth's chasm precipitate revolve,
Nor till the tenth sun rose attain the verge
Of Tartarus. A fence of massive brass
Is forg'd around: around the pass is roll'd
A night of triple darkness; and above
Impend the roots of earth and barren sea.
There the Titanic gods in murkiest gloom
Lie hidden, such the cloud-assembler's will;
There in a place of darkness, where vast earth
Has end: from thence no egress open lies:
Neptune's huge hand with brazen gates the mouth

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Has clos'd; a wall environs every side.
There Gyges, Cottus, high-soul'd Briareus
Dwell vigilant, the faithful sentinels
Of ægis-bearer Jove. Successive there
The dusky earth, and darksome Tartarus,
The sterile ocean, and the star-bright heaven,
Arise and end, their source and boundary.
A drear and ghastly wilderness, abhorr'd
E'en by the gods; a vast vacuity:
Might none the space of one slow-circling year
Touch the firm soil, that portal enter'd once,
But him the whirl of vexing hurricanes
Toss to and fro. E'en by immortals loath'd
This prodigy of horror. There of Night
Obscure the dismal dwellings rise, with mists
Of darkness overspread. Full in the front
Atlas upholding heaven his forehead rears
And indefatigable hands. There Night
And Day near passing, mutual greeting still
Exchange, alternate as they glide athwart
The brazen threshold vast. This enters, that
Forth issues; nor the two can one abode
At once constrain. This passes forth, and roams
The round of earth; that in the mansion waits,
Till the due season of her travel come.
Lo! from the one the far-discerning light
Beams upon earthly dwellers; but a cloud
Of pitchy blackness veils the other round,
Pernicious Night, aye-leading in her hand
Sleep, Death's half-brother; sons of gloomy Night,
There hold they habitation, Death and Sleep,
Dread deities; nor them the shining Sun
E'er with his beam contemplates, when he climbs
The cope of heaven, nor when from heaven descends.
Of these the one glides o'er the gentle space
Of earth and broad expanse of ocean waves,
Placid to man: the other has a heart
Of iron; in his breast a brazen soul
Is bosom'd, ruthless: whom of men he grasps
Stern he retains, e'en to immortal gods
A foe.

The hollow-sounding palaces
Of subterraneous gods there in the front
Ascend, of mighty Pluto and his queen
Awful Persephone. A grisly dog,
Implacable, holds watch before the gates;
Of guile malicious. Them who enter there,
With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes;
But suffers not that they with backward step
Repass: whoe'er would issue from the gates
Of Pluto strong and stern Persephone,
For them with marking eye he lurks; on them
Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours.
There, odious to immortals, dreadful Styx
Inhabits, refluent Ocean's eldest-born:
She from the gods apart for ever dwells
In mansions known to fame, with arching roofs
O'erhung, of loftiest rock, and all around
The silver columns lean upon the skies.
Swift-footed Iris, nymph of Thaumas born,
Takes with no frequent embassy her way
O'er the broad main's expanse, when haply strife
Be risen, and midst the gods dissension sown.
And if there be among th' Olympian race
Who falsehood utters, Jove sends Iris down,
To bear from far, in ewer of gold, the wave
Renown'd; that from the summit of a rock
Steep, lofty, cold distils. Beneath wide Earth
Abundant from the sacred parent-flood,
Through shades of blackest night, the Stygian branch
Of Ocean flows: a tenth of all the streams
To the dread oath allotted. In nine streams
Round and around earth and the ocean broad
With silver whirlpools mazy-roll'd, at length
It falls into the main: one stream alone
Glides from the rock, a mighty bane to gods.
Who of immortals that inhabit still
Olympus topt with snow, libation pours
And is forsworn, he one whole year entire
Lies reft of breath, nor yet approaches once
The nectar'd and ambrosial sweet repast:
But still reclines on the spread festive couch

Mute, breathless; and a mortal lethargy
Overwhelms him: but, his malady absolv'd
With the great round of the revolving year,
More ills on ills afflictive seize: nine years
From ever-living deities remote
His lot is cast: in council nor in feast
Once joins he, till nine years entire are full:
The tenth again he mingles with the blest
In synod, who th' Olympian mansions hold.
So great an oath the deities of heaven
Decreed the waters incorruptible,
Ancient, of Styx: who sweeps with wandering waves
A rugged region; where of dusky Earth,
And darksome Tartarus, and Ocean waste,
And the starr'd Heaven, the source and boundary
Successive rise and end: a dreary wild
And ghastly, e'en by deities abhorr'd.
There gates resplendent rise; the threshold brass;
Immoveable, on deep foundations fix'd,
Self-fram'd: before it the Titanic gods
Abide, without th' assembly of the blest,
Beyond the gulf of darkness: there beneath
The ocean-roots, th' auxiliaries renown'd
Of Jove loud-thundering, Gyges, Cottus, dwell:
But the deep-sounding shaker of the shores,
Hailing him son, to Briareus consign'd,
Brave as he was, his daughter for a bride,
Cymopolía.

Now when Jove from heaven
Had cast the Titans forth, huge Earth embrac'd
By Tartarus, through love's all-golden queen,
Her youngest-born Typhœus bore; whose hands
Of strength are fitted to stupendous deeds,
And indefatigable are the feet
Of the strong god; and from his shoulders rise
A hundred snaky heads of dragon growth,
Horrible, quivering with their blackening tongues.
In each amazing head from eyes that roll'd
Within their sockets fire shone sparkling; fire
Blaz'd from each head, the whilst he roll'd his glance
Glaring around him. In those fearful heads

Were voices of all sound, miraculous:
Now utter'd they distinguishable tones
Meet for the ear of gods; now of a bull
The cry, loud-bellowing and untameable
In strength; and now the mighty roaring sound
As of a dauntless lion; now the yell
Of whelps most strange to hear; and breath'd he now
Shrill hissings, that the lofty mountains rang.
Then had a dread event that fatal day
Inevitable fallen, and he had rul'd
O'er mortals and immortals; but the sire
Of gods and men the peril instant knew,
Intuitive, and vehement and strong
He thunder'd: instantaneous all around
Earth reel'd with horrible crash; the firmament
Roar'd of high heaven; the ocean-streams and seas
And uttermost caverns. While the king in wrath
Uprose, beneath his everlasting feet
Trembled Olympus; groan'd the stedfast earth.
From either side a burning radiance caught
The darkly rolling ocean, from the flash
Of lightnings, and the monster's darted flame,
Hot thunderbolts, and blasts of fiery winds.
Glow'd earth, air, sea; the billows heav'd on high
Foam'd round the shores, and dash'd on every side
Beneath the rush of gods. Concussion wild
And unappeasable uprose: aghast
The gloomy monarch of th' infernal dead
Trembled; the sub-tartarean Titans heard
E'en where they stood, and Saturn in the midst;
They heard appall'd the unextinguish'd rage
Of tumult, and the din of dreadful war.
Now when the god, the fulness of his might
Gathering at once, had grasp'd his radiant arms,
The glowing thunderbolt and bickering flame,
He from the summit of th' Olympian mount
Leap'd at a bound, and smote him: hiss'd at once
The horrible monster's heads enormous, scorch'd
In one conflagrant blaze. When thus the god
Had quell'd him, thunder-smitten, mangled, prone,
He fell; beneath his weight earth groaning shook.

Flame from the lightning-stricken prodigy
Flash'd, midst the mountain-hollows, rugged, dark,
Where he fell smitten. Broad earth glow'd intense
From that unbounded vapour, and dissolv'd :—
As fusile tin by art of youths above
The wide-brimm'd vase up-bubbling foams with heat ;
Or iron, hardest of the mine, subdued
By burning flame, amid the mountain dells
Melts in the sacred caves beneath the hands
Of Vulcan,—so earth melted in the glare
Of blazing fire. He down wide Hell's abyss
His victim hurl'd in bitterness of soul.
Lo ! from Typhœus is the strength of the winds
Moist-blowing ; save the south, north, east, and west ;
These born from gods, a blessing great to man :
Those, unavailing gusts, o'er the waste sea
Breathe barren ; with sore peril fraught to man,
In whirlpool rage fall black upon the deep :
Now here, now there, they rush with stormy gale,
Scatter the rolling barks, and whelm in death
The mariner ; an evil succourless
To men who midst the ocean-ways their blast
Encounter. They again o'er all th' expanse
Of flowery earth the pleasant works of man
Despoil, and fill the blacken'd air with cloud
Of eddying dust and hollow rustlings drear.
But when the blest of heaven had now fulfill'd
Their toils, for meed of glory 'gainst the gods
Titanic, striving in their strength, they now,
Counsell'd by Earth, exhort Olympian Jove,
Of wide-beholding eyes, to regal sway
And empire o'er immortals :—he to them
Due honours portion'd with an equal hand.
First as a bride the monarch of the gods
Led Metis : her o'er deities and men
Vers'd in all knowledge. But when now at length
She would have given to birth the blue-eyed maid
Minerva, he with treacheries of smooth speech
Her thought beguiling, her within himself
Deposited : so Earth and Heaven star-crown'd
Had counsell'd ; him they both advising warn'd,

Lest, in the place of Jove, another seize
The kingly honour o'er immortal gods.
For so the Fates had destin'd, that from her
An offspring should be born, of wisest strain
First the Tritonian virgin azure-eyed;
Of equal might and prudence with her sire:
And then a son, king over gods and men,
Had she brought forth, invincible of soul,
But Jove before that hour within himself
Deposited the goddess; evermore
So warning him of evil and of good.
Next led he Themis beauteous-bright, who bore
Order, and Justice, and the blooming Peace,
The Hours by name, who shed a grace o'er all
The works of man.
Eurynome, the nymph
Of ocean, grac'd with all-engaging form,
Three daughters bore to Jove: the Graces fair
Of cheek, Aglaia, Thália winning-soft,
Euphrosyne; their eyelids as they gaze
Drop love, unnerving; and beneath the shade
Of their arch'd brows they steal the sidelong glance
Of sweetness.
To the couch anon he came
Of many-nurturing Ceres: Proserpine
She bore, the snowy-arm'd; her gloomy Dis
Snatch'd from her mother, and all-prudent Jove
Consign'd the prize.
Next lov'd he fair of locks
Mnemosyne; from her the Muses nine
Are born; their brows with golden fillets wreath'd;
Whom feasts delight, and rapture sweet of song.
In mingled transport with Egean Jove
Latona shaft-rejoicing Dian bore,
And Phœbus, loveliest of the race of heaven.
He last the blooming Juno clasp'd as bride:
She Hebe, Mars, Lucina bore; in love
Consenting, with the king of gods and men
He from his head disclos'd himself to birth
The blue-eyed maid Tritonian Pallas; fierce,
Rousing the war-field's tumult; unsubdued;

Leader of armies; awful: whom delight
The shout of battle and the shock of war.
Without th' embrace of love did Juno bear
Illustrious Vulcan, o'er celestials grac'd
With arts; and strove, and struggled with her spouse
Emulous.
From the loud-resounding god,
Shaker of earth, and Amphitrite, sprang
Sea-potent Triton huge: beneath the main
Fast by his mother and his monarch sire
He dwells in golden edifice, a god
Of awful might.
Now Venus gave to Mars,
Breaker of shields, a dreadful offspring: Fear,
And Consternation; they in rout confound
Of horrid war the phalanx dense of men,
With city-spoiler Mars. Harmonia last
She bore, whom generous Cadmus clasp'd as bride.
Daughter of Atlas Maia bore to Jove
The glorious Hermes, herald of the gods,
The sacred couch ascending.
Semele,
Daughter of Cadmus, melting in embrace
With Jove, gave jocund Bacchus to the light;
A mortal, an immortal; now alike
Immortal deities.
Alcmena bore
Strong Hercules, dissolving in embrace
With the cloud-gatherer Jove.
The crippled god
In arts illustrious, Vulcan, as his bride
The gay Aglaia led, the youngest Grace.
Bacchus of golden hair, his blooming spouse,
Daughter of Minos, Ariadne, clasp'd,
With yellow tresses; her Saturnian Jove
Immortal made, and fearless of decay.
Fair-limb'd Alcmena's valiant son, achiev'd
His agonizing labours, Hebe led
A bashful bride, the daughter of great Jove,
And Juno golden-sandal'd, on the top
Snow-crested of Olympus. Blest who thus,

A mighty task accomplish'd, midst the gods
Uninjur'd dwells, and free from withering age
For evermore.
Perseis, ocean nymph
Illustrious, to th' unwearied Sun produc'd
Circe and king Æetes.
By the will
Of heaven, Æetes vaunting for his sire,
The world-enlightening Sun, Idya led
Cheek-blooming, nymph of ocean's perfect stream:
And through all-golden Venus she to love
Subdued, Medea beauteous-ankled bore.
And now farewell, ye heavenly habitants!
Ye islands, and ye continents of earth!
And thou, O main! of briny wave profound!
O sweet of speech, Olympian Muses! born
From ægis-bearer Jove, sing now the tribe
Of goddesses, whoe'er, by mortals clasp'd
In love, have borne a race resembling gods. . . .
Ceres, divinest goddess, in soft joy
Blends with Iäsius brave, in the rich tract
Of Crete, whose fallow'd glebe thrice-till'd abounds;
And Plutus bore, all-bountiful, who roams
Earth, and th' expanded surface of the sea;
And him that meets him on his way, whose hands
He grasps, him gifts he with abundant gold,
And large felicity.
Harmonia, born
Of golden Venus, gave to Cadmus' love
Ino and Semele, and fair of cheek
Agave, and Autonoë, the bride
Of Aristæus with the clustering locks,
And Polydorus, born in towery Thebes.
Aurora to Tythonus Memnon bore,
The brazen-helm'd, the Æthiopian king,
And king Hemathion; and to Cephalus
Bore she a son illustrious, Phaëton,
Gallantly brave, a mortal like to gods.
Whom while a youth, e'en in the tender flower
Of glorious prime, a boy, and vers'd alone
In what a boy may know, love's amorous queen
Snatch'd with swift rape away, and in her fane

Sacred, appointed as her nightly priest,
And genius of her sanctuary, divine.
Jason Æsonides, by heaven's high will,
Bore from Æetes, foster-son of Jove,
His daughter; those afflictive toils achiev'd,
Which Pelias mighty monarch, bold in wrong,
Unrighteous, violent of deed, impos'd:
And much-enduring reach'd th' Iolchian coast,
Wafting in winged bark the jet-eyed maid
His blooming spouse. She yielding thus in love
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore
Medeus, whom the son of Philyra,
Sage Chiron, midst the mountain-solitudes
Train'd up to man: thus were high Jove's designs
Fulfill'd.
Now Psamathe, the goddess fam'd
Who sprang from ancient Nereus of the sea,
Bore Phocus; through the golden queen of love
By Æacus embrac'd.
To Peleus' arms
Resign'd, the silver-footed Thetis bore
Achilles lion-hearted, cleaving fierce
The ranks of men.
Wreath'd Cytherea bore
Æneas; blending in ecstatic love
With brave Anchises, on the verdant top
Of Ida, wood-embosom'd, many-val'd.
Now Circe, from the Sun Hyperion-born
Descended, with the much-enduring man
Ulysses blending love, Latinus brave,
Blameless, and Agrius bore: who left remote
Their native seats in Circe's hallow'd isles,
And o'er the Tyrrhene tribes illustrious reign'd.
Calypso noble midst the goddess race
Clasp'd wise Ulysses: and from rapturous love
Nausithous and Nausinous gave to day.
Lo, these were they, who yielding to embrace
Of mortal men, themselves immortal, gave
A race resembling gods.
O now the tribe
Of gentle women sing! Olympian maids!
Ye Muses, born from ægis-bearer Jove!

THE

SHIELD OF HERCULES.

A FRAGMENT.

ARGUMENT.

I. The arrival of Alcmena at Thebes as the companion of her husband's exile. The expedition of Amphitryon against the Teloboans. The artifice of Jupiter, who anticipates his return, and steals the embraces of Alcmena. The birth of Hercules.

II. The meeting of Hercules with Cygnus. The description of his armour, and particularly of THE SHIELD, diversified with sculptured imagery.

III. The Combat.

OR as Alcmena, from Electryon born,
The guardian of his people, her lov'd home
And natal soil abandoning, to Thebes
Came with Amphitryon, with the brave in war.
She all the gentle race of womankind
In height surpass'd and beauty: nor with her
Might one in prudence vie, of all who sprang
From mortal fair-ones, blending in embrace
With mortal men: both from her tressed head,
And from the darkening lashes of her eyes,
She breath'd enamouring fragrance, like the breath
Of love's all-charming goddess: fair she was,
But not the less her consort with heart-love
Rever'd she; so had never woman lov'd.
Yet he her noble sire by violent strength
Had slain, amid those herds the cause of strife,
Madden'd to sudden rage: his native soil
He left, and thence to the Cadmean state,
Shield-bearing tribe, came supplicant: and there
Dwelt with his modest spouse, yet from the joys
Of love estranged: for might he not the couch

Ascend of her the beautiful of feet,
Till for the slaughter of her brethren brave
His arm had wreak'd revenge, and burn'd with fire
The guilty cities of those warlike men,
Taphians and Teloboans. This the task
Assign'd; the gods on high that solemn vow
Had witness'd:—of their anger visitant
In fear he stood, and speeded in all haste
T' achieve the mighty feat impos'd by Heaven.
Him the Bœotians, gorers of the steed,
Who, coveting the war-shout and the shock
Of battle, o'er the buckler breathe aloft
Their open valour; him the Locrian race,
Close-combating; and of undaunted soul
The Phocians follow'd: towering in the van
Amphitryon gallant shone, and in his host
Gloried. But other counsel secret wove
Within his breast the sire of gods and men—
That both to gods and to th' inventive race
Of man, a great deliverer might arise
Sprung from his loins, of plague-repelling fame.
Deep-framing in his inmost soul deceit,
He through the nightly darkness took his way
From high Olympus, glowing with the love
Of her, the fair-one of the graceful zone.
Swift to the Typhaonian mount he pass'd:
To lofty Phycium thence approach'd;—sublime
There sitting, the wise counsellor of heaven
Revolv'd a work divine. That self-same night,
Of her who stately treads with ample pace
He sought the couch; and melting in her arms
Took there his fill of love. That self-same night
The host-arousing chief, the mighty deed
Perform'd, in glory to his home return'd;
Nor to the vassals and the shepherd hinds
His footstep bent, before he climb'd the couch
Of his Alcmena: such inflaming love
Seiz'd in the deep recesses of his heart
The chief of thousands. And as he that scarce
Escapes, and *yet* escapes, from grievous plague
Or the hard-fettering chain, flees free away

Joyful,—so struggling through that arduous toil
With pain accomplish'd, wishful, eager, trac'd
The prince his homeward way. The livelong night
He with the modest partner of his bed
Embracing lay, and revell'd in delight
The bounteous bliss of love's all-charming queen.
Thus by a god and by the first of men
Alike subdued to love, Alcmena gave
Twin-brethren birth, within the seven-fold gates
Of Thebes: yet brethren though they were, unlike
Their natures; this of weaker strain, but that
Far more of man, valorous, and stern, and strong.
Him, Hercules, conceiv'd she from th' embrace
Of the cloud-darkener: to th' Alcæan chief,
Shaker of spears, gave Iphiclus: a race
Distinct; nor wonder: this of mortal man,
That of imperial Jove; the same that slew
The lofty-minded Cygnus, born from Mars.
For in the grove of the far-darting god
He found him; and insatiable of war
His father Mars beside. Both bright in arms,
Bright as the sheen of burning flame, they stood
On their high chariot; and the horses fleet
Trampled the ground with rending hoofs: around
In parted circle smok'd the cloudy dust,
Up-dash'd beneath the trampling hoofs, and cars
Of complicated frame. The well-fram'd cars
Rattled aloud; loud clash'd the wheels; while rapt
In their full speed the horses flew. Rejoic'd
The noble Cygnus; for the hope was his,
Jove's warlike offspring and his charioteer
To slay, and strip them of their gorgeous mail.
But to his vows the Prophet-god of day
Turn'd a deaf ear; for he himself set on
Th' assault of Hercules. Now all the grove,
And Phœbus' altar, flash'd with glimmering arms
Of that tremendous god; himself blaz'd light,
And darted radiance from his eyeballs glar'd
As it were flame. But who of mortal mould
Had e'er endur'd in daring opposite
To rush before him, save but Hercules,

And Ioläus, an illustrious name?
For mighty force was theirs, and hands of strength
Outstretch'd in valour unapproachable;—
He therefore thus bespake his charioteer:
"O hero Ioläus! dearest far
To me, of all the race of mortal men;
I deem it sure that 'gainst the blest of heaven
Amphitryon sinn'd, when to the fair-wall'd Thebes
He came, forsaking Tirynth's well-built walls,
Electryon midst the strife of wide-brow'd herds
Slain by his hand: to Creon suppliant came,
And her of flowing robe, Henioche;
Who straight embrac'd, and all of needful aid
Lent hospitable, as to suppliant due:
And more for this, e'en from the heart they gave
All honour and observance. So he liv'd
Exulting in his beauteous-ankled spouse
Alcmena: when roll'd round the rapid year,
We, far unlike in stature and in soul,
Were born, thy sire and I: him Jove bereav'd
Of wisdom; who from his parental home
Went forth, and to the fell Eurystheus bore
His homage. Wretch! for he most sure bewail'd
In after-time that grievous fault, the which
Irrevocable is. On me has Fate
Laid heavy labours. But, O friend! O now
Quick snatch the crimson reins of these my steeds
Rapid of hoof; the manly courage rouse
Within thee: now with strong unerring grasp
Guide the swift chariot's whirl, and wind the steeds
Rapid of hoof: fear nought the dismal yell
Of mortal-slayer Mars, whilst to and fro
He ranges fierce Apollo's hallow'd grove
With phrensying shout: for, be he as he may
War-mighty, he of war shall take his fill."
Then answer'd Ioläus: "O rever'd!
Doubtless the father of the gods and men
Thy head delights to honour; and the god
Who keeps the wall of Thebes, and guards her towers,
Bull-visag'd Neptune: so be sure they give
Unto thy hand this mortal strong and huge,

That from the conflict thou mayst bear away
High glory. But now haste—in warlike mail
Dress now thy limbs, that, rapidly as thought
Mingling the shock of cars, we may be join'd
In battle. He th' undaunted son of Jove
Shall strike not with his terrors, nor yet me
Iphiclides: but swiftly, as I deem,
Shall he to flight betake him, from the race
Of brave Alcæus; who now pressing nigh
Gain on their foes, and languish for the shout
Of closing combat; to their eager ear
More grateful than the banquet's revelry."
He said; and Hercules smil'd stern his joy
Elate of thought: for he had spoken words
Most welcome. Then with winged accents thus:
"Jove-foster'd hero! it is e'en at hand,
The battle's rough encounter; thou, as erst,
In martial prudence firm, aright, aleft,
With 'vantage of the fray, unerring guide
Arion huge, the sable-maned, and me
Aid in the doubtful contest as thou mayst."
Thus having said, his legs he sheath'd in greaves
Of mountain-brass, resplendent-white; the gift
Glorious of Vulcan: o'er his breast he drew
The corselet, variegated, beautiful,
Of shining gold; this Jove-born Pallas gave.
When first he rush'd to meet the mingling groans
Of battle, then the mighty man athwart
His shoulder slung the sword whose edge repels
Th' approach of mortal harms: and clasp'd around
His bosom, and reclining o'er his back,
He cast the hollow quiver; lurk'd therein
Full many arrows; shuddering horror they
Inflicted, and the agony of death
Sudden, that chokes the suffocative voice:
The points were barb'd with death, and bitter steep'd
In human tears: burnish'd the lengthening shafts;
And they were feather'd from the tawny plume
Of eagles. Now he grasp'd the solid spear
Sharpen'd with brass; and on his brows of strength
Plac'd the forg'd helm, high-wrought in adamant,

That cas'd the temples round, and fenc'd the head
Divine.
His hands then rais'd THE SHIELD, of disk
Diversified; might none with missile aim
Pierce, or th' impenetrable substance rive
Shattering. A wondrous frame; since all throughout
Bright with enamel, and with ivory,
And mingled metal; and with ruddy gold
Refulgent, and with azure plates inlaid.
The scaly terror of a dragon coil'd
Full in the central field; unspeakable;
With eyes oblique retorted, that aslant
Shot gleaming flame; his hollow jaw was fill'd
Dispersedly with jagged fangs of white,
Grim, unapproachable.
And next above
The dragon's forehead fell, stern Strife in air
Hung hovering, and array'd the war of men:
Haggard; whose aspect from all mortals reft
All mind and soul, whoe'er in brunt of arms
Should match their strength, and face the son of Jove,
Below this earth their spirits to th' abyss
Descend; and through the flesh that wastes away
Beneath the parching sun, their whitening bones
Start forth, and moulder in the sable dust.
Pursuit was there, and fiercely rallying Flight,
Tumult and Terror: burning Carnage glow'd;
Wild Discord madden'd there, and frantic Rout
Rang'd to and fro. A deathful Destiny
There grasp'd a living man, that bled afresh
From recent wound; another yet unharm'd
Dragg'd furious; and a third already dead
Trail'd by the feet amid the throng of war:—
And o'er her shoulders was a garment thrown,
Dabbled with human blood; and in her look
Was horror; and a deep funereal cry
Broke from her lips.
There, indescribable,
Twelve serpent heads rose dreadful; and with fear
Froze all who drew on earth the breath of life,
Whoe'er should match their strength in brunt of arms,

And face the son of Jove: and oft as he
Mov'd to the battle, from their clashing fangs
A sound was heard. Such miracles display'd
The buckler's field, with living blazonry
Resplendent: and those fearful snakes were streak'd
O'er their cœrulean backs with streaks of jet;
And their jaws blacken'd with a jetty dye.
Wild from the forest, herds of boars were there,
And lions, mutual glaring; and in wrath
Leap'd on each other; and by troops they drove
Their onset: nor yet these nor those recoil'd,
Nor quak'd in fear: of both the backs uprose
Bristling with anger: for a lion huge
Lay stretch'd amidst them, and two boars beside
Lifeless; the sable blood down-dropping ooz'd
Into the ground. So these with bowed backs
Lay dead beneath the terrible lions: they,
For this the more incens'd, both savage boars
And tawny lions, chafing sprang to war.
There, too, the battle of the Lapithæ
Was wrought; the spear-arm'd warriors: Cæneus king,
Hopleus, Phalérus, and Pirithous,
And Dryas and Exadius; Prolochus,
Mopsus of Titaressa, Ampyx' son,
A branch of Mars, and Theseus like a god:
Son of Ægéus:—silver were their limbs,
Their armour golden: and to them oppos'd
The Centaur band stood thronging: Asbolus,
Prophet of birds, Petræus huge of height,
Arctus, and Urius, and of raven locks
Mimas: the two Peucidæ, Dryalus,
And Perimedes; all of silver frame,
And grasping golden pine-trees in their hands.
At once they onset made; in very life
They rush'd, and hand to hand tumultuous clos'd
With pines and clashing spears.
There fleet of hoof
The steeds were standing of stern-visag'd Mars
In gold: and he himself, tearer of spoils,
Life-waster, purpled all with dropping blood,
As one who slew the living and despoil'd,

Loud-shouting to the warrior-infantry
There vaulted on his chariot: him beside
Stood Fear and Consternation; high their hearts
Panted, all eager for the war of men.
There too Minerva rose, leader of hosts,
Resembling Pallas when she would array
The marshall'd battle. In her grasp her spear,
And on her brows a golden helm; athwart
Her shoulders thrown her ægis; went she forth
In this array to meet the dismal shout
Of war.
And there a tuneful choir appear'd
Of heaven's immortals: in the midst, the son
Of Jove and of Latona sweetly rang
Upon his golden harp; th' Olympian mount,
Dwelling of gods, thrill'd back the broken sound.
And there were seen th' assembly of the gods
Listening: encircled with beatitude:
And in sweet contest with Apollo there
The virgins of Pieria rais'd the strain
Preluding; and they seem'd as though they sang
With clear sonorous voice.
And there appear'd
A sheltering haven from the rage untam'd
Of ocean. It was wrought of tin, refin'd,
And rounded by the chisel; and it seem'd
Like to the dashing wave: and in the midst
Full many dolphins chas'd the fry, and show'd
As though they swam the waters, to and fro
Darting tumultuous. Two of silver scale,
Panting above the wave, the fishes mute
Gorg'd, that beneath them shook their quivering fins
In brass: but on the crag a fisher sat
Observant; in his grasp he held a net,
Like one that poising rises to the throw.
There was the knight of fair-hair'd Danaë born,
Perseus: nor yet the buckler with his feet
Touch'd, nor yet distant hover'd: strange to think
For nowhere on the surface of the shield
He rested: so the crippled artist-god
Illustrious, fram'd him with his hands in gold.

Bound to his feet were sandals wing'd : a sword
Of brass, with hilt of sable ebony,
Hung round him by the shoulders from a thong.
Swift e'en as thought he flew. The visage grim
Of monstrous Gorgon all his back o'erspread ;
And wrought in silver, wondrous to the sight,
A veil was drawn around it, whence in gold
Hung glittering fringes : and the dreadful helm
Of Pluto clasp'd the temples of the prince,
Shedding a night of darkness. Thus outstretcht
In air, he seem'd like one to trembling flight
Betaken. Close behind, the Gorgons twain,
Of nameless terror, unapproachable,
Came rushing : eagerly they stretch'd their arms
To seize him : from the pallid adamant
Audibly as they rush'd, the clattering shield
Clank'd with a sharp shrill sound : two grisly snakes
Hung from their girdles, and with forking tongues
Lick'd their inflected jaws : and violent gnash'd
Their fangs, fell-glaring : each grim Gorgon head
Shook horror.

Next above them warrior men
Wag'd battle, grasping weapons in their hands.
Some from their city and their sires repell'd
Destruction ; others hasten'd to destroy :
And many press'd the plain, but more still held
The combat. On the strong-constructed towers
Stood women, shrieking shrill, and rent their cheeks
In very life, by Vulcan's glorious craft.
The elders hoar with age assembled stood
Without the gates, and to the blessed gods
Their hands uplifted, for their fighting sons
Fear-stricken. These again the combat held.
Behind them stood the Fates, of aspect black,
Grim, slaughter-breathing, fell, insatiable,
With teeth white-gnashing ; and fierce conflict held
For those who fell. Each eager-thirsting sought
To quaff the sable blood. Whom first they snatch'd
Prostrate, or staggering with the fresh-made wound,
On him they struck their talons huge : the soul
Fled down th' abyss, the horror-freezing gulf

Of Tartarus. They, glutted to the heart
With human gore, behind them cast the corse;
And back with hurrying rage they turn'd to seek
The throng of battle. And hard by there stood
Clotho and Lachesis; and Atropos,
Somewhat in years inferior; nor was she
A mighty goddess, yet those other Fates
Exceeding, and of birth the elder far.
And all around one man in cruel strife
Were join'd; and on each other turn'd in wrath
Their glowing eyes; and mingling desperate hands
And talons, mutual strove.
And near to them
Stood Misery, wan, ghastly, worn with woe;
Arid and swoln of knees, with hunger's pains
Faint-falling: from her lean hands long the nails
Outgrew; an ichor from her nostrils flow'd;
Blood from her cheeks distill'd to earth; with teeth
All wide disclos'd in grinning agony
She stood: a cloud of dust her shoulders spread,
And her eyes ran with tears.
But next arose
A well-tower'd city, by seven golden gates
Enclos'd, that fitted to their lintels hung.
There men in dances and in festive joys
Held revelry. Some on the smooth-wheel'd car
A virgin bride conducted: then burst forth
Aloud the marriage-song; and far and wide
Long splendours flash'd from many a quivering torch
Borne in the hands of slaves. Gay-blooming girls
Preceded, and the dancers follow'd blithe:
These, with shrill pipe indenting the soft lip,
Breath'd melody, while broken echoes thrill'd
Around them; to the lyre with flying touch
Those led the love-enkindling dance.
A group
Of youths was elsewhere imag'd, to the flute
Disporting: some in dances and in song,
In laughter others. To the minstrel's flute
So pass'd they on; and the whole city seem'd
As fill'd with pomps, with dances, and with feasts.

Others again, without the city-walls,
Vaulted on steeds, and madden'd for the goal.
Others as husbandmen appear'd, and broke
With coulter the rich glebe, and gather'd up
Their tunics neatly girded.
Next arose
A field thick-set with depth of corn; where some
With sickle reap'd the stalks, their speary heads
Bent, as with pods weigh'd down of swelling grain.
The fruits of Ceres.
Others into bands
Gather'd, and threw upon the thrashing-floor
The sheaves.
And some again hard by were seen
Holding the vine-sickle, who clusters cut
From the ripe vines, which from the vintagers
Others in frails receiv'd, or bore away
In baskets thus up-pil'd the cluster'd grapes,
Or black, or pearly white, cut from deep ranks
Of spreading vines, whose tendrils curling twin'd
In silver, heavy-foliag'd: near them rose
The ranks of vines, by Vulcan's curious craft
Figur'd in gold. The vines leaf-shaking curl'd
Round silver props. They therefore on their way
Pass'd jocund, to one minstrel's flageolet,
Burden'd with grapes that blacken'd in the sun.
Some also trod the wine-press, and some quaff'd
The foaming must.
But in another part
Were men who wrestled, or in gymnic fight
Wielded the cæstus.
Elsewhere men of chase
Were taking the fleet hares; two keen-tooth'd dogs
Bounded beside: these ardent in pursuit,
Those with like ardour doubling on their flight.
Next them were knights, who painful effort made
To win the prize of contest and hard toil.
High o'er the well-compacted chariots hung
The charioteers; the rapid horses loos'd
At their full stretch, and shook the floating reins.
Rebounding from the ground with many a shock

Flew clattering the firm cars, and creak'd aloud
The naves of the round wheels. They therefore toil'd
Endless; nor conquest yet at any time
Achiev'd they, but a doubtful strife maintain'd.
In the mid-course the prize, a tripod huge,
Was plac'd in open sight, insculpt of gold:—
These glorious works had Vulcan artful wrought.
Rounding the uttermost verge the ocean flow'd
As in full swell of waters: and the shield
All-variegated with whole circle bound.
Swans of high-hovering wing there clamour'd shrill,
Who also skimm'd the breasted surge with plume
Innumerous: near them fishes midst the waves
Frolic'd in wanton leaps.
Marvellous the sight
E'en to the Thunderer's eyes, by whose dread will
Had Vulcan fram'd the vast and solid shield.
This fitting to his grasp, the valiant son
Of Jove with ease now shook, and vaulting rose
Into the steed-rapt chariot; with light bound,
Swift as the flash of his Egean sire
Up-springing: and his hardy charioteer
Stood o'er the steeds from high, and guided strong
The crooked car.
Now near to them approach'd
Pallas, the blue-eyed goddess, and address'd
These winged words in animating voice:
"Offspring of Lyngeus wide renown'd, all-hail!
Now verily the ruler of the blest,
E'en Jove, doth give you strength to spoil of life
Cygnus your foe, and strip his gorgeous arms.
But I will breathe a word within thy ear
Of counsel, O most mighty midst the strong!
Now soon as e'er from Cygnus thou hast reft
The sweets of life, there leave him; on that spot.
Him and his armour: but th' approach of Mars,
Slayer of mortals, watch with wary eye;
And where thy glance discerns a part expos'd
Defenceless of the well-wrought buckler, strike!
With thy sharp point there wound him, and recede:
For know, thor art not fated to despoil
The steeds and glorious armour of a god."

Thus having said, the goddess all divine,
Aye-holding in her everlasting hands
Conquest and glory, rose into the car
Impetuous: to the war-steeds shouted fierce
The noble Ioläus: from the shout
They starting rapt the flying car, and hid
With dusty cloud the plain: for she herself,
The goddess azure-eyed, sent into them
Wild courage, clanging on her brandish'd shield:
Earth groan'd around.
That moment with like pace
E'en as a flame or tempest came they on,
Cygnus the tamer of the steed, and Mars
Unsated with the roar of war. And now
The coursers midway met, and face to face
Neigh'd shrill: the broken echoes rang around.
Then him the first strong Hercules bespake:
"O soft of nature! why dost thou obstruct
The rapid steeds of men, who toils have prov'd
And hardships? Outward turn thy burnish'd car;
Pass outward from the track, and yield the way:
For I to Trachys ride, of obstacle
Impatient; to the royal Ceyx: he
O'er Trachys rules in venerable power,
As needs not thee be told, who hast to wife
His blue-eyed daughter Themisthonöe:—
Soft-one! for not from thee shall Mars himself
Inhibit death, if truly hand to hand
We wage the battle: and e'en this I say,
That elsewhere heretofore himself has prov'd
My mighty spear; when, on the sandy beach
Of Pylos, ardour irrepressible
Of combat seiz'd him, and to me oppos'd
He stood: but thrice when stricken by my lance
Earth propp'd his fall, and thrice his targe was cleft:
The fourth time urging on my utmost force
His ample shield I shattering riv'd, his thigh
Transpierc'd, and headlong in the dust he fell
Beneath my rushing spear:—so there the weight
Fell on him of reproach midst those of heaven,
His gory trophies leaving to these hands."

So said he. But in no wise to obey
Enter'd the thought of Cygnus the spear skill'd:
Nor rein'd he back the chariot-whirling steeds.
Then truly from their close-compacted cars
Instant as thought they leap'd to earth—the son
Of kingly Mars, the son of mighty Jove.
Aside, though not remote, the charioteers
The coursers drove of flowing manes. But then
Beneath the trampling sound of rushing feet
The broad earth sounded hollow: and as rocks
From some high mountain-top precipitate
Leap with a bound, and o'er each other whirl'd
Shock in the dizzying fall; and many an oak
Of lofty branch, pine-tree, and poplar deep
Of root, are crash'd beneath them, as their course
Rapidly rolls, until they reach the plain—
So met these foes encountering, and so burst
Their mighty clamour. Echoing loud throughout
The city of the Myrmidons gave back
Their lifted voices; and Iolchos fam'd,
And Arne, and Anthea herbage-crown'd,
And Helice: thus with amazing shout
They join'd in battle. All-consulting Jove
Then greatly thunder'd: from the clouds of heaven
He cast forth dews of blood, and signal thus
Of onset gave to his high-daring son.
As in the mountain thickets the wild boar,
Grim to behold and arm'd with jutting fangs,
Now with his hunters meditates in wrath
The conflict, whetting his white tusk oblique;
Foam drops around his champing jaws; his eyes
Show like to glimmering fires, and o'er his neck
And horrent back he raises up erect
The starting bristles;—from the chariot, whirl'd
By steeds of war, such leap'd the son of Jove.
'Twas in that season when, on some green bough
High-perch'd, the dusky-wing'd cicada first
Shrill chants to man a summer note; his drink,
His balmy food the vegetative dew:
The livelong day from early dawn he pours
His voice, what time the sun's exhaustive heat

Fierce dries the frame:—'Twas in the season when
The bristly ears of millet spring with grain
Which they in summer sow; when the crude grape
Faint reddens on the vine, which Bacchus gave,
The joy or anguish of the race of men;—
E'en in that season join'd the war, and vast
The battle's tumult rose into the heaven.
As two grim lions for a roebuck slain
Wroth in contention rush, and them betwixt
The sound of roaring and of clashing teeth
Ariseth; or as vultures, curv'd of beak,
Crooked of talon, on a steepy rock
Contest, loud-screaming, if perchance below
Some mountain-pastur'd goat or forest-stag
Sleek press the plain, whom far the hunter-youth
Pierc'd with fleet arrow from the bowstring shrill
Dismiss'd, but elsewhere wander'd of the spot
Unknowing; they with keenest heed the prize
Mark, and in swooping rage each other tear
With bitterest conflict;—so vociferous rush'd
The warriors on each other.
Truly then
Cygnus, the son of Jove unmatch'd in strength
Aiming to slay, against the buckler struck
His brazen lance—but through the metal plate
Broke not: the present of a god preserv'd.
On th' other side he of Amphitryon nam'd
Strong Hercules, between the helm and shield
Drove his long spear, and underneath the chin
Through the bare neck smote violent and swift.
The murderous ashen beam at once the nerves
Twain of the neck cleft sheer; for all the man
Dropp'd, and his force went from him: down he fell
Headlong. As falls a thunder-blasted oak,
Or perpendicular rock, riven by the flash
Of Jove, in smouldering smoke is hurl'd from high,
So fell he; and his brass-emblazon'd mail
Clatter'd around him.
Him the son of Jove,
Stout-hearted, there abandon'd where he lay:
But wary watch'd the mortal-slayer god

Approach, and view'd him o'er with terrible eyes
Stern-lowering. As a lion who has fall'n
Perchance on some stray beast, with griping claws
Intent strips down the lacerated hide;
Drains instantaneous the sweet life, and gluts
E'en to the fill his gloomy heart with blood;
Green-eyed he glares in fierceness; with his tail
Lashes his shoulders and his swelling sides,
And with his feet tears up the ground; not one
Might dare to look upon him, nor advance
Nigh, with design of conflict;—such in truth
The war-insatiate Hercules to Mars
Stood in array, and gather'd in his soul
Prompt courage. But the other near approach'd,
Anguish'd at heart; and both encountering rush'd
With cries of battle.
As when from high ridge
Of some hill-top abrupt, tumbles a crag
Precipitous, and sheer a giddy space
Bounds in a whirl and rolls impetuous down;
Shrill rings the vehement crash, till some steep cliff
Obstructs; to this the mass is borne along,
This wedges it immoveable;—e'en so
Destroyer Mars, bender of chariots, rush'd
Yelling vociferous with a shout: e'en so
As utterance prompt met Hercules the shock,
And firm sustain'd.
But Jove-born Pallas came
With darkening shield uplifted, and to Mars
Stood interpos'd; and, scowling with her eyes
Tremendous, thus address'd her winged words:
"Mars! hold thy furious valour; stay those hands
In prowess inaccessible; for know,
It is not lawful for thee to divest
Slain Hercules of these his glorious arms,
Bold-hearted son of Jove: but come; rest thou
From battle, nor oppose thyself to me."
She said; nor yet persuaded aught the soul
Of Mars, the mighty of heart. With a great shout,
He, brandishing his weapon like a flame,
Sprang rapid upon Hercules, in haste

To slay: and, for his slaughter'd son incens'd,
With violent effort hurl'd his brazen spear
'Gainst the capacious targe. The blue-eyed maid
Stoop'd from the chariot, and the javelin's force
Turn'd wide. Sore torment seiz'd the breast of Mars;
He bar'd his keen-edg'd falchion, and at once
Rush'd on the dauntless Hercules: but he,
The war-insatiate, as the god approach'd,
Beneath the well-wrought shield the thigh expos'd
Wounded with all his strength, and thrusting riv'd
The shield's large disk, and cleft it with his lance,
And in the middle-way threw him to earth
Prostrate.
But Fear and Consternation swift
Urg'd near his well-wheel'd chariot: from the face
Of broad-track'd earth they rais'd him on the car
Variously-fram'd; thence lash'd with scourge the steeds
And bounding up the vast Olympus flew.
Alcmena's mighty son and his compeer,
Fam'd Iolāus, now that they had stripp'd
From Cygnus' shoulders in triumphant spoil
The armour elegant, forthwith return'd
Upon their way direct, and instant reach'd
The towers of Trachys with their fleet-hoof'd steeds:
And azure-eyed Minerva sought the vast
Olympus, and the mansions of her sire,
But Ceyx o'er the corse of Cygnus rais'd
A tomb. Innumerable people grac'd
His obsequies: both they who dwelt hard by
The city of th' illustrious king; and they
Of Anthe, of Iolchos wide-renown'd,
Of Arne, of the Myrmidonian towers,
And Helice. So gather'd there around
A numerous people; honouring duteous thus
Ceyx, beloved of the blessed gods.
But the huge mount and monumental stone
Anaurus, foaming high with wintry rains,
Swept from the sight away. Latous this
Commanded, for that Cygnus ambush'd spoil'd
In violence the Delphic hecatombs.

THE WORKS AND DAYS.

ARGUMENT.

The Exordium is a rhapsody in praise of Jupiter. The poem comprehends the general economy of Industry and Morals. In the first division of the subject the state of the world past and present is described, for the purpose of exemplifying the condition of human nature; which entails on man the necessity of exertion to procure the goods of life; and leaves him no alternative but honest industry or unjust violence; of which the good and evil consequences are respectively illustrated. Two STRIFES are said to have been sent into the world, the one promoting Dissension, the other Emulation. Perses is exhorted to abjure the former and embrace the latter: and an apposite allusion is made to the circumstance of his litigiously disputing the patrimonial estate, of which through the corruption of the judges he obtained the larger proportion. The judges are rebuked, and cheap contentment is apostrophized as the true secret of happiness. Such is stated to have been the original sense of mankind before the necessity of labour existed. The origin of labour is deduced from the resentment of Jupiter against Prometheus; which resentment led to the creation of PANDORA, or WOMAN; who is described with her attributes, and is represented as bringing into the world a casket of evils. The degeneracy of man is then traced through successive ages. The three first ages are respectively distinguished as golden, silver, and brazen. The fourth has no metallic distinction, but is described as the heroic age, and as embracing the æra of the Trojan war. The fifth is styled the iron age, and, according to the poet, is that in which he lives. The general corruption of mankind in this age is detailed, and Modesty and Justice are represented as taking their flight to heaven. A pointed allusion to the corrupt administration of the laws in his own particular instance is introduced in a fable typical of oppression. Justice is described as invisibly following those who violate her decrees with avenging power, and as lamenting in their streets the wickedness of a corrupted people. The temporal blessings of an upright nation are contrasted with the temporal evils which a wicked nation draws down from an angry Providence. Holy Dæmons are represented as walking the earth, and keeping watch over the actions of men. Justice is again introduced as carrying her complaints to the feet of Jupiter, and as obtaining that the crimes of rulers be visited on their people. A pathetic appeal is then made to these rulers, in their judicial capacity, to forsake injustice. After some further exhortations to virtue and industry, and a number of unconnected precepts, the poet enters on the GEORGICAL part of his subject; which contains the prognostics of the seasons of agricultural labour, and rules appertaining to wood-felling, carpentry, ploughing, sowing, reaping, thrashing, vine-dressing, and the vintage. This division of the subject includes a description of Winter and of a repast in Summer. The poet then treats of navigation; and concludes with some desultory precepts of religion,

morality, and superstition: and lastly, with a specification of DAYS; which are divided into holy, auspicious and inauspicious, mixed, and intermediary, or such as are entitled to no remarkable observance.

WORKS.

I.

COME from Pieria, Muses! that inspire
The song of praise; the theme your heavenly Sire;
By his dread hest alike are mortals found
Obscure, illus rious, fameless, and renown'd:
With equal ease the Ruler of the sky
The humble lifts, and casts the proud from high:
With ease eclipses glory's dazzling ray,
With ease on abject darkness pours the day:
And bows the strong in might of their renown
Wither'd to dust, and rears the bowed down:
E'en he, the god whose mansions are above,
High-thundering from the clouds, imperial Jove:
Now bend thine eyes from heaven, incline thy ear
The ways of judgment guide; behold and hear!
While fain to Perses would my voice essay
The lore of truth, and breathe th' instructive lay.
Two Strifes on earth of soul divided rove;
This will the wise condemn, and that approve.
Deadly the one diffuses evil far,
Enkindling discord and arousing war:
Men love not this; yet heaven-enforc'd maintain
The Strife abhorr'd, but still abhorr'd in vain.
The other sprang of elder birth to light
From the dark bosom of parental Night:
The god who dwells in ether, thron'd on high,
Sent down this elder offspring from the sky;
And plac'd on nether earth amid mankind
This better Strife, which fires the slothful mind.
The needy idler sees the wealth of toil,
Hastes to the plough, and plants himself the soil:
Orders his household; and with zealous eyes
Views him who speeds to wealth, and toils to rise:

Beneficent this better envy burns;
Thus emulous his wheel the potter turns;
The smith his anvil beats; the beggar-throng
Industrious ply; the bards contest in song.
O Perses! thou within thy secret breast
Repose the maxims by my care imprest;
Nor ever let that evil-joying strife
Have power to wean thee from the toils of life:
The whilst thy prying eyes the forum draws,
Thine ears the process, and the din of laws:
Small care be his of wrangling and debate
For whose ungather'd food the garners wait:
Who wants within the summer's plenty stor'd,
Earth's kindly fruits, and Ceres' yearly hoard:
With these replenish'd, at the brawling bar
For others' wealth go instigate the war:
But this thou mayst no more: let Justice guide,
Best boon of heaven, and future strife decide.
Not so we shar'd the patrimonial land,
When greedy pillage fill'd thy grasping hand:
The bribe-devouring judges sooth'd by thee
The sentence will'd, and stamp'd the false decree;
O fools and blind! to whose misguided soul
Unknown how far the half exceeds the whole;
Unknown the good that healthful mallows yield,
And asphodel, the dainties of the field.
The food of man in deep concealment lies,
The angry gods have veil'd it from our eyes:
Else had one day bestow'd sufficient cheer,
And though inactive fed thee through the year.
Then might thy hand have laid the rudder by,
In blackening smoke for ever hung on high;
Then had the labours of the ox been o'er,
And the toil-patient mule had toil'd no more.
But Jove our food conceal'd: Prometheus' art
With fraud illusive had incens'd his heart:
Sore ills to man devis'd the heavenly Sire,
And hid the shining element of fire.
Prometheus then, benevolent of soul,
In hollow reed the spark recovering stole:

And thus the god beguil'd, whose awful gaze
Serene rejoices in the lightning's blaze.
"O son of Japhet!" with indignant heart
Spake the cloud-gatherer, "O unmatch'd in art!
Exultest thou in this the flame retriev'd,
And dost thou triumph in the god deceiv'd?
But thou with the posterity of man
Shalt rue the fraud whence mightier ills began:
This fire shall draw perdition on the race,
And all enamour'd shall their bane embrace."
The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had said, and laughter fill'd his secret soul:
He bade the crippled god his hest obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay;
With human nerve and human voice invest
The limbs elastic and the breathing breast;
Fair as the blooming goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the looks of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds
A thousand colours in the gliding threads:
He call'd the magic of love's golden queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien;
And eager passion's never-sated flame,
And cares of dress that prey upon the frame;
Bade Hermes last endue with craft refin'd
Of treacherous manners, and a shameless mind.
He gives command, th' inferior powers obey:
The crippled artist moulds the temper'd clay:
By Jove's design arose the bashful maid;
The cestus Pallas clasp'd, the robe array'd:
Ador'd Persuasion and the Graces young
Her taper'd limbs with golden jewels hung:
Round her fair brow the lovely-tressed Hours
A garland twin'd of spring's purpureal flowers:
The whole attire Minerva's graceful art
Dispos'd, adjusted, form'd to every part:
And last the winged herald of the skies,
Slayer of Argus, gave delusive lies;
Insidious manners, honey'd speech instill'd,
And warbling accents, as the Thund'rer will'd;

Then by the feather'd messenger of heaven
The name Pandora to the maid was given;
For all the gods conferr'd a gifted grace
To crown this mischief of the mortal race.
The Sire commands the winged herald bear
The finish'd nymph, th' inextricable snare:
To Epimetheus was the present brought,
Prometheus' warning vanish'd from his thought—
That he disclaim each offering from the skies,
And straight restore, lest ill to man arise.
But he receiv'd; and conscious knew too late
Th' insidious gift, and felt the curse of fate.
  Whilom on earth the sons of men abode
From evil free and labour's galling load;
Free from diseases that with racking rage
Precipitate the pale decline of age.
Now swift the days of manhood haste away,
And misery's pressure turns the temples gray.
The woman's hands an ample casket bear;—
She lifts the lid,—she scatters ills in air.
Hope sole remain'd within, nor took her flight,
Beneath the casket's verge conceal'd from sight.
Th' unbroken cell with closing lid the maid
Seal'd, and the cloud-assembler's voice obey'd.
Issued the rest in quick dispersion hurl'd,
And woes innumerous roam'd the breathing world:
With ills the land is rife, with ills the sea;
Diseases haunt our frail humanity:
Self-wandering through the noon, the night they glide,
Voiceless—a voice the power all-wise denied.
Know then this awful truth; It is not given
T' elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.
Now listen other lore of skilful art
And pleasing power, and grave it on thy heart.
  When gods alike and mortals rose to birth,
A golden race th' immortals form'd on earth
Of many-languag'd men: they liv'd of old,
When Saturn reign'd in heaven—an age of gold.
Like gods they liv'd, with calm untroubled mind,
Free from the toil and anguish of our kind.

Nor sad decrepit age approaching nigh
Their limbs mishap'd with swoln deformity.
Strangers to ill, they Nature's banquets prov'd,
Rich in earth's fruits, and of the blest belov'd:
They sank to death, as opiate slumber stole
Soft o'er the sense, and whelm'd the willing soul.
Theirs was each good: the grain-exuberant soil
Pour'd the full harvest, uncompell'd by toil:
The virtuous many dwelt in common blest,
And all unenvying shar'd what all in peace possess'd.
When on this race the verdant earth had lain,
By Jove's high will they rose a Genii train:
Earth-wandering dæmons they their charge began,
The ministers of good and guards of man:
Veil'd with a mantle of aërial night,
O'er earth's wide space they wing their hovering flight;
Dispense the fertile treasures of the ground,
And bend their all-observant glance around;
To mark the deed unjust, the just approve,
Their kingly office, delegate from Jove.
Then form'd the gods a second race of man,
Degenerate far, and silver years began:
Unlike the mortals of a golden kind,
Unlike in frame of limbs and mould of mind.
Yet still a hundred years beheld the boy
Beneath the mother's roof, her infant joy;
All tender and unform'd: but when the flower
Of manhood came it wither'd in an hour.
Their frantic follies wrought them pain and woe;
Nor mutual outrage could their hands forego.
Nor fear'd they Heaven; nor e'er in custom'd rite
Bade the dread altars flame with hallow'd light:
Them angry Jove ingulf'd, who dar'd refuse
The gods their glory and their sacred dues:
Yet nam'd the second-blest in earth they lie,
And second honours grace their memory.
The Sire of earth and heaven created then
A race, the third of many-languag'd men:
Unlike the silver they; of brazen mould,
Strong with the ashen spear, and fiercely bold:

Their thoughts were bent on violence alone,
The deeds of battle, and the dying groan:
Bloody their feasts, by wheaten food unblest;
Of adamant was each unyielding breast.
Huge, nerv'd with strength, each hardy giant stands,
And mocks approach with unresisted hands:
Their mansions, implements, and armour shine
In brass,—dark iron slept within the mine.
They by each others' hands inglorious fell,
In horrid darkness plung'd, the house of hell:
Fierce though they were, their mortal course was run,
Death gloomy seiz'd, and snatch'd them from the sun.
Them when th' abyss had cover'd from the skies,
Lo! the fourth age on nurturing earth arise;
Jove form'd the race a better, juster line,
A race of heroes and of stamp divine:
Lights of the age that rose before our own,
As demi-gods o'er earth's wide regions known.
Yet these dread battle hurried to their end:
Some where the sev'nfold gates of Thebes ascend;
The Cadmian realm; where they with fatal might
Strove for the flocks of Œdipus in fight:
Some war in navies led to Troy's far shore,
O'er the great space of sea their course they bore,
For sake of Helen with the beauteous hair,
And death for Helen's sake o'erwhelm'd them there.
Them on earth's utmost verge the god assign'd
A life, a seat, distinct from human-kind;
Beside the deepening whirlpools of the main,
In those blest isles where Saturn holds his reign,
Apart from heaven's immortals; calm they share
A rest unsullied by the clouds of care.
And yearly thrice with sweet luxuriance crown'd
Springs the ripe harvest from the teeming ground.
Oh would that Nature had denied me birth
Midst this fifth race, this iron age of earth;
That long before within the grave I lay,
Or long hereafter could behold the day!
Corrupt the race, with toils and griefs opprest,
Nor day nor night can yield a pause of rest:

Still do the gods a weight of care bestow,
Though still some good is mingled with the woe.
Jove on this race of many-languag'd man
Speeds the swift ruin which but slow began;
For scarcely spring they to the light of day,
Ere age untimely strews their temples gray.
Nor sire with son, with brethren brethren blend,
Nor host with guest, nor friend, as erst, with friend:
Reckless of heaven's revenge the sons behold
The hoary parents wax too swiftly old;
And impious point the keen dishonouring tongue,
With hard reproofs and bitter mockeries hung:
Nor grateful in declining age repay
The nurturing fondness of their better day.
Now man's right hand is law: for spoil they wait,
And lay their mutual cities desolate:
Unhonour'd he by whom his oath is fear'd;
Nor are the good belov'd, the just rever'd:
With favour grac'd the evil-doer stands,
Nor curbs with shame nor equity his hands;
With crooked slanders wounds the virtuous man,
And stamps with perjury what hate began.
Lo! ill-rejoicing Envy, wing'd with lies,
Scattering calumnious rumours as she flies,
The steps of miserable men pursue,
With haggard aspect, blasting to the view.
Till those fair forms in snowy raiment bright
From the broad earth have wing'd their heavenward flight,
Call'd to th' eternal synod of the skies,
The virgins Modesty and Justice rise:
And leave forsaken man to mourn below
The weight of evil, and the cureless woe.
  Now unto kings I frame the fabling song,
However wisdom unto kings belong.
A stooping hawk with crooked talon smote
The nightingale of variegated note,
And snatch'd among the clouds. Beneath the stroke
This piteous shriek'd and that imperious spoke:
"Wretch! vain are cries; a stronger holds thee now;
Where'er I shape my course a captive thou,

Maugre thy song, must company my way;
I rend my banquet or I loose my prey:
Senseless is he that dares with power contend,
Defeat, rebuke, despair shall be his end."
So spake the bird whose wide-spread pinions bear
His course impetuous through the yielding air.
But thou, O Perses! heed the moral strain;
To justice cleave, from injury refrain.
For heavy on the poor does injury press,
And e'en the wealthy bend to the distress,
And feel the weight of wrong; be this thy trust;
The better path conducts thee to be just:
Still in the end shall justice wrong subdue;
This fools confess from sore experience true.
With crooked judgments, lo! the oath's dread god
Avenging runs, and tracks them where they trod:
Rough are the ways of justice as the sea,
When man perverted wills the false decree;
When to and fro the bribe-devourer draws,
As vile corruption sways, the wrested laws.
For them who trembling justice force to fly,
For them whose breath decrees iniquity;
Invisible their steps the virgin treads,
And mustering evils gather o'er their heads:
She with a veiling cloud her form arrays,
And walks in awful grief the city-ways:
Her cry ascends; her tear upbraiding falls;
O'er their stain'd manners, their devoted walls.
But they who never from the right have stray'd,
Who as the citizen the stranger aid,
They and their cities flourish; genial Peace
Dwells in their borders, and their youth increase:
Nor Jove, whose radiant eyes behold afar,
Hangs forth in heaven the signs of grievous war.
Nor scathe nor famine on the righteous prey;
Earth foodful teems, and banquets crown the day:
Rich wave their mountain oaks; the topmost tree
The rustling acorn fills, its trunk the murmuring bee.
Burden'd with fleece their panting flocks: the race
Of woman soft reflects the father's face:

Still flourish they, nor tempt with ships the main:
The fruits of earth are pour'd from every plain.
But o'er the wicked race, to whom belong
The thought of evil and the deed of wrong,
Saturnian Jove, of wide-beholding eyes,
Bids the dark signs of retribution rise:
And oft the crimes of one destructive fall,
The crimes of one are visited on all.
The god sends down his angry plagues from high,
Famine and pestilence; in heaps they die.
He smites with barrenness the marriage bed,
And generations moulder with the dead.
Again in vengeance of his wrath he falls
On their great hosts, and breaks their tottering walls;
Arrests their navies on the watery plain,
And whelms their strength with mountains of the main.
Revolve, O kings! within your inmost thought
The retribution by his vengeance wrought:
Invisible the gods are ever nigh,
Pass through the midst, and bend th' all-seeing eye:
Who on each other prey, who wrest the right,
Aweless of heaven's revenge, are open to their sight.
For thrice ten thousand holy dæmons rove
The nurturing earth, the delegates of Jove:
Hovering they glide to earth's extremest bound,
A cloud aërial veils their forms around;
Guardians of man, their glance alike surveys
The upright judgments and th' unrighteous ways.
A virgin pure is Justice: from the king
Of heaven her birth; a venerable thing
And glorious to the deities on high,
Whose mansion is yon everlasting sky.
Driven by despiteful wrong, she takes her seat
In lowly grief at Jove's eternal feet:
There of the soul unjust her plaints ascend,
So rue the nations when their kings offend,
When, uttering wiles and brooding thoughts of ill,
They bend the laws and wrest them to their will.
Beware, O monarchs! ye that gifts devour,
Make straight your judgments now in timely hour;

That crooked equity no more be seen,
Eras'd, forgotten, as it ne'er had been!
He wounds himself that aims another's wound,
His evil counsels on himself redound.
Jove at his awful pleasure looks from high
With all-discerning and all-knowing eye,
Nor hidden from its ken what injur'd right
Within the city-walls eludes the light.
Or oh! if evil wait the righteous deed,
If thus the wicked gain the righteous meed,
Then may not I nor yet my son remain
In this our generation just in vain!
But sure my hope, not this doth Heaven approve,
Not this the work of thunder-darting Jove.
Grave deep, O Perses! what my words declare;
To justice cleave, from violence forbear.
This law the wisdom of the god assign'd
To human race and to the bestial kind:
To birds of air, and fishes of the wave,
And beasts of earth, devouring instinct gave;
In them no justice lives: he bade be known
This better sense to reasoning man alone.
Who from the seat of judgment shall impart
The truths of knowledge utter'd from his heart,
On him the god of all-discerning eye
Pours down the treasures of felicity.
Who sins against the right, his wilful tongue
With perjuries of lying witness hung,
Lo! he is hurt beyond the hope of cure;
Dark is his race, nor shall his name endure.
Who fears his oath shall leave a name to shine
With brightening lustre through his latest line.
Insensate Perses! let the truths I tell,
That spring from knowledge, in thy bosom dwell
Lo! wickednesses rife in troops appear;
Smooth is the track of vice, the mansion near:
But virtue dwells on high; the gods before
Have plac'd the dew that drops from every pore;
And at the first to that sublime abode,
Long, steep th' ascent, and rough the rugged road:

But when thy slow steps the rude summit gain,
Easy the path and level is the plain.
Far best is he whom conscious wisdom guides,
Who first and last the right and fit decides:
He too is good that to the wiser friend
His docile reason can submissive bend:
But worthless he that reason's voice defies,
Nor wise himself, nor duteous to the wise.
But thou, O Perses! what my words impart
Let memory bind for ever on thy heart:
O son of Dios!—labour evermore,
That hunger turn abhorrent from thy door;
That Ceres blest, with spiky garland crown'd,
Greet thee with love, and bid thy barns abound.
Still on the sluggard hungry want attends,
The scorn of man, the hate of heaven impends;
While he averse from labour drags his days,
Yet greedy on the gains of others preys;
E'en as the stingless drones devouring seize
With glutted sloth the harvest of the bees.
Love every seemly toil, that so the store
Of foodful seasons heap thy garner's floor.
From labour men returns of wealth behold,
Flocks in their fields, and in their coffers gold:
From labour shalt thou with the love be blest
Of men and gods; the slothful they detest.
Not toil but sloth shall ignominious be:
Toil, and the slothful man shall envy thee;
Shall view thy growing wealth with alter'd sense,
For glory, virtue, walk with opulence.
Thou like a god, since labour still is found
The better part, shalt live belov'd, renown'd:
If, as I counsel, thou thy witless mind,
Though weak and empty as the veering wind,
From others' coveted possessions turn'd,
To thrift compel, and food by labour earn'd.
Shame, which our aid or injury we find,
Shame to the needy clings of every kind;
Shame to low indigence declining tends,
Bold zeal to wealth's proud pinnacle ascends.

But shun extorted riches :—oh far best
The heaven-sent wealth without reproach possest:
Whoe'er shall mines of hoarded gold command
By fraudful tongue or by rapacious hand—
As oft betides, when lucre lights the flame,
And shamelessness expels the better shame—
Him shall the god cast down in darkness hurl'd,
His name. his offspring, wasted from the world;
From his fond grasp shall fleet the guilty ore,
Awhile shall dazzle, and be seen no more.
Alike the man of crime is he confest
Who spurns the suppliant, and who wrongs the guest;
Who impious climbs a brother's marriage bed,
By ardour wild of stol'n embraces led;
Who dares by crafty wickedness abuse
His trust, and robs the orphans of their dues;
Who on the threshold of afflictive age
His hoary parent stings with taunting rage;—
On him shall Jove in anger look from high,
And deep requite the dark iniquity.
But wholly thou from these refrain thy mind,
Weak as it is, and wavering as the wind.
With thy best means perform the ritual part,
Outwardly pure, and spotless at the heart;
And on thy altar let unblemish'd thighs
In fragrant savour to th' immortals rise.
Or thou in other sort mayst well dispense
Wine-offerings and the smoke of frankincense;
Ere on the nightly couch thy limbs be laid,
Or when the stars from sacred sunrise fade.
So shall thy piety accepted move
Their heavenly natures to propitious love:
Ne'er shall thy heritage divided be,
But others part their heritage to thee.
Let friends oft bidden to thy feast repair;
Let not a foe the social moment share:
Chief to thy open board the neighbour call;
When, unforeseen, domestic troubles fall,
The neighbour runs ungirded; kinsmen wait,
And, lingering for their raiment, hasten late.

As the good neighbour is our prop and stay,
So is the bad a pitfall in our way:
Thus blest or curst, we this or that obtain,
The first a blessing, and the last a bane.
How should thine ox by chance untimely die?
The evil neighbour looks and passes by.
If aught thou borrowest, well the measure weigh;
The same good measure to thy friend repay:
Or more, if more thou canst, unask'd concede;
So shall he prompt supply thy future need.
Dishonest gains avoid: dishonest gain
Equivalent to loss will prove thy bane.
Who loves thee, love; him woo that friendly woos:
Give to the giver; but to him refuse
That giveth not: their gifts the generous earn,
But none bestows where never is return.
Munificence is blest; by heaven accurst
Extortion, of death-dealing plagues the worst.
Who bounteous gives, though large his bounty flow,
Shall feel his heart with inward rapture glow:
Th' extortioner of bold unblushing sin,
Though small the plunder, feels a thorn within.
If with a little thou a little blend
Continual, mighty shall the heap ascend.
Who bids his gather'd substance gradual grow,
Shall see not livid hunger's face of woe.
No bosom-pang attends the home-laid store,
But rife with loss the food without thy door:
'Tis good to take from hoards and pain to need
What is far from thee:—Give the precept heed.
When broach'd or at the lees, no care be thine
To save the cask; but spare the middle-wine.
To him, the friend that serves thee, glad dispense
With bounteous hand the hire of recompense.
In every compact be a witness near,
Though with thy brother; for it shall appear
As done in mirth: mistrust alike we find
And fond credulity destroy mankind.
Let no fair woman rob'd in loose array,
That speaks the wanton, tempt thy feet astray:

Who soft demands if thy abode be near,
And blandly lisps, and murmurs in thine ear:
Thy slippery trust the charmer shall beguile,
For, lo! the thief is ambush'd in her smile.
One only son his father's house may tend,
And e'en with one domestic wealth ascend:
But when thou diest in hoary years declin'd,
Then mayst thou leave a second son behind;
For many sons from heaven shall wealth obtain,
The care is greater, greater is the gain.
Do thus: If riches be thy soul's desire,
By toils on toils to this thy hope aspire.

II.

When Atlas-born the Plеïad stars arise
Before the sun above the dawning skies,
'Tis time to reap; and when they sink below
The morn-illumin'd west, 'tis time to sow.
Know too, they set immerg'd into the sun
While forty days entire their circle run;
And with the lapse of the revolving year,
When sharpen'd is the sickle, re-appear.
Law of the fields, and known to every swain
Who turns the labour'd soil beside the main;
Or who, remote from billowy ocean's gales,
Tills the rich glebe of inland-winding vales.
Plough naked, swain! and naked sow the soil,
And naked reap; if kindly to thy toil
Thou hope to gather all that Ceres yields,
And view thy crops in season crown thy fields:
Lest thou to strangers' gates penurious rove,
And every needy effort fruitless prove;
E'en as to me thou cam'st: but hope no more
The willing bounty, nor the borrow'd store.
Insensate Perses! be the labours thine
Which the good gods to earthly man assign;
Lest with thy spouse, thy babes, thou vagrant ply,
And anguish'd crave those alms which all deny.
Twice may thy plaints benignant favour gain,
And haply thrice may not be pour'd in vain:

If still persisting plead thy wearying prayer
Thy words are nought, thy eloquence is air.
Did exhortation move, thy thought should be
From debt releasement, days from hunger free.
A dwelling first; a ploughing steer be thine;
A purchas'd girl, unwedded, tend thy kine:
Within let all fit implements abound,
Lest, with refus'd entreaty wandering round
Still press thy wants, the season glide away,
And thou with scanted labour mourn the day.
Thy task defer not till the morn arise,
Or the third sun th' unfinish'd work surprise;
The idler never shall his garners fill,
Not he that still defers and lingers still:
Lo! diligence can prosper every toil;
With loss the loiterer strives, and execrates the soil.
When the strong sun abates his keener flame
That bath'd in sultry dew the languid frame;
When rushes in fresh rains autumnal Jove,
And man's unburden'd limbs now lightlier move,
For now the star of day with transient light
Rolls o'er our heads, and rests in longer night:
When from the worm the forest boles are sound,
Trees bud no more, but earthward cast around
Their withering foliage,—then remember well
The timely labour, and thy timber fell.
A mortar hew, and its dimensions be
Three feet exact, the pestle cubits three,
And cleave of seven just feet thy waggon's axle-tree;
Commodious length: if eight thy axe divide,
Th' exceeding foot a mallet yields beside.
Shape many blocks of curved form to round
Thy wheel, and let three spans its orbit bound;
Whereon slow-rolling thy suspended wain
Ten spans in breadth may traverse firm the plain.
If hill or field supply an ilex-bough,
Of bending figure like the downward plough,
Bear it away; this durable remains
While thy strong steers in ridges cleave the plains;
If with firm nails thy artist join the whole,
Affix the share-beam and adapt the pole.

Two ploughs provide on household works intent.
This art-compacted, that of native bent:
A prudent forethought; one may crashing fail,
The other instant yok'd shall prompt avail:
Of elm or bay the draught-pole firm endures,
The plough-tail holm, the share-beam oak secures.
Two males procure; two strong unbroken steers:
Be nine the just proportion of their years:
Nor shall they headstrong-struggling spurn the soil,
And snap the plough and mar th' unfinish'd toil.
In forty's prime thy ploughman; one with bread
Of four-squar'd loaf in double portions fed:
He steadily shall cut the furrow true,
Nor towards his fellows glance a rambling view,
Still on his task intent: a stripling throws
Heedless the seed, and in one furrow strows
The lavish handful twice; while wistful stray
His longing thoughts to comrades far away.
Mark yearly when among the clouds on high
Thou hear'st the shrill crane's migratory cry,
Of ploughing-time the sign and wintry rains:
Care gnaws his heart who destitute remains
Of the fit yoke; for then the season falls
To feed thy horned steers within their stalls.
Though easy were the prayer, "Indulgent friend!
Assist my need; a wain and oxen lend:"
Yet easy might the prompt excuse deny,
"My wain and oxen must myself supply."
Rich in his own conceit, he then too late
May think to rear the waggon's timber'd weight;—
Fool! nor yet knows the complicated frame
A hundred season'd blocks may fitly claim:
These let thy timely care provide before,
And pile beneath thy roof the ready store.
Improve the season: to the plough apply,
Both thou and thine; and toil in wet and dry:
Haste to the field with break of glimmering morn,
That so thy grounds may wave with thickening corn.
In spring upturn the glebe; and break again
With summer tilth the iterated plain,

It shall not mock thy hopes: be last thy toil,
When rais'd in ridges light, to sow the fallow'd soil:
The fallow'd soil bids execration fly,
And brightens with content the infant's eye.
Jove subterrene, chaste Ceres claim thy vow,
When, grasping first the handle of the plough,
O'er thy broad oxen's backs thy quickening hand
With gentle stroke lets fall the goading wand;
Whilst yok'd and harness'd by the fastening thong,
They slowly drag the draught-pole's length along
So shall the sacred gifts of earth appear,
And ripe luxuriance clothe the plenteous ear.
A boy should tread thy steps; with rake o'erlay
The buried seed, and scare the birds away:
(Good is the apt economy of things,
While evil management its mischief brings.)
Thus, if ethereal Jove thy cares befriend,
And crown thy tillage with a prosperous end,
Shall the rich ear in fulness of its grain
Nod on the stalk and bend it to the plain.
So shalt thou sweep the spider's films away
That round thy hollow bins lie hid from day;
I ween, rejoicing in the foodful stores
At length obtain'd, and laid within thy doors.
For plenteousness shall glad thee through the year,
Till the white blossoms of the spring appear:
Nor thou on others' wealth a gazer be,
But others owe their borrow'd wealth to thee.
If, ill-advis'd, thou turn the genial plains
His wintry tropic when the sun attains,
Thou then mayst reap, and idle sit between;
Mocking thy gripe the meagre stalks are seen:
Whilst little joyful gather'st thou in bands
The corn whose chaffy dust bestrews thy hands:
In one scant basket shall thy harvest lie,
And few shall pass thee then with honouring eye.
Now thus, now otherwise is Jove's design,
To man inscrutable the ways divine:
But if thou late upturn the furrow'd field,
One happy chance a remedy may yield.

O'er the wide earth when men the cuckoo hear
From spreading oak-leaves first delight their ear
Three days and nights let heaven in ceaseless rains
Deep as thy ox's hoof o'erflow the plains;
So shall an equal crop thy time repair
With his who earlier launch'd the shining share.
Lay to thy heart the counsels thus reveal'd,
That not a sign be e'er from thee conceal'd:
What showery seasons ask be thine to know,
And what the infant spring that blossoms into snow.
Pass by the brazier's forge where saunterers meet,
Nor loiter in the throng'd piazza's heat:
When in the wintry season rigid cold
Invades the limbs, and binds them in its hold;
Lo! then th' industrious man with thriving store
Improves his household management the more;
And this do thou: lest intricate distress
Of winter seize and needy cares oppress;
Lest, famine-smitten, thou at length be seen
To gripe thy tumid foot with hand from hunger lean.
Pampering his empty hopes, yet needing food,
On ill designs behold the idler brood:
Still in the saunterer's place he sits reclin'd,
An evil hope is lurking in his mind,
While scant his means of life: thou wiser haste,
Ere the mid-summer's favouring moment waste:
Thy household timely warn, "The summer day
Endures not ever; toil while yet ye may."
Beware the January month; beware
Those hurtful days, that keenly piercing air
Which flays the steers; while frosts their horrors cast,
Congeal the ground and sharpen every blast.
From Thracia's courser-teeming region sweeps
The northern wind, and breathing on the deeps
Heaves wide the troubled surge; earth echoing roars
From the deep forests and the sea-beat shores.
He from the mountain-top with shattering stroke
Rends the broad pine, and many a branching oak
Hurls 'thwart the glen: while sudden from on high
With headlong fury rushing down the sky,

The whirlwind stoops to earth, then deepening round
Swells the loud storm, and all the boundless woods resound.
The beasts their cowering tails with trembling fold,
And shrink and shudder at the gusty cold.
Thick is the hairy coat, the shaggy skin,
But that all-chilling breath shall pierce within.
Not his rough hide can then the ox avail,
The long-hair'd goat defenceless feels the gale;
Yet vain the north-wind's rushing strength to wound
The flock, with sheltering fleeces fenc'd around.
The aged man inclines his bowed form,
But safe the tender virgin from the storm.
She strange to lovely Venus' mystic joys
Beneath the mother's roof her hours employs.
Around her nightly flows the tepid wave,
And shining oils in liquid fragrance lave
Her yielding limbs; thus pillow'd to repose
In her soft chamber, while the tempest blows.
Now gnaws the boneless polypus his feet,
Starv'd midst bleak rocks, his desolate retreat:
For now no more the sun's reflected ray
Through waves transparent guides him to his prey.
O'er tawny Afric rolls his bright career,
And slowly gilds the Grecian hemisphere.
And now the horned and unhorned kind,
Whose lair is in the wood, sore-famish'd grind
Their sounding jaws, and frozen and quaking fly
Where oaks the mountain dells imbranch on high;
They seek to couch in thickets of the glen,
Or lurk deep-shelter'd in the rocky den.
Like aged men who propp'd on crutches tread
Tottering, with broken strength and stooping head,
So move the beasts of earth; and creeping low
Shun the white flakes, and dread the drifting snow.
I warn thee, now around thy body cast
A thick defence and covering from the blast:
Let the soft cloak its woolly warmth bestow,
The under-tunic to thy ankle flow:
On a scant warp a woof abundant weave;
Thus warmly woven the mantling cloak receive:

Nor shall thy limbs beneath its ample fold
With bristling hairs start shivering to the cold.
Shoes of a slaughter'd ox's lasting hide,
Soft-lin'd with socks of wool, thy feet provide:
And kid-skins 'gainst the rigid season sew
With sinew of the bull, and sheltering throw
Athwart thy shoulders when the rains impend;
And let a well-wrought cap thy head defend,
And screen thine ears, when drenching showers descend.
Bleak is the morn, when blows the north from high;
Oft when the dawnlight paints the starry sky,
A misty cloud suspended hovers o'er
The spacious earth with fertilizing store,
Drain'd from the living streams: aloft in air
The whirling winds the buoyant vapour bear,
Resolv'd at eve in rain or gusty cold
As by the north the troubled rack is roll'd.
Preventing this, the labour of the day
Accomplish'd, homeward bend thy hastening way;
Lest the dark cloud with whelming rush deprest
Drench thy cold limbs, and soak thy dripping vest.
This winter-month with prudent caution fear;
Severe to flocks, nor less to men severe:
Feed thy keen husbandman with larger bread,
With half their provender thy steers be fed;
Them rest assists: the night's protracted length
Recruits their vigour and supplies their strength.
This rule observe, while still the various earth
Gives every fruit and kindly seedling birth:
Still to the toil proportionate the cheer,
The day to night, and equalize the year.
When from the wintry tropic of the sun
Full sixty days their finish'd round have run,
Lo! then the sacred deep Arcturus leave
First whole-apparent on the verge of eve:
Through the gray dawn the swallow lifts her wing,
Morn-plaining bird, the harbinger of spring.
Anticipate the time; the care be thine
An earlier day to prune the shooting vine.
When the house-bearing snail is slowly found
To shun the Pleïad heats that scorch the ground,

And climb the plant's tall stem, insist no more
To dress the vine, but give the vineyard o'er.
Whet the keen sickle, hasten every swain,
From shady bowers, from morning sleep refrain:
Now in the fervour of the harvest-day,
When the strong sun dissolves the frame away,
Now haste afield; now bind the sheafy corn,
And earn thy food by rising with the morn.
Lo! the third portion of thy labour's cares
The early morn anticipating shares:
In early morn the labour swiftly wastes;
In early morn the speeded journey hastes:
The time when many a traveller tracks the plain,
And the yok'd oxen bend them to the wain.
When the green artichoke ascending flowers;
When in the sultry season's toilsome hours,
Perch'd on a branch beneath his veiling wings,
With shrill sweet note Cicada frequent sings;
Then the plump goat a savoury food bestows,
The poignant wine in mellowest flavour flows;
Wanton the blood then bounds in woman's veins,
But weak of man the heat-enfeebled reins;
Full on his brain descends the solar flame,
Unnerves the languid knees, and all the frame
Exhaustive dries away;—O then be thine
The grotto's arching gloom, the Byblian wine.
Let kneaded milk-cakes, and the milk that flows
Defrauded from the kid, thy feast compose:
Let heifers young their tender flesh afford
Fed on the forest-browse, and kidlings crown the board.
With dainty food so saturate thy soul,
And drink the wine dark-mantling in the bowl:
While in the coolness of the shade reclin'd,
Thy face is turn'd to catch the breathing wind,
And feel the freshening brook that sparkling glides
With living waters and transparent tides.
To fill the goblet from the wave be thine
Three parts; the fourth may flow with brimming wine.
When first Orion's beamy strength is born,
Let then thy labourers thrash the sacred corn.

Smooth be the level floor, on breezy ground,
Where winnowing gales may sweep in eddies round;
Hoard in thy ample bins the meted grain;
And now, as I advise, thy hireling swain
From forth thy house dismiss, when all the store
Of kindly food is laid within thy door;
And to thy service let a female come,
But childless, for a child were burdensome.
A sharp-tooth'd dog maintain, nor thrifty spare
To feed his fierceness high with pampering care;
Lest the day-slumbering thief thy nightly door
Wakeful besiege, and spoil thy plunder'd store.
For ox and mule the yearly fodder lay,
And pile th' abundant straw, the plenteous hay:
This care despatch'd, refresh the wearied swain
With rest, and loose thy oxen from the wain.
When Sirius and Orion the mid-sky
Ascend, and on Arcturus looks from high
The rosy-finger'd morn, the vintage calls;
Then bear the gather'd grapes within thy walls.
Ten days and nights expos'd the clusters lay,
Bask'd in the radiance of each mellowing day:
Let five their circling round successive run,
Whilst lie thy grapes o'ershaded from the sun;
The sixth express the harvest of the vine,
And teach thy vats to foam with joy-inspiring wine.
But when beneath the skies on morning's brink
The Pleïads, Hyads, and Orion sink;
Know then the ploughing and the seed-time near:—
Thus well-dispos'd shall glide thy rustic year.
But if thy breast with nautical desire
The perilous deep's uncertain gains inspire;
When chas'd by strong Orion down the heaven
Sink the seven stars in gloomy ocean driven;
Then varying winds in gustful eddies rave;
Let not a vessel tempt the blackening wave:
But, as I counsel, with contented toil
The land essay and exercise the soil.
Hale from the wave thy bark on solid ground,
And stedfast prop with steadying stones around,

Firm 'gainst the strength of winds that rushing bear
The showery tempest through the sounding air:
Draw from its keel the peg, lest rotting rain
Suck'd in the hollow of the hold remain.
Beneath thy roof secure the tackling lay,
And furl thy vessel's wings that skimm'd the watery way.
The well-fram'd rudder in the smoke suspend,
And calm and navigable seas attend,
Then launch the rapid bark; fit cargo load;
And freighted rich repass the liquid road.
O witless Perses! thus for honest gain,
Thus did our mutual father plough the main.
Erst from Æolian Cuma's distant shore,
Hither in sable ship his course he bore:
Through the wide seas his venturous way he took,
No rich revenues, prosperous ease forsook:
His wandering course from poverty began,
The visitation sent from heaven to man.
In Ascra's wretched hamlet, at the feet
Of Helicon, he fix'd his humble seat:—
Ungenial clime; in wintry cold severe,
And summer heat, and joyless through the year.
Each labour, Perses! let the seasons guide;
But o'er thy navigation chief preside:
Decline a slender bark; intrust thy freight
To the strong vessel of a larger rate:
The larger cargo doubles every gain;
Let but the winds their adverse blasts restrain.
If thy rash thought on merchandise be plac'd,
Lest debts insnare or woeful hunger waste,
Learn now the courses of the roaring sea,
Though ships and voyages are strange to me.
Ne'er o'er the sea's broad way my course I bore,
Save once from Aulis to th' Eubœan shore:
From Aulis, where the mighty Argive host,
The winds awaiting, linger'd on the coast;
From sacred Greece assembled to destroy
The guilty walls of beauty-blooming Troy.
I pass'd to Calchis, where around the grave
Of king Amphidamas, in battle brave,

His valiant sons had solemn games decreed,
And heralds loud announc'd full many a meed;—
There let me boast, that victor in the lay
I bore a tripod ear'd, my prize, away:
This to the maids of Helicon I vow'd,
Where first their tuneful inspiration flow'd.
Thus far in ships does my experience rise,
Yet bold I speak the wisdom of the skies;
Th' inspiring Muses to my lips have given
The lore of song, and strains that breathe of heaven.
When from the summer tropic fifty days
Have roll'd, when summer's time of toil decays;
Then is the season fair to spread the sail;
Nor then thy ship shall founder in the gale,
And seas o'erwhelm the crew; unless the power
Who shakes the shores have will'd their mortal hour;
Or heaven's eternal king require their breath,
Whose hands the issues hold of life and death,
Of evil and of good. But now the seas
Are dangerless, and clear the calmy breeze.
Then trust the winds, and let thy vessel sweep
With all her freight the level of the deep.
But rapidly retrace thy homeward way,
Nor wait the vintage-time with rash delay;
Nor autumn rains, that speak the winter nigh;
Nor the south blast, that fearful tosses high
The troubled surge; while ether pours amain
Th' autumnal deluge down, and heaves the billowy plain.
There are who launch in spring: when first the crow
Imprinting with light steps the sands below;
As many thinly scatter'd leaves are seen
To clothe the fig-tree's top with tender green;
The vernal voyage practicable seems,
And pervious are the boundless ocean-streams:—
I praise it not; for thou with anxious mind
Must hasty snatch th' occasion of the wind:
The drear event may baffle all thy care:—
Yet thus, e'en thus, will human folly dare.
Of wretched mortals, lo! the soul is gain;
But death is dreadful midst the whelming main.

These counsels lay to heart: and, warn'd by me,
Trust not thy whole precarious wealth to sea,
Tost in the hollow keel: a portion send;
Thy larger substance let the shore defend.
Fearful the losses of the ocean fall,
When on a fragile plank embark'd thy all:
So bends beneath its weight th' o'erburden'd wain,
And the crush'd axle spoils the scatter'd grain.
The golden mean of conduct should confine
Our every aim—be moderation thine.
When full matureness crowns thy manhood's pride,
Lead to thy mansion the consenting bride:
Thrice ten thy sum of years, the nuptial prime;
Nor fall far short, nor far exceed the time.
Four years the ripening virgin should consume,
And wed the fifth of her expanded bloom.
A virgin choose, that morals chaste imprest
By thy wise love may stamp her yielding breast:
Some known and neighbouring damsel be thy prize,
And wary bend around thy cautious eyes;
Lest by a choice imprudent thou be found
The merry mock of all the dwellers round.
No better lot has providence assign'd
Than a fair woman with a virtuous mind:
Nor can a worse befall, than when thy fate
Allots a worthless, feast-contriving mate;
She with no torch of mere material flame
Shall burn to tinder thy care-wasted frame;
Shall send a fire thy vigorous bones within,
And age unripe in bloom of years begin.
Be still observant, lest thine actions move
Th' avenging notice of the blest above.
Let none in friendship with a brother vie:
Or should mischance divide the tender tie,
Be not the first to point the vengeful sting,
Nor speak for falsehood's sake the treacherous thing.
If he the first by word or deed offend,
Doubly thy just resentment may descend.
If with conciliating love possest
He come atoning, clasp him to thy breast.

Wretched the man whom faith deceiv'd shall send
In sad incertitude from friend to friend.
Ne'er let thy features with thy thoughts imprest
Convict the secrets of thy silent breast.
Each name of opposite opprobrium shun;
The host of many, and the host of none.
Ne'er to the wicked a companion be;
Nor let the good be e'er revil'd by thee.
Ne'er suffer that thy tongue's reproof deny
The prayer of soul-devouring poverty:
It is a thing by sacred wisdom given,
The givers are th' immortal gods of heaven.
Lo! the best treasure is a frugal tongue;
The lips of moderate speech with grace are hung:
The evil-speaker shall perpetual fear
Return of evil ringing in his ear.
When many guests combine in common fare,
Be not morose, nor grudge a liberal share:
When all contributing the feast unite,
Great is the pleasure and the cost is light.
When the libation of the morn demands
The sable wine, forbear with unwash'd hands
To lift the cup: with ear averted Jove
Shall spurn thy prayer, and every god above.
When from the funeral feast thy steps return,
Let not thy breast with amorous transport burn:
From the glad feast of gods the soft embrace
Court unreprov'd, and stamp the infant race.
Whene'er thy feet the river-ford essay,
Whose flowing current winds its limpid way,
Thy hands amid the pleasant waters lave;
And lowly gazing on the beauteous wave
Appease the river-god: if thou perverse
Pass with unsprinkled hands, a heavy curse
Shall rest upon thee from th' observant skies,
And after-woes retributive arise.
Ne'er when the feast of gods respect demands
Apply the shining iron to thy hands;
Nor at the splendid board in sordid guise
Pare from the fresh the dry excrescencies.

Ne'er let thy hand above the chalice rest
The ewer of wine: the unsuspecting guest
May from thy fault his own disaster drink,
For evil omens lurk around the brink.
Ne'er in the midst th' unfinish'd house forego,
Lest there perch'd lonely croak the clamorous crow.
Ne'er in unconsecrated vessels feed
Nor lave; a mischief shall the slight succeed.
Set not an infant, o'er whose head have roll'd
Twelve days, or twelve revolving moons grown old,
On seats immoveable: this ill prevent,
Or, lo! his manhood shall be impotent.
Ne'er in the female baths thy limbs immerse:
In its own time the guilt shall bring the curse.
Ne'er let the mystic rites of altars move
Deriding scorn; but dread indignant Jove.
Do thus:—and still with diligence of mind
The evil rumour shun of humankind.
Easy the burden at the first to bear,
And light when lifted as impassive air;
But scarce can human strength the load convey,
Or shake th' intolerable weight away.
Swift Rumour hastes, nor ever wholly dies,
Through peopled realms on tongues unnumber'd flies;
Not earth's far shores her kindling flight confine,
A goddess, and immortal as divine.

DAYS.

A DECENT heed thy slaves enjoin to pay,
And well observe each Jove-appointed day.
The thirtieth of the moon inspect with care
Each monthly task, and every ration share
To every slave: and choose the hour that draws
Th' assembled people to the pleaded cause.

(Lo! these the days appointed from above,
By the deep counsels of all-sapient Jove.)
Of each new moon the rolling year around,
The first, the fourth, the seventh are prosperous found:
Phœbus, the seventh, from mild Latona born,
The golden-sworded god, beheld the morn.
The eighth, nor less the ninth, with favouring skies
Speeds of th' increasing month each rustic enterprise:
And on th' eleventh let thy flocks be shorn,
And on the twelfth be reap'd thy laughing corn:
Both days are good; yet is the twelfth confest
More fortunate, with fairer omen blest.
On this the air-suspended spider treads,
In the full noon his fine and self-spun threads;
And the wise emmet, tracking dark the plain,
Heaps provident the store of gather'd grain.
On this let careful woman's nimble hand
Throw first the shuttle, and the web expand.
On the thirteenth forbear to sow the grain,
But then the plant shall not be set in vain.
The sixteenth profitless to plants is deem'd,
Auspicious to the birth of men esteem'd;
But to the virgin shall unprosperous prove,
Then born to light, or join'd in wedded love.
So to the birth of girls with adverse ray
The sixth appears, an unpropitious day:
But then the swain his wattled fold may weave;
Emasculation then the ram receive,
And wanton kid; and fortunate the morn
To every birth, whene'er a man is born.
This day keen railleries loves, deluding lies,
And love-tales bland, and whisper'd secrecies.
The eighth the goat and bellowing steer by rule
Emasculate; the twelfth the patient mule:
The twenty-ninth indulge in noon-day love,
Profound in wisdom shall thy offspring prove.
The tenth propitious lends its natal ray
To men; to gentle maids, the fourteenth day.
Tame the mild sheep on this auspicious morn,
And ox of flexile hoof and wreathed horn,

And labour-patient mule; and now command
Thy sharp-tooth'd dog, with smoothly flattering hand.
The fourth and twenty-fourth no grief should prey
Within thy breast, for holy either day.
Fourth of the moon lead home thy blooming bride,
And be the fittest auguries descried.
Beware the fifth, with horror fraught and woe:
'Tis said the Furies walk their round below,
Avenging the dread oath; whose awful birth
From Discord rose, to scourge the perjur'd earth.
On the smooth thrashing-floor the seventeenth morn
Observant throw the sheaves of sacred corn:
For chamber-furniture the timber hew,
And blocks for ships with shaping axe subdue.
The fourth upon the stocks thy vessel lay,
Soon with light keel to skim the watery way.
The nineteenth mark among the better days,
When past the fervour of the noontide blaze.
Harmless the ninth: 'tis good to plant the earth.
And fortunate each male and female birth.
The twenty-ninth to broach the cask is best;
The prudent secret is to few confest.
Then yoke thy steers; thy mules in harness bind,
And coursers, hoof'd with fleetness of the wind:
Let the swift ship with numerous banks of oars
Be launch'd this day along the sandy shores.
Yet few this day entirely faithful deem;
Draw on the fourth thy wine's well-flavour'd stream;
Holy the fourteenth day beyond the rest;
The twenty-fourth o'er all at morning best;
Few know the secret truth: and worst the day
When past the fervour of the noontide ray.
These are the days of which the careful heed
Each human enterprise will favouring speed:
Others there are, which intermediate fall,
Mark'd with no auspice, and unomen'd all:
And these will some and those will others praise
But few are vers'd in mysteries of days.
Now as a stepmother the day we find
Severe, and now as is a mother kind.

Oh fortunate the man! oh blest is he, 1145
Who, skill'd in these, fulfils his ministry:—
He to whose note the auguries are given,
No rite transgress'd, and void of blame to heaven.

THE

WORKS OF CALLIMACHUS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

THE HYMNS AND EPIGRAMS

FROM THE GREEK;

WITH

THE COMA BERENICES

FROM THE LATIN OF CATULLUS.

BY H. W. TYTLER, M. D.

Inter Callimachi sat erit placuisse libellos,
Et cecinisse modis, pure poeta, tuis.—PROPERT.

HYMNS.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

WHILST we to Jove, immortal and divine,
Perform the rites, and pour the ruddy wine,
Whom shall the Muse with sacred rapture sing
But Jove th' almighty and eternal king,
Who from high heaven with bursting thunder hurl'd
The sons of earth, and awes th' ethereal world ?
  But say, thou first and greatest power above !
Shall I Dictæan or Lycæan Jove
Attempt to sing ? . . . Who knows thy mighty line ?
And who can tell, except by power divine,
If Ida's hills thy sacred birth may claim,
Or far Arcadia boast an equal fame ?
The Cretans, prone to falsehood, vaunt in vain,
And impious built thy tomb on Dictè's plain ;
For Jove, th' immortal king, shall never die,
But reign o'er men and gods above the sky.
  In high Parrhasia Rhea bore the god,
Where gloomy forests on the mountans nod ;
And hence such awful horror guards the grove,
Made holy by the glorious birth of Jove,
That now no teeming female dares presume
To bear her young amid the hallow'd gloom :
Nor beast nor insect shall approach the shade,
Nor matron chaste invoke Lucina's aid
Within the dark recess, still known to fame,
And Rhea's ancient bed th' Arcadians name.
  Soon as her womb discharg'd the mighty load,
She sought a spring to bathe the new-born god,

But in Parrhasia yet no stream appears,
Though fam'd for numerous rills in after-years;
And when the Power ungirt her spacious breast,
The dusty fields display'd a barren waste.
Nor yet broad Ladon flow'd, the plains to lave,
Nor Erymanthus pour'd his limpid wave;
Wide-branching oaks Iäsus' channel shade,
And chariots roll on Mela's sandy bed:
Unnumber'd savage beasts securely throng,
Where now deep Carion swiftly glides along;
A thirsty swain amid the wilds might go,
Where crystal Cratis and Metopè flow,
Nor find a spring; but still, with wonder, hear
Th' imprison'd water murmuring on his ear.
The venerable goddess, thus distress'd,
With awful voice the pregnant earth address'd;
Slight are thy pangs, O friendly Power, she said,
Bring forth like me to give thy suppliant aid.
She rais'd her mighty arm as thus she spoke,
And with her sceptre struck the solid rock;
Wide at the blow the yawning mountain rent,
The floods impetuous issued from the vent,
And pour'd along the ground in swelling streams,
Where soon she bath'd Jove's beauteous infant-limbs.
Thy body cleans'd, and wrapt in purple bands,
She gave the precious pledge to Neda's hands,
And much enjoin'd her, with a mother's care,
To seek the Cretan cave and hide thee there.
For she was first-born of the beauteous maids
That nurs'd the Thunderer in the gloomy shades,
Save Styx and Philyrè; from whence she gain'd
More high rewards than virgin e'er obtain'd:
For Neda's name the grateful goddess gave
To this most ancient stream, whose rolling wave
With force impetuous pours along the plain,
And near the walls of Lepreum meets the main;
The sons of Arcas hear the waters roar,
And drink the sacred flood, and crowd the shore.
Thee, mighty Jove, the nymph to Thenæ bore
And thence to Gnossus on the Cretan shore,

But first at Thenæ cur'd thy recent wound:
Cydonians hence Omphalè nam'd the ground.
The nymphs of Dictè with encircling arms
Embrac'd thee blooming in immortal charms;
The fair Adraste next thy care began,
And laid thy godhead in a golden van.
On Ida's hills the goat Amalthea bred,
There gave thee suck; and mountain-honey fed,
From bees that o'er the cliffs appear in swarms,
Prepare their waxen domes with hoarse alarms,
Collect the sweets of every fragrant flower,
And on thy lips distil th' ambrosial shower.
The fierce Curetes circle o'er the ground
In warlike dance, and beat their shields around,
That Saturn, for thy cries, might hear alone
The clang of armour on his distant throne.
Away thy infant years thus quickly flew,
Thy power appearing as thy stature grew.
And soon thou glow'st with every youthful grace,
And soon soft down o'erspreads thy beauteous face;
Jove, yet a child, the prize of wisdom bears
From both his brothers in maturer years:
And both agreed that th' empire of high heaven,
Though theirs by birthright, should to Jove be given.
Yet ancient poets idle fictions tell
That lots were cast for heaven, for earth, and hell,
Our ears thus flattering with amusive tales;
Wit pleases oftener than fair truth prevails.
None trust blind chance their fortune to decide,
Unless for equal prizes lots are tried;
And who prefers the dark infernal bowers
To heaven's gay courts and bright ethereal towers?
Chance plac'd not Jove in these divine abodes;
Thy power, thy wisdom, made thee king of gods!
Then first thy bird excell'd th' aërial kind,
Thy mandates waited and reveal'd thy mind;
Now through the skies, at thy command he springs,
And bears celestial augury on his wings.
All-gracious Power! protect the friends I love,
And send them favouring omens from above.

Lo! rob'd in purple, yonder shining bands
Of chosen youths whom Jove himself commands;
Not those who tempt the seas in search of gain,
Or join fierce combat on the dusty plain,
Invent the dance or raise the tuneful song;
These meaner cares t' inferior gods belong;
But those to whom imperial power is given,
Jove's favour'd sons, the delegates of heaven,
Whom seamen, soldiers, merchants, bards obey,
And wide-extended empires own their sway
The rough artificer owns Vulcan's power,
And hardy soldiers warlike Mars adore;
The man who swift pursues the savage brood,
Invokes Diana, huntress of the wood;
And he, who strikes the lyre's resounding strings
With skilful hand, from bright Apollo springs,
But kings from Jove; except the royal line
No rank on earth approaches to divine:
Their sacred power descends from mighty Jove,
And he protects them from high heaven above.
Besides from him the power of judges springs,
And governors, the substitutes of kings;
He guards the city, o'er the state presides,
Rewards the governor whom virtue guides;
But dire disgrace and ruin keeps in store
For partial judges that abuse their power.
Though, mighty Jove! thy scepter'd sons obtain
Abundant wealth, and means of glory gain,
Yet all receive not, by thy great decree,
An equal share of splendid pomp from thee;
For warlike Philadelphus reigns alone,
And power supreme supports his sacred throne;
Glad evening still beholds the vast designs
Complete, to which his morning thought inclines,
Beholds complete in one revolving sun,
What others, in long ages, but begun.
For Jove, in wrath, makes other kings to mourn
Their counsels blasted, and their hopes forlorn.
Hail! mighty king; hail! great Saturnian Jove,
Who sends life, health, and safety from above;

Thy glorious acts transcending human tongue,
Nor were, nor shall by mortal bard be sung!
O, from thy bright abodes let blessings flow;
Grant wealth, grant virtue to mankind below:
For we with wealth are not completely blest,
And virtue fails when wealth is unpossess'd;
Then grant us both; for these united prove
The choicest blessing man receives from Jove.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

What force, what sudden impulse, thus can make
The laurel-branch, and all the temple shake!
Depart, ye souls profane; hence, hence! O fly
Far from this holy place! Apollo's nigh;
He knocks with gentle foot; the Delian palm
Submissive bends, and breathes a sweeter balm:
Soft swans, high hovering, catch th' auspicious sign,
Wave their white wings, and pour their notes divine.
Ye bolts, fly back; ye brazen doors, expand,
Leap from your hinges, Phœbus is at hand.
Begin, young men, begin the sacred song,
Wake all your lyres, and to the dances throng,
Remembering still, the Power is seen by none
Except the just and innocent alone;
Prepare your minds, and wash the spots away,
That hinder men to view th' all-piercing ray,
Lest ye provoke his favouring beams to bend
On happier climes, and happier skies ascend:
And lo! the Power, just opening on the sight,
Diffuses bliss, and shines with heavenly light.
Nor should the youthful choir with silent feet,
Or harps unstrung, approaching Phœbus meet,
If soon they wish to mount the nuptial bed,
To deck with sweet perfumes the hoary head,
On old foundations lofty walls to build,
Or raise new cities in some distant field.

Ye listening crowds, in awful silence hear
Apollo's praises, and the song revere;
Even raging seas subside, when poets sing
The bow, the harp of the Lycorean king:
Nor Thetis, wretched mother, dares deplore
Her lov'd, her lost Achilles, now no more!
But thrill'd with awe, she checks her grief and pain,
When Io Pæan sounds along the main.
The weeping rock, once Niobe, suspends
Its tears a while, and mute attention lends;
No more she seems a monument of woe,
Nor female sighs through Phrygian marble flow.
Sound Io! Io! such the dreadful end
Of impious mortals, that with gods contend;
Who dares high heaven's immortal powers engage,
Against our king a rebel war would wage,
And who rebels against our sovereign's sway
Would brave the bright far-shooting god of day.
But rich rewards await the grateful choir
That still to Phœbus tune the living lyre;
From him all honour springs, and high above
He sits in power, at the right hand of Jove.
Beyond the day, beyond the night prolong
The sacred theme, to charm the god of song
Let all resound his praise; behold how bright
Apollo shines in robes of golden light;
Gold are his quiver, harp, and Lyctian bow,
And his fair feet with golden sandals glow.
All-bright in gold appears the Power divine,
And boundless wealth adorns his Delphic shrine.
Immortal youth and heavenly beauty crown
His cheeks, unshaded by the softest down,
But his fair tresses drop ambrosial dews,
Distil soft oils, and healing balm diffuse:
And on what favour'd city these shall fall,
Life, health, and safety guard the sacred wall.
To great Apollo various arts belong,
The skill of archers and the powers of song;
By him the sure events of lots are given,
By him the prophet speaks the will of heaven,

And wise physicians, taught by him, delay
The stroke of fate, and turn disease away.
But we to Nomius, heavenly shepherd, cry,
Since he, for young Admetus, left the sky;
When burning with desire, he deign'd to feed
A mortal's coursers on Amphrysus' mead.
His herds increas'd, and overspread the ground,
Kids leapt, and sportive lambkins frisk'd around,
Where'er Apollo bent his favouring eyes,
The flocks with milk abounded, grew in size,
And pregnant ewes, that brought one lamb before,
Now dropt a double offspring on the shore.
Ere towns are built, or new foundations laid,
We still invoke the great Apollo's aid,
And oracles explore; for with delight
He views new cities rising on the sight;
And Phœbus' self the deep foundations lays.
The god, but four years old, in former days,
First rais'd a structure on th' Ortygian ground
Close by the lake that ever circles round;
When young Diana, skill'd in hunting, laid
Unnumber'd goats, on Cynthus' mountain, dead:
The careful goddess brought their heads away,
And gave them to the glorious god of day;
He broke the horns, and rais'd with artful toil
A wondrous altar from the sylvan spoil,
Plac'd rows on rows, in order still dispos'd,
Which he with circling walls of horn enclos'd;
And from this model, just in every part,
Apollo taught mankind the builder's art.
Besides Apollo show'd my native place
To Battus, and the fam'd Theræan race,
A crow propitious sent, that flew before,
And led the wanderers to the Libyan shore.
Apollo, marking from unclouded skies,
Beheld Cyrenè's lofty towers arise,
And faithful swore, that Egypt's king should gain
The new-built city and the fertile plain.
To tuneful Phœbus, sacred god of song,
In various nations, various names belong;

Some Boëdromius, Clarius some implore,
But nam'd Carneüs on my native shore.
Thee, great Carneüs! Sparta first possess'd,
Next Thera's isle was with thy presence bless'd;
You cross'd the swelling main from Thera's bowers,
And then resided in Cyrenè's towers.
The sixth from Œdipus convey'd the god
From Lacedæmon o'er the watery road
To Thera's isle; but brought from Thera's strand
By blameless Battus to Asbystis' land.
He rais'd a temple to record thy praise,
Appointed annual feasts, on solemn days,
In fair Cyrenè; sacred hymns resound,
And slaughter'd bulls lie bleeding on the ground.
Io! Carnean Phœbus! all must pay
Their vows to thee, and on thine altars lay
Green herbs and painted flowers, when genial spring
Diffuses sweetness from Favonius' wing;
But when stern winter his dark power displays
With yellow crocus feed the rising blaze:
So flames unceasing deck thy hallow'd shrine,
And breathe sweet odours to thy power divine.
With transport Phœbus views the warlike dance,
When fierce Bellona's sons in arms advance,
And, with brown Libyan virgins, tread the ground,
When annual the Carneän feast comes round,
Nor yet Alcides' sons had Cyrne seen,
Her crystal fountain and extended green,
But through Azilis' woods the wanderers stray'd,
And hid their heads within the dusky shade,
When Phœbus standing on the horned hill
Beheld the forest and the murmuring rill,
And show'd the warriors to his lovely bride,
Cyrenè fair attending at his side,
Who kill'd the lion on Myrtusa's rocks,
That tore the good Eurypylus's flocks.
Apollo saw not from the realms above
A city more deserving of his love;
No rising town, no mighty state obtain'd
Such gifts from Phœbus as Cyrenè gain'd,

In dear remembrance of the ravish'd dame,
That crown'd his love, and gave the city's name.
Nor were her sons ungrateful, but bestow'd
Superior honours on their guardian god.
Now Io! Io Pæan! rings around
As first from Delphi rose the sacred sound,
When Phœbus swift descending deign'd to show
His heavenly skill to draw the golden bow.
For when no mortal weapons could repel
Enormous Python horrible and fell,
From his bright bow incessant arrows flew,
And, as he rose, the hissing serpent slew.
Whilst Io! Io Pæan! numbers cry,
Haste launch thy darts, for surely from the sky
Thou cam'st the great preserver of mankind,
As thy fair mother at thy birth design'd.
An equal foe, pale Envy, late drew near,
And thus suggested in Apollo's ear;
I hate the bard who pours not forth his song
In swelling numbers, loud, sublime, and strong;
No lofty lay should in low murmurs glide,
But wild as waves, and sounding as the tide.
Fierce with his foot indignant Phœbus spurn'd
Th' invidious monster, and in wrath return'd.
Wide rolls Euphrates' wave, but soil'd with mud,
And dust and slime pollute the swelling flood:
For Ceres still the fair Melissæ bring
The purest water from the smallest spring,
That softly murmuring creeps along the plain,
And falls with gentle cadence to the main.
Propitious Phœbus! thus thy power extend,
And soon shall Envy to the shades descend.

HYMN TO DIANA.

Though great Apollo claim the poet's lyre,
Yet cold neglect may tempt Diana's ire.
Come, virgin-goddess, and inspire my song,
To you the chace, the sylvan dance belong,

And mountain-sports; since first with accents mild,
Whilst on his knee the Thunderer held his child,
O grant me, father, thus the goddess said,
To reign a virgin, an unspotted maid.
To me let temples rise and altars smoke,
And men by many names my aid invoke;
Proud Phœbus else might with thy daughter vie,
And look on Dian with disdainful eye.
To bend the bow and aim the dart be mine,
I ask no thunder nor thy bolts divine;
At your desire the Cyclops will bestow
My pointed shafts and string my little bow.
Let silver light my virgin steps attend,
When to the chace with flying feet I bend,
Above the knee be my white garments roll'd
In plaited folds, and fring'd around with gold.
Let Ocean give me sixty little maids
To join the dance amid surrounding shades;
Let twenty more from fair Amnisius come,
All nine years old, and yet in infant-bloom,
To bear my buskins, and my dogs to feed,
When fawns in safety frisk along the mead,
Nor yet the spotted lynx is doom'd to bleed.
Be mine the mountains and each rural bower,
And give one city for thy daughter's dower;
On mountain-tops shall my bright arrows shine,
And with the mortal race I'll only join,
When matrons torn by agonizing throes
Invoke Lucina to relieve their woes;
For at my birth the attendant Fates assign'd
This task to me, in mercy to mankind,
Since fair Latona gave me to thy love,
And felt no pangs when blest by favouring Jove.
She spoke, and stretch'd her hands with infant-art,
To stroke his beard, and gain her father's heart;
But oft she rais'd her little arms in vain,
At length with smiles he thus reliev'd her pain.
Fair daughter, lov'd beyond th' immortal race,
If such as you spring from a stol'n embrace,
Let furious Juno burn with jealous ire,
Be mine the care to grant your full desire,

And greater gifts beside: from this blest hour
Shall thirty towns invoke Diana's power,
Full thirty towns, (for such high Jove's decree,)
Ungirt by walls, shall pay their vows to thee:
O'er public ways Diana shall preside,
And every port where ships in safety ride.
Nor shall these towns alone your power obey,
But you with other gods divide the sway
Of distant isles amid the watery main,
And cities on the continental plain,
Where mighty nations shall adore your name,
And groves and altars your protection claim.
The Thunderer spoke, and gave th' almighty nod,
That seals his will, and binds th' immortal god.
Meantime the joyful goddess wings her flight
To Creta's isle with snowy mountains bright;
Thence from Dictynna's hills and bending wood
She seeks the caverns of the rolling flood,
And at her call th' attendant virgins come,
All nine years old, and yet in infant bloom.
With joy Cæratus views the smiling choir,
And hoary Tethys feels reviving fire,
When her bright offspring o'er th' enamel'd green
Trip with light footsteps and surround their queen.
But thence to Melegunis' isle in haste
(Now Lipara) the sylvan goddess pass'd,
Her nymphs attending, and with wondering eyes
Saw the brown Cyclops of enormous size,
Deep in their darksome dwelling under ground,
On Vulcan's mighty anvil turning round
A mass of metal hissing from the flame:
The sea-god urges, and for him they frame
A wondrous vase, the liquor to contain
That fills his coursers on the stormy main.
With horror chill'd, the timorous virgins eye
Stupendous giants rear their heads on high,
Like cloud-capt Ossa rising o'er the field;
One eye, that blaz'd like some refulgent shield,
From each stern forehead glar'd pernicious fire.
Aghast they gaze, when now the monsters dire

With stubborn strokes shake the resounding shore,
And the huge bellows through the caverns roar.
But when from fiercer flames the metal glows,
And the fix'd anvil rings with heavier blows,
When ponderous hammers break the tortur'd mass,
Alternate thundering on the burning brass,
The nymphs no more endure the dreadful sight,
Their ears grow deaf, their dim eyes lose the light;
A deeper groan through labouring Ætna runs,
Appals the hearts of old Sicania's sons,
Redoubles from Hesperia's coast around,
And distant Cyrnus thunders back the sound.
No wonder that Diana's tender maids
Should sink with terror in these gloomy shades;
For when the daughters of th' immortal gods
With infant-clamours fill the blest abodes,
Arges or Steropes the mother calls
(Two Cyclops grim) from their infernal halls
To seize the froward child; no Cyclops come,
But, loudly threatening, from some inner room
Obsequious Hermes swift before her stands,
With blacken'd face, and with extended hands;
The frighted infant, thus compos'd to rest,
Forgets its cries, and sinks upon her breast.
But fair Diana, scarce three summers old,
Could with her mother these dread realms behold,
When Vulcan, won by her enchanting mien,
With welcome gifts receiv'd the sylvan queen:
Stern Bronte's knee the little goddess prest,
And pluck'd the bristles from his brawny breast,
As if dire Alopecia's power had torn
The hairs that shall no more his chest adorn.
Now undismay'd, as then, the goddess cried,
Ye mighty Cyclops, set your tasks aside,
And for Jove's daughter forge immortal arms,
To fright the savage race with wild alarms;
Sharp arrows to pursue the flying foe,
A sounding quiver, and a dreadful bow,
Such as Cydonians use; for know that I
Descend, like Phœbus, from the realms on high,

And, when some tusky boar resigns his life,
Beneath my darts amid the sylvan strife,
Th' unwieldy victim shall reward your toil,
And hungry Cyclops gorge the grateful spoil.
She spoke; the tawny workmen swift obey'd,
And in one instant arm'd th' immortal maid.
But now the goddess sought, nor sought in vain,
Pan, the protector of th' Arcadian plain;
She found the god dividing 'mongst his hounds
The flesh of lynxes from Mænalea's grounds.
Six beauteous dogs, when first she came in view,
Swift from the pack the bearded shepherd drew.
One silver spangles round his body bears,
Two streak'd with white, and three with spotted ears,
All fierce in blood; the weaker prey they slew,
And living lions to their kennel drew.
Seven more he gave of Sparta's hardy race,
Fleet as the winds, and active in the chace
Of fauns, that climb the mountain's lofty steep,
And hares, that never shut their eyes in sleep;
Skill'd through the porcupine's dark haunts to go,
And trace the footsteps of the bounding roe.
The nymph accepting leads her hounds with speed
To verdant hills above the Arcadian mead,
And on the mountain's airy summit finds
(Sight wondrous to behold) five beauteous hinds,
That on Anaurus' flowery margin fed
(Where mossy pebbles fill'd his ample bed)
In size like bulls, and on their heads divine
High horns of beaming gold resplendent shine.
Soon as the vision open'd on her eyes,
These, these, she said, shall be Diana's prize,
Then, o'er the rocks, pursued the mountain-winds,
Outstripp'd the dogs, and seiz'd the flying hinds;
One unobserv'd escap'd, but four remain
To draw her chariot through th' ethereal plain.
The fifth, by Juno's wiles, took swift her way
Through Celadon's dark flood; the glorious prey
To Cerynæus' distant mountains run;
A future prize for great Alcmena's son.

Hail, fair Parthenia, beauteous queen of night,
Who hurl'd fierce Tityus from the realms of light;
I see the nymph in golden arms appear,
Mount the swift car, and join th' immortal deer:
A golden zone around her waist she binds,
And reins of gold confine the bounding hinds.
But whether first, O sacred virgin, say,
Did your bright chariot whirl its airy way?
To Hæmus' hills, whence Boreas fiercely blows
On wretched mortals frost and winter snows.
But whence the pine, and whence the kindling flame?
The pine from Mysia's lofty mountain came;
Jove's thunder roar'd; red lightning stream'd on high
To light the torch that blazes through the sky.
Say next, how oft the silver bow you drew,
And where, bright queen, your vengeful arrows flew.
An elm receiv'd the first, an oak the next;
The third a mountain savage deep transfix'd;
More swift the fourth, like rattling thunder springs,
And hurls destruction from its dreadful wings
On realms accurst, where justice ne'er was shown
To sons of foreign states, or of their own,
Deep sunk in crimes!—How miserable they
'Gainst whom thy vengeance wings its distant way!
Disease devours the flocks, dire hail and rain
Destroy the harvest, and lay waste the plain.
The hoary sire, for guilty deeds undone,
Shaves his grey locks, and mourns his dying son.
In agonizing pangs, her babe unborn,
The matron dies, or from her country torn
To some inhospitable clime must fly,
And see th' abortive birth untimely die.
Thrice happy nations, where with look benign
Your aspect bends; beneath your smiles divine
The fields are with increasing harvests crown'd,
The flocks grow fast, and plenty reigns around,
Nor sire, nor infant-son, black death shall crave,
Till ripe with age they drop into the grave;
Nor fell suspicion, nor relentless care,
Nor peace-destroying discord enter there,

But friends and brothers, wives and sisters, join
The feast in concord and in love divine.
O! grant your bard, and the distinguish'd few,
His chosen friends, these happy climes to view:
So shall Apollo's love, Diana's praise,
And fair Latona's nuptials grace my lays;
And when my soul inspiring transport feels,
Your arms, your labours, and the fervid wheels
Of your swift car, that flames along the sky
To yonder courts of thundering Jove on high.
Your coming Acacesian Hermes waits,
And great Apollo stands before the gates,
To lift from off the car the sylvan prey,
While Hermes joyful bears your arms away.
Nor Phœbus e'er his helping hand denies;
But when Alcides scal'd the lofty skies,
This task to him was by the gods decreed,
So from his ancient labours scarcely freed,
Before th' eternal doors the hero stands,
Expects the prey, and waits your dread commands.
In laughing crowds the joyous gods appear,
But chief th' imperious step-dame's voice you hear
Loud o'er the rest, to see Tirynthius pull
Th' unwieldy weight of some enormous bull.
That with his hinder foot impatient spurns
The labouring god, as from the car he turns.
The brawny hero, though with toil oppress,
Approach'd the nymph, and quaintly thus addrest:
Strike sure the savage beast, and man to thee
Will give the name before bestow'd on me,
The great Deliverer; let the timid hare
And bearded goat to native hills repair,
And there securely range. What ills proceed
From hares or goats that on the mountains feed?
Wild boars and trampling bulls oft render vain
The peasant's toil, and waste the ripening grain;
Aim there your darts, and let the monsters feel
The mortal wound, and the sharp-pointed steel.
He spoke, renew'd his toil, and heav'd away
With secret gladness the reluctant prey.

Beneath the Phrygian oak his bones were burn'd,
And his immortal part to heaven return'd,
Yet still tormented with fierce hunger's rage,
As when Theiodamas he durst engage.
Amnisian virgins from the car unbind
The sacred deer, and dress each panting hind;
Ambrosial herbage by their hands is given
From meadows sacred to the queen of heaven,
Where Jove's immortal coursers feed. They bring
Refreshing water from a heavenly spring
In golden cisterns of ethereal mould,
The draught more grateful from a vase of gold.
But you, fair nymph, call'd by the powers above,
Ascend the mansions of imperial Jove;
The gods rose graceful, when the virgin queen,
With beauteous aspect and with look serene,
By Phœbus' side assum'd her silver throne,
Next him in power, and next in glory shone.
  But when, with sportive limbs, the nymphs are seen
To dance in mazy circles round their queen,
Near the cool fountains whence Inopus rose,
Broad as the Nile, and like the Nile o'erflows;
Or when to Pitane or Limnæ's meads,
Or Alæ's flowery field, the goddess leads
The choir, from Taurus black with human blood,
And turns disgustful from the Scythian brood.
That day my heifers to the stall retire,
Nor turn the green sward for another's hire;
Though nine years old, and in Tymphæa born,
Their limbs though sturdy, and though strong of horn
To drag the plough, and cleave the mellow soil,—
Yet would their necks, o'erlabour'd, bend with toil,
When Sol himself leans downward from the sky,
Beholds the virgins with enraptur'd eye,
Detains his chariot, whence new glories pour,
Prolongs the day, and stops the flying hour.
  What city, mountain, or what sacred isle,
What harbour, boasts your most auspicious smile?
And of th' attendant nymphs, that sportful rove
Along the hills, who most enjoys your love,

O goddess tell: If you inspire their praise,
Admiring nations will attend my lays.
  Your favour Perga, green Doliche boasts,
Taygettus' mountains, and Euripus' coasts;
And Britomartis, from Gertynas' grove,
Of all the nymphs enjoys distinguish'd love:
Fair Britomartis (skill'd to wing the dart,
And pierce with certain wound the distant hart)
Imperial Minos chas'd with wild desire
O'er Cretan hills, and made the nymph retire
To some far distant oak's extended shade,
Or sheltering grove, or marsh's watery bed.
Nine months the king pursued, with furious haste,
O'er rocks abrupt, and precipices vast,
Nor once gave back, but when the blooming maid
Was just within his power, and none gave aid,
His grasp eluding, from the impending steep
Headlong she plung'd amid the swelling deep.
But friendly fishers on the main display'd
Their nets wide-stretching to receive the maid,
And thus preserv'd her from a watery death,
Worn out with toil, and panting still for breath.
And in succeeding times Cydonians hence
Dictynna call'd the nymph; the mountain, whence
She leapt into the sea, bear Dictè's name,
Where annual rites record the virgin's fame.
On that blest day, fair nymph, is wove for thee
A garland from the pine or mastich tree;
The myrtle-branch untouch'd, that durst assail
The flying maid, and rent her snowy veil,
And hence the man must bear the virgin's frown,
Who shall her altars with fresh myrtles crown.
  The name Dictynna, too, the Cretans gave
(From her who fearless plung'd beneath the wave)
To you, fair Upis, from whose sacred brows
Resplendent glory with mild lustre flows;
But in your breast the nymph Cyrenè shares
An equal place, and equal favour bears,
To whom in days of old your hands convey'd
Two beauteous hounds, with which the warlike maid

Acquired renown before th' Iolcian tomb.
All-bright with locks of gold see Procris come,
Majestic matron, Cephalus's spouse,
Whom, though no virgin, you, great goddess, choose
Companion of the chace, but o'er the rest
Mild Anticlea your regard possest:
Fair as the light, and dearer than your eyes,
She claims protection by superior ties.
These first bore quivers, these you taught to wing
The sounding arrow from the trembling string,
With their right shoulders and white bosoms bare,
They lead the chace, and join the sylvan war.
Your praises, too, swift Atalanta charm,
Iasius' daughter, whose resistless arm
O'erthrew the boar; you show'd the nymph with art
T' incite the hounds, and aim th' unerring dart.
But Calydonian hunters now no more
Dispute the prize, since the fair virgin bore
The glorious trophy to th' Arcadian plain,
Where his white teeth record the monster slain.
Nor now shall Rhœcus, nor Hylæus young,
With lust inflam'd, or with fell envy stung,
Lay hands unhallow'd on the beauteous maid,
Or once approach her in th' Elysian shade;
Since their torn entrails on Mænalia tell
How by her arm th' incestuous monsters fell.
Hail! bright Chitone, hail! auspicious queen,
With robes of gold, and with majestic mien!
In many temples, many climes adore
Your name, fair guardian of Miletus' shore.
The name Imbrasia, Chesias too is given
To you high thron'd among the powers of heaven,
Since happy Nelus and th' Athenian host
By your protection reach'd the fertile coast.
Great Agamemnon's hand a rudder bore,
To grace your temple on Bœotia's shore,
And gain your love, while adverse winds detain
The impatient Grecians from the roaring main;
Wild with delay on rugged rocks they mourn
Rhamnusian Helen, from her country torn.

When sudden frenzy seiz'd the madd'ning brains
Of Prætus' daughters on th' Achaian plains;
While o'er th' inhospitable hills they roam,
You sought the maids, and safe conducted home:
Of this two sacred fanes preserve the fame,
One to Ceresia from the virgin's name;
To Hemeresia one in Loussa's shades,
Mild Hemeresia cur'd the furious maids.
Fierce Amazonian dames to battle bred,
Along th' Ephesian plains by Hippo led,
With pious hands a golden statue bore
Of you, bright Upis, to the sacred shore,
Plac'd where a beech-tree's ample shade invites
The warlike band to join the holy rites.
Around the tree they clash their maiden shields,
With sounding strokes that echo through the fields;
Swift o'er the shores in wider circles spring,
Join hand in hand to form a mazy ring,
And beat, with measur'd steps, the trembling ground
Responsive to the shrill pipe's piercing sound;
The bones of deer yet uninspir'd and mute,
From which Minerva form'd a softer flute.
Discordant notes to lofty Sardis fly,
And Berecynthus' distant hills reply;
Hoarse-rattling quivers o'er their shoulders rung,
While from the ground with bounding feet they sprung.
And after-ages saw, with glad surprise,
A wondrous fabric round the statue rise,
More rich, more beautiful, than Phœbus boasts,
With all his glory, on the Delphic coasts:
Nor yet Aurora's morning beams have shone
On such a temple, or so fair a throne.
But soon fierce Lygdamis descending down,
With impious threats to burn th' Ephesian town,
In numbers like the sand an host prepares
Of strong Cimmerians, fed with milk of mares:
The bands unblest their sudden march began
From frozen plains, where lowing Io ran.
Ah! wretched monarch, fated now no more
To lead your legions to the northern shore;

Who drove their chariots o'er Cayëster's mead
Shall ne'er in Scythian climes their coursers feed:
For bright Diana guards the sacred towers,
And on th' approaching foe destruction pours.
Hail! great Munychia; for th' Athenian bay
And Pheræ's fertile shores confess your sway;
Hail! bright Pheræa; and let none presume
T' offend Diana, lest th' avenging doom
Fall heavy on their heads, which Oeneus mourn'd,
When, unsuccessful, from the field he turn'd
For vows unpaid. Like her let none pretend
To dart the javelin or the bow to bend;
For when Atrides durst her grove profane,
No vulgar death remov'd the fatal stain.
Let none, with eyes of love, the nymph behold,
Lest, like fond Otus and Orion bold,
They sink beneath her darts; let none decline
The solemn dance, or slight the power divine:
E'en favour'd Hippo feels her vengeful ire.
If from th' unfinish'd rites she dares retire.
Hail! virgin queen, accept my humble praise;
And smile propitious on your poet's lays.

HYMN TO DELOS.

On when, my soul, wilt thou resound the praise
Of Delos, nurse to Phœbus' infant-days,
Or of the Cyclades? Most sacred these
Of isles that rise amid surrounding seas;
And fame and hymns divine to them belong:
But Delos chief demands the Muse's song.
For there the god who leads the vocal train
Was swath'd around; and on the Delian plain
His infant-limbs were wash'd: the sacred lay
Triumphant rose to hail the god of day.
As who forgets, Pimplea the divine,
Is soon forsaken by the tuneful Nine;

Thus on the bard, neglecting Cynthus' shores,
Avenging Phœbus all his fury pours:
To Delos then let votive lays belong,
And Cynthian Phœbus will approve my song.
Though beat by billows, and though vex'd with storms,
The sacred isle its deep foundations forms
Unshook by winds, uninjur'd by the deep.
High o'er the waves appears the Cynthian steep;
And from the flood the sea-mew bends his course
O'er cliffs impervious to the swiftest horse:
Around the rocks th' Icarian surges roar,
Collect new foam, and whiten all the shore
Beneath the lonely caves, and breezy plain,
Where fishers dwelt of old above the main.
No wonder Delos, first in rank, is plac'd
Amid the sister isles on ocean's breast;
For when the sea-gods o'er the liquid plains
Seek these dark cells, where hoary Tethys reigns,
Majestic Delos leads beneath the deeps
The watery train; close following Cyrnus keeps
Her steady course; Eubœa floats along,
And fair Sardinia glides amid the throng.
Last, o'er the main, see flowery Cyprus move,
That from the waves receiv'd the queen of love;
And in return the nymph, with favouring smile,
Blest the bright shores, and guards the sacred isle.
Though towers in these and lofty bulwarks stand,
Apollo still defends the Delian land,
A stronger fortress, and a surer trust:
Strymonian Boreas levels with the dust
The work of human hands; but Delos' god
Stands unremov'd, and guards his lov'd abode.
Hail! favour'd isle, where walls nor towers arise,
A stronger power defends you from the skies.
O sacred Cynthus, much in song renown'd,
What theme delights? what shall the Muse resound
To thee most pleasing? Wilt thou bend thine ear
The mighty sea-god's glorious acts to hear?
With those dread weapons, which the Telchins form,
He shook the mountains, like a bursting storm,

In times of old ; from their foundations hurl'd
Rocks, hills, and vales amid the watery world :
In rush the seas, and from the land divide
The numerous isles now rising from the tide,
And fix'd for ever in the boundless main.
But Delos' isle along the liquid plain
Still floated uncontroll'd ; her sacred name
Asteria then ; to her immortal fame,
She shot from heaven like a descending star,
Amid the roaring deeps and watery war,
To shun th' embrace of Jove. Asteria fair
She still was call'd ; till, bright with golden hair,
Distress'd Latona sought the shady shore,
Hence Delos nam'd, Asteria now no more.
Oft sailors, wandering o'er the briny main
From Lycian Xanthus or Trœzene's plain,
Stood for the Ephyrian coast, and there descried
Asteria floating on Saronia's tide :
But when returning to their native shore,
Wide o'er the main the rolling isle no more
Appear'd in view ; but held its rapid course,
Driven by th' impetuous flood's resistless force,
Where black Euripus' gulfs tempestuous roar,
And dash the whitening waves on Chalcis' shore,
Then, mounting o'er the surging billows, bounds
From Sunium's rocks to Chios' flowery grounds,
Or softly seeks Parthenia's fruitful soil,
Not Samos yet ; and from the virgin isle
The Mycalesian nymphs rejoicing pour,
And hail thee to the hospitable shore
Of kind Ancæus. But thy sacred earth
Supplied a place for great Apollo's birth,
Hence thy new name the grateful sailors gave,
And Delos call'd along the trackless wave ;
An undistinguish'd course no more you keep,
But fix'd and rooted in the Ægean deep.
Nor didst thou dread imperial Juno's ire,
That burst impetuous, like the force of fire,
On every goddess, from whose secret love
A rising offspring crown'd th' embrace of Jove

But chief pursued Latona; well she knew
That from Latona's bed would rise to view
The brightest power in heaven, and dearer far
To thundering Jove than the stern god of war.
Amid the skies th' observing goddess sat,
And brooded dire revenge, and furious hate
Unutterable; watch'd the painful hour
Of labour, and detain'd the struggling power:
Then sent two faithful messengers on earth
To guard the shores and wait th' approaching birth.
Bright in immortal arms stern Mars appears
On Hæmus' hills; o'er their proud summits rears
His towering head, and from the mountain's height
Wide o'er the continent directs his sight:
Th' immortal steeds meanwhile stood far behind
In seven recesses of the northern wind.
Next Iris fierce descends on Mima's brows,
And o'er the scatter'd isles observing throws
Her careful eyes; with inauspicious threats
Denounces vengeance on the pitying states,
Where bright Latona turns distress'd with grief;
She bars access, and still denies relief.
Before the dreadful voice Arcadia fled,
And high Parthenius bow'd his rocky head
(Fair Auge's sacred hill); Phenæus bends
His aged steps, and close behind attends;
And all the climes of Pelops' isle that lie
Along the northern isthmus swiftly fly,
Save Argos and Ægiale: but there
All entrance is denied by Juno's care,
To whom the realms of Inachus belong.
Aonia frighted holds her course along
The self-same path; and Dirce swift succeeds,
And Strophie, watering green Bœotia's meads,
Upon whose hands their sire Ismenus hung,
As black with mossy stones he roll'd along.
And sore disabled by the lightning's blast,
Slow moves Asopus, with inactive haste;
But native Dryads, pale with sacred awe,
Swift from the dance their trembling feet withdraw,

And shriek and sigh, when oaks coëval bend
Their green heads, and from Helicon descend.
Ye favouring Powers, immortal Muses, say,
Do nymphs with oaks exist, with oaks decay?
The nymphs rejoice, when oaks, refresh'd with dew,
Put forth their leaves, and spread their arms anew;
The nymphs lament, when winter, black with storms,
Sweeps off the leaves, and the green boughs deforms.
  Apollo heard, and from his mother's womb
Furious denounc'd th' unalterable doom
On Thebæ's guilty realms, unhappy state!
Why thus provoke thy swift-approaching fate?
Why tempt the god unwilling, to declare
The woes ungrateful Thebes is doom'd to bear?
For though no priestess on the tripod feels
Inspiring power, nor thence our will reveals;
Nor yet, by darts divine, has Python bled,
Slow moving on from Plistus' oozy bed,
Hideous and huge he rears his shaggy chest,
Black with infernal hairs, (tremendous pest!)
Ascends Parnassus' hill, and dreadful throws
Nine sable volumes round his hoary brows.
Yet hear thy doom; more awful the decree
Than e'er the laurel shall pronounce by me:
Fly hence; but fate pursues: my burning darts
Shall soon be quench'd in blood of Theban hearts.
Since thou retain'st the guilty race that sprung
From that vile woman with blasphemous tongue;
Apollo's hallow'd birth shall never crown
Cithæron's hill, nor Thebæ's impious town.
The god is good, and only will bestow
Distinguish'd blessings on good men below.
  So spake the power unseen: Latona mourn'd,
And to th' Achaian states again return'd.
But these against her tender suit combine,
Nor grant admission to the Power divine;
Not ev'n high Helice, whose blooming charms
Won mighty Neptune to her tender arms;
Nor humble Bura, rising near the flood,
Where great Dexamenus his oxen stood

an lofty stairs. Latona turns with sighs
To bleak Thessalia's realms and colder skies.
But there Larissa flies th' approaching god,
Anaurus' waves, and all the rocks that nod
On Pelion's brows; nor Peneus dares abide,
But rolls through Tempe's vale a swifter tide.
And thou, fierce Juno, still with rage possest,
Remain'st unmov'd; no pity touch'd thy breast,
When thus the goddess mourn'd with plaintive sighs,
With outstretch'd arms, and with heart-rending cries.
Ye daughters of Thessalian floods, entreat
Your aged sire, low bending at his feet,
To stop the mighty wave; O grasp with care
His hoary beard, and urge him to prepare
His water to receive th' immortal son
Of thundering Jove. Ah! why should Peneus run
More swift than wintry winds? Thy flight is vain;
Nor canst thou here a glorious prize obtain,
As in th' equestrian strife. O father, say,
Have thy swift streams thus ever roll'd away?
Or does Latona's pangs increase thy speed
To fly from her distress? In time of need,
Alas! he hears me not. Where shall I turn?
And where, unhappy! shall thy son be born?
My strength decays; to Pelion I 'll repair,
The bridal bed of Philyre the fair.
Stay, Pelion, stay. A goddess asks no more
Than to the lioness you gave before;
Oft on thy cliffs she bears her savage young
With dreadful yells, and with fierce anguish stung.
Sad Peneus wept, and answer'd thus with sighs:
A mightier god, Necessity, denies
Thy prayer, O Power distress'd, else soon should I
Relieve thy woes, with thy request comply,
And grant the boon to other births I gave,
That oft were wash'd in my refreshing wave.
The queen of heaven on Peneus bends her eyes,
And utters furious threats amid the skies;
Lo! from yon hill a champion fierce and dread
Frowns stern destruction on my wretched head;

And could with ease my sable deeps o'erturn,
Subvert my streams, and dry my fruitful urn.
All strife is vain; say, will it please thy soul,
That Peneus perish, and no longer roll
His swelling streams? Th' avenging hour may come;
But in thy cause I'll brave the dreadful doom;
Though my shrunk waves for ever cease to flow,
And I be nam'd the meanest flood below;
Behold, approach, Ilythia's aid invoke.
He stopt his rapid current as he spoke.
But Mars perceiv'd; from their foundations tore
Pangæus' hills, and in his arms upbore
The rocky mountain, an enormous load!
To choke the fountains, and o'erwhelm the flood.
His voice like thunder sounds; the spear and shield
Together struck, more dreadful murmurs yield:
When trembling Ossa heard, strange horrors fill
Cranonia's field, high Pindus' distant hill,
And shook Thessalia to her farthest bound.
As Ætna's inmost caverns under-ground
Roar horrible with floods of rolling fire,
And to the centre shake; when, fierce with ire,
Briareus turns beneath the mountain's height,
And from his shoulders heaves th' incumbent weight;
Forge, tripods, tongs, the caldron's mighty round,
And all the works of Vulcan, strike the ground
With mingled clash: such and more hoarse alarms
Sprung from th' immortal powers' discordant arms.
But Peneus, unappall'd, retires no more,
Collects his rolling waters as before,
And stands unmov'd; till thus Latona spoke:
Retire in peace, nor yon fierce gods provoke:
Thou shalt not suffer, though my lot be hard;
Nor thy compassion want its due reward.
Then o'er the main to distant isles she goes,
Struck with new pangs, inextricable woes,
But still without success; nor aid is found
Among the Echinades, for ports renown'd;
Nor dares Corcyra's hospitable coast
Receive the power, along the billows tost.

For Iris dreadful stands in open sight,
And pours her threats from Mima's lofty height:
Before her wrath the crowding islands fled,
And sought the nearest river's friendly bed.
Latona turns to Merops' ancient seat,
The Coan isle, Chalciope's retreat;
But Phœbus stops her course, and thus relates,
With awful voice, th' irrevocable fates.
O goddess, I nor envy nor disdain
These flowery shores, and yonder fertile plain,
But here thou bear'st me not; Apollo sees
A future god appear by Fate's decrees,
The mightiest prince of Soter's royal race,
To rule this favour'd isle, his native place.
To him the willing world shall tribute bring;
Green isles and inland states obey the king,
And bow before him in succeeding times;
His power extending from yon eastern climes,
To distant shores, where Sol descending leads
Beneath the western waves his wearied steeds.
From Macedonia comes the man divine,
And in the son the father's virtues shine.
The glorious prince shall be my future care,
And I the great companion of his war,
When o'er the Celtic shores, with wild alarms,
Gigantic nations clash barbarian arms.
The last of Titan's sons, a furious throng!
From th' utmost West shall swiftly pour along,
And, rushing dreadful, Grecian plains o'erflow,
Thick as the driving rain or falling snow;
Or numerous as yon silver lamps of night,
That fill their urns with Jove's ethereal light.
From Locrian forts and undefended towns,
From Delphic mountains, and Crissæan downs,
From all the midland cities far around,
Deep groans shall issue; when along the ground
Wide-wasting flames devour the ripening grain,
And all the labours of th' adjoining swain.
Nor these shall hear alone the fierce alarms
Of hostile armies, sheath'd in shining arms

Around my temple; but with terror view
Th' impetuous Gauls their impious course pursue,
With bloody falchions, belts, and bucklers stain
My holy tripods, and my cave profane,
For which fierce war shall rage, at my command,
And wreak my vengeance on th' unhallow'd band.
Of conquer'd armour, half shall deck my shrine,
And half, the prize of valour, shall be thine,
Illustrious prince! when midst attacks and fire,
On Nilus' banks the vanquish'd hosts expire.
Thus fate foretells the glory thou shalt gain,
O Philadelphus! in thy wondrous reign,
For which, immortal King, thou still shalt pay
Unceasing honours to the god of day;
And future ages to the stars shall raise
Apollo's name, and Philadelphus' praise,
Both yet unborn; thy power, O mother, join,
Fulfil the Fates, and aid my great design.
An isle there is yet unconfin'd and free,
With feet unfix'd amid the rolling sea,
To mariners well known; it wanders wide,
Now here, now there, before the driving tide,
And yields, and shakes, like pliant Asphodel,
As east or western winds the floods impel:
There shall thy labours end. The sacred earth
Will grant relief, and aid my glorious birth.
As Phœbus spoke, th' obedient isles gave way
Forsook the shores, and floated o'er the sea,
Returning to their seats. Not long before
Th' Asterian isle had left Eubœa's shore,
And, at the voice divine, came slowly down,
To view the Cyclades of great renown,
Encumber'd oft by dank sea-weeds, that sprung
From rough Geræstus, and around her hung.
Full in the midst she stood; beheld with grief
Latona's dreadful pangs, and no relief.
At her command a fiery torrent roar'd
Around the shores, the crackling weeds devour'd,
Prepar'd the sacred isle, and clear'd the skies;
While thus imperial Juno she defies.

Discharge thy vengeance on Asteria's head;
Thy frowns I reck not, nor thy threatenings dread;
Come, goddess, come; my favouring shores ascend:
She heard, obey'd, and there her wanderings end.
By deep Inopus (whose dark fountains boil
Still most impetuous, when th' o'erflowing Nile
From Æthiopia's rocks descends amain,
And spreads a sudden deluge o'er the plain)
Soft she reclin'd, the crowded zone unbound,
And dropt her fainting limbs along the ground.
Against a shading palm her shoulders rest;
But racking pangs distend her labouring breast;
Her body bath'd in sweat, with deepening groans,
And painful sobbings, thus she pour'd her moans.
Why, why, my son, dost thou with anguish fill
My tortur'd heart with pangs increasing still?
For thee, for thee I sought the watery plain;
For thee this isle receiv'd me from the main:
Hast thou no pity for heart-rending throes?
O spring to light, and ease thy mother's woes!"
But Iris mounts, all trembling to reveal
The fatal news she could no more conceal;
To wrathful Juno told the tale with tears,
With broken accents and uneasy fears.
Majestic Juno, spouse of thundering Jove,
Great Queen of heaven, and mightiest power above;
Thy faithful Iris, all the gods are thine,
Nor dread the wrath of other hands divine;
But one presumptuous isle resists thy power,
And aids Latona in the dangerous hour.
From her approach the rest abhorrent turn'd,
Nor durst receive her when thy fury burn'd.
But vile Asteria, whom the surges sweep
Around the shores, invited from the deep
Thy hated foe. Her crimes I thus make known;
But still, blest goddess, be thy favour shown
T' obedient powers, that from these fields of air
Walk o'er the world, and thy dread mandates bear.
She said, and hasty sunk beneath the throne,
That bright with radiant gold resplendent shone:

As at Diana's feet a favourite hound
In silence listens to the distant sound
Of passing game; and though soft slumbers creep
O'er his keen senses, only seems to sleep,
Impatient waits the whispers of her voice,
Erects his ears, and starts at every noise,
So sat Thaumantia, fill'd with deep regret,
Nor left her place beneath the sacred seat;
And ev'n when sleep, on downy pinions, came
To shed soft dews o'er all her wearied frame,
On Juno's throne her beauteous head reclin'd,
And scarcely slumbering wak'd with every wind;
Nor loos'd the winged sandals, nor unbrac'd
The circling zone that bound her tender waist;
Lest some unthought of message, given in haste,
Might claim her speed. But other cares engage
Th' imperial Queen, and thus she vents her rage.
Ye secret paramours, that bring disgrace
On faithless Jove! bear your detested race
For ever thus, on barren rocks reclin'd,
More wretched than the worst of humankind;
Or like th' unwieldy whale in watery caves;
Or spawn your brood amid the whelming waves.
But this contents; nor let Asteria dread
My sudden wrath on her offending head;
For these unfertile shores can only show
Poor entertainment to my hated foe,
Her pangs to soften, and her grief t' assuage.
Asteria's virtue has disarm'd my rage;
She sought the seas to shun th' embrace of Jove,
Refus'd my bed, and hence enjoys my love.
Scarce had she spoke when Phœbus' tuneful swans,
From rich Pactolus, and Mæonia's plains,
Seven times, on snowy pinions, circle round
The Delian shores, and skim along the ground:
The vocal birds, the favourites of the Nine,
In strains melodious hail the birth divine.
Oft as they carol on resounding wings,
To soothe Latona's pangs, as many strings
Apollo fitted to the warbling lyre,
In after-times; but ere the sacred chour

Of circling swans another concert sung
In melting notes, the power immortal sprung
To glorious birth. The Delian nymphs around
Rise from the flood, in strains divine resound
Ilythia's praise; triumphant songs aspire,
And the rejoicing æther seems on fire.
Jove sooth'd his angry queen; she dropt her scorn,
And felt the gen'ral joy when Sol was born.
Then, happy Delos! thy foundations chang'd
To golden columns, in bright order rang'd;
On that blest day thy circling lake became
Of liquid gold, and seem'd a moving flame:
On golden branches golden olives roll'd,
And deep Inopus flow'd in waves of gold.
Then lifting from the shining soil you prest,
With arms encircling, to your snowy breast
The new-born god, and thus with pleasure spoke:
On thee, proud earth, unnumber'd altars smoke;
On thee fair cities, mighty states are seen;
Thy shores are fertile, and thy fields are green:
Thy thronging islands countless numbers yield,
Whilst I lie waste with all my plains untill'd.
But since Apollo deigns to take my name,
The power will bless, and grant me greater fame
Than all the world receives from gods beside:
More than from Neptune the Cenchræan tide;
More than Cyllene's hill, or Creta's plains,
From Hermes one, and one from Jove obtains.
By Phœbus lov'd, my station here I'll keep,
And float no more amid the stormy deep.
So saying, she display'd her sacred breast,
Which, with his lips, the smiling infant prest,
And suck'd ambrosial juice; from whence the name
Of isle most holy consecrates thy fame,
O glorious nurse! and hence thou ne'er shalt feel
The force of stern Belona's vengeful steel;
Nor here shall Pluto spread his dark domain,
Nor Mars impetuous thunder o'er thy plain.
But tithes and first-fruits each revolving year,
From distant climes shall on thy shores appear,

And every state beneath the morning ray,
The star of evening, or meridian day,
Shall join the mystic dance; ev'n those renown'd
For length of days shall tread the hallow'd ground
From Hyperborean shores; by whom are borne
The first ripe ears and sheaves of yellow corn.
And the Pelasgi, from Dodona's shores,
Shall first receive the consecrated stores;
The race, that nightly rest along the ground,
Attentive to the caldron's mystic sound;
Consign'd by them the grateful off'rings fill
The Melian city and the sacred hill:
From whence they pass to fair Lilantia's land,
And from Eubœa reach thy neighbouring strand.
But Upis bright, and Hecaërge kind,
And Loxo, daughters of the northern wind,
With pious hands the first ripe off'rings bore
To Delos' isle, from th' Arimaspian shore
Fair youths attending, that return'd no more,
But here were bless'd; and hence each hallow'd name
Shall ever flourish in immortal fame.
For when the Delian nymphs, a beauteous throng,
With amorous throbbings hear the nuptial song;
The joyful bridegroom hails the blissful morn,
Whilst from his face the virgin down is shorn;
The blushing bride, with equal speed, prepares,
And from her head divides the votive hairs;
The first is sacred to the youths divine,
The beauteous locks adorn the virgin's shrine.
From thee, fair Delos, sweet perfumes ascend;
Still, at thy feet, encircling islands bend;
To solemn songs their verdant heads advance,
And seem to move, as in the mazy dance;
When evening Hesper darts his rays around
Thy flowery shores, and brightens at the sound.
By chosen youths the lofty lays are sung
That flow'd from Lycian Olen's tuneful tongue,
An ancient seer; fair virgins dance around,
And shake, with choral feet, the solid ground.
Bright Venus, listening to the hymns divine,
The nymphs with garlands deck her ancient shrine,

By Theseus rais'd; when with the sons of Greece
From Cretan plains he gain'd the shores in peace;
Return'd in triumph o'er the briny main,
From fell Pasiphaës monstrous offspring slain;
For Venus guided through the maze beneath,
The winding labyrinth, and the den of death.
Hence, beauteous queen, he led the choir around
Thy sacred altars, to the solemn sound
Of melting lyres; and here the Athenians sent,
In grateful memory of this fam'd event,
The shrouds and tackling to the god of day,
That still remain, nor shall with time decay.
And since, Asteria, thy bright shores are crown'd
With smoking altars, and with hymns resound,
What mariners, when swift-wing'd vessels keep
Their course by thee, along th' Ægean deep,
But here shall stop, and furl their swelling sails,
Though bent on speed, and borne by driving gales?
Nor shall return, till, circling o'er the ground,
They shape the maze, and the struck altar sound
With mystic blows, nor till, at thy command,
With arms averted, as the rites demand,
They bite the sacred olive. Thus the god,
O nymph of Delos, in thy bright abode,
Was entertain'd; and thus Apollo spent
His infant years in mirth and sweet content.
Hail, fair Asteria! girt with isles around,
Like Vesta station'd, and for peace renown'd;
Hail, Phœbus! guardian of thy sacred shore;
And hail the goddess whom Latona bore!

THE FIFTH HYMN.

ON THE BATHING OF PALLAS.

Come forth, come forth, ye virgins, and prepare
The bath for Pallas with assiduous care:
The goddess comes; from yon ethereal meads
I hear the snorting of her fiery steeds.

Come forth, come forth, ye brown Pelasgian maids;
For bright Minerva never seeks the shades,
Nor bathes her limbs in the refreshing flood,
Till from her steeds she wash the dust and blood:
Not though th' immortal arms, as once before,
Were stain'd with slaughter'd giants' reeking gore.
Nor till, unloosing from the car, she lave
The coursers' panting side in ocean's wave,
And cleanse their mouths that gather'd foam distains,
When, bounding swift, they shake the flowing reins.
Come forth, ye nymphs; no precious ointments bring,
(I hear the wheels around her axles ring,)
Nor oils, in alabaster smooth, prepare;
Nor oils nor unguents are Minerva's care;
She needs no glass; her eyes are ever bright,
Nor when the Phrygian youth on Ida's height,
Misjudg'd the strife, did mighty Pallas gaze
On polish'd brass, or Simois' watery maze;
Nor Jove's imperial queen: but Venus fair
Fond seiz'd the charm, and oft replac'd her hair.
Whilst Pallas drove around, and urg'd her steeds,
Like Leda's offspring on Eurotas' meads;
Then o'er her limbs she pour'd ambrosial oil,
The produce of her garden's fertile soil.
  Behold, ye nymphs, the blushing morn arise
More bright than roses' or pomegranates' dyes;
Bring forth the sacred oil that Castor us'd,
And o'er Alcides manly strength diffus'd:
Bring forth the comb, that shines with yellow gold,
To smooth her hairs, and curl each beauteous fold.
  Come forth, Minerva; lo! thy virgins wait;
Acestor's offspring stand before the gate,
And bear Tydicles' shield with holy hands,
As once the good Eumedes gave commands,
Thy favour'd priest; for when bad men combin'd
Against his life, he fled, nor left behind
Thy sacred image, which, with pious toil,
He plac'd on lofty Creon's rocky soil;
On Creon's pointed cliffs, renown'd in fame,
And call'd Palladian from thy sacred name.

Come forth, Minerva; from whose golden helm
Red lightning glances on the unhallow'd realm:
Come forth, Minerva; pleas'd with war's alarms,
The bounding courser, and the clang of arms.
This day, ye maids, the cleansing water bring,
Not from the river, but the crystal spring.
This day, ye maids, at Physadea fill
The brazen urn, or Amymone's rill:
For Inachus from yon green mountain pours
His waters, bright with gold, and gay with flowers,
To fill the bath. Pelasgian! fly from harms,
Nor, unpermitted, view Minerva's charms;
Lest, from your blind-struck eyes, she snatch away
The towers of Argos, and the golden day.
Come forth, Minerva; while to nymphs I sing
A tale renown'd, and strike the vocal string.
Attend, ye maids.—A nymph of Thebæ's town,
Tiresias' mother, from Minerva won
Distinguished love. The sacred pair were join'd
In friendship sweet, the union of the mind.
And, when the power to Thespis urg'd her steeds,
To Haliartus, o'er Bœotia's meads,
Or Coronea, by Curalius' flood,
Where, near a breathing grove, her altar stood;
Still in the car the nymph attending rode.
Nor dance, nor social converse pleas'd the god,
Unless her dear Chariclo led the way:
But she, with many tears, must shortly pay
For Pallas' love, and woes attend behind.
For when the pair their shining veils unbind
To bathe their limbs in Hippocrene's rills
(That softly flow from Heliconian hills)
At mid-day, when no breath was heard around,
Nor from the mountain came the stillest sound;
At mid-day bathing, when the sun was bright,
And silence reign'd, as at the noon of night;
The first soft down just rising on his face,
Tiresias then with hounds approach'd the place,
To quench his thirst in the refreshing streams,
And undesign'd beheld their naked limbs:

Ah! luckless youth; for thus Minerva spoke,
Though soft'ning pity smooth'd her angry look.
Euerus' son! what unpropitious god
Has led thy steps to this retir'd abode?
Some dæmon urg'd thee, this unhappy day;
Doom'd hence no more to bear thy sight away.
She said: thick darkness instant veil'd his eyes;
Amaz'd he stood, and speechless with surprise:
Black horror chill'd his limbs: his mother mourn'd
With rage and grief, and furious thus return'd:
What hast thou done? Is this Minerva's love?
And this the kindness of the gods above?
My son's bright eyes thou hast for ever clos'd,
Because he saw thy beauteous limbs expos'd.
Since he no more beholds ethereal day,
No more my feet on yonder mountain stray;
Since he no more this happy scene shall view,
Ye pendant rocks, ye falling rills, adieu!
Ah! wretched mother; more unhappy son!
Revengeful goddess! What could he have done?
Thy worthless goats and hinds were once his prize;
For which, unpitying power, you seiz'd his eyes!
She said: with circling arms embrac'd her son,
And pour'd her sorrows, helpless and undone,
As for her young sad Philomel complains,
In mournful notes, and melancholy strains.
At her distress Minerva's eyes o'erflow,
And thus she sooth'd her lov'd companion's woe.
Recall these hasty words, O nymph divine;
Thy son is blind, but not by my design.
The powers of heaven delight not to destroy,
Nor snatch the light from, every beauteous boy:
Charge not, my friend, this dire mischance on me;
For every man, by Saturn's stern decree,
That, unpermitted, views the powers divine,
Still makes atonement with an ample fine.
Before his birth, bright nymph, the Parcæ spun
This fatal thread for thy much-favour'd son.
Mourn not, Tiresias, though thy lot be hard,
But for the deed receive a great reward.

What hecatombs would fair Cadmeïs burn?
Nor more would wretched Aristæus mourn
In after-times, when young Actæon dies;
Could he return with only loss of eyes.
For though Diana's favourite in the chace,
And skill'd, with her, to hunt a savage race,
Yet when the youth, unwilling, tempts her wrath,
And undesign'd beholds her in her bath,
Nor chace nor sports avail: she gives the word,
And his fierce dogs devour their former lord.
Through lonesome woods the mother then shall rove,
Collecting his white bones from every grove,
And call thee blest, and not like her undone,
That from the hills receives thy sightless son.
Then weep no more, O most belov'd of friends;
A gift more glorious on that son attends,
For great Minerva, from this happy hour,
His breast irradiates with prophetic power,
Illumes his mind, and grants him greater praise,
Than e'er shall crown the seers of future days.
For he shall mark the wandering birds that fly
To right, to left, along th' ethereal sky,
Shall read their motions, as they swiftly spring,
Observe the flight of each unprosperous wing,
And utter sacred truths, in after-times,
To Cadmus, Thebes, and fam'd Bœotia's climes.
A mystic staff shall guide his steps, and he
Long life and honour'd age obtains from me.
And when he dies, from him alone shall flow
Prophetic truths in dismal realms below;
While, still-inspir'd, he walks among the dead,
And Pluto's self reveres the mighty shade.
She spoke, and bow'd her beauteous head, that still
Confirms her vows; for by Jove's awful will,
Of all his daughters, goddesses in heaven,
This honour only was to Pallas given;
That she, with him, might equal glory gain.
No mother bore her with a mother's pain,
But her great father's head; and hence the god
Still gives, like him, th' irrevocable nod.

But now Minerva comes, nor comes unseen;
Prepare, ye virgins, to receive your queen
With acclamations, in this blissful hour,
With vows and songs receive th' approaching power.
Hail! guardian goddess, still let Argos claim
Thy kind protection, and adore thy name.
Whether, bright queen, thou lead'st thy fiery steeds
From Argos towers along the verdant meads,
Or back to yonder walls thy chariot runs,
Still, still defend old Danaus' mighty sons.

HYMN TO CERES.

The basket swift-descending from the skies,
Thus, thus, ye matrons, let your voices rise:
"Hail! Ceres, hail! by thee, from fertile ground
Swift springs the corn, and plenty flows around."
Ye crowds, yet uninstructed, stand aloof,
Nor view the pageant from the lofty roof,
But on the ground below; nor matrons fair,
Nor youth, nor virgins, with dishevell'd hair,
Dares here approach: nor let the moisture flow
From fasting mouths to stain the mystic show.
But radiant Hesper from the starry skies
Beholds the sacred basket as it flies:
Bright Hesper only could persuade the power
To quench her thirst, in that unhappy hour,
When full of grief she roam'd from place to place,
Her ravish'd daughter's latent steps to trace.
How could thy tender feet, O goddess, bear
The painful journey to the western sphere?
How couldst thou tread black Æthiop's burning climes,
Or that fair soil, in these distressful times,
Where, on the tree, the golden apple beams,
Nor eat, nor drink, nor bathe in cooling streams?
Thrice Achelous' flood her steps divide,
And every stream that rolls a ceaseless tide.

Three times she press'd the centre of that isle,
Where Enna's flowery fields with beauty smile.
Three times, by dark Challichorus, she sat,
And call'd the yawning gulf to mourn her fate:
There, faint with hunger, laid her wearied limbs,
Nor eat, nor drank, nor bath'd in cooling streams.
But cease, my Muse, in these unhallow'd strains,
To sing of Ceres' woes, and Ceres' pains;
Far nobler to resound her sacred laws,
That bless'd mankind, and gain'd their loud applause.
Far nobler to declare how first she bound
The sacred sheaves, and cut the corn around,
How first the grain beneath the steer she laid,
And taught Triptolemus the rural trade.
Far nobler theme (that all his crime may shun)
To paint the woes of Triopas' proud son;
How meagre famine o'er his visage spread,
When her fierce vengeance on his vitals fed.
Not yet to Cnidia the Pelasgi came,
But rais'd at Dotium to bright Ceres' name
A sacred wood, whose branches interwove
So thick, an arrow scarce could pierce the grove.
Here pines and elms luxuriant summits rear;
Here shone bright apples, there the verdant pear:
A crystal fountain pour'd his streams around,
And fed the trees, and water'd all the ground.
With wonder Ceres saw the rising wood,
The spreading branches, and the silver flood,
Which, more than green Triopium, gain'd her love,
Than fair Eleusis, or bright Enna's grove.
But when, incens'd, his better genius fled
From Erysichton, rash designs invade
His impious breast: he rush'd along the plain
With twenty strong attendants in his train,
Of more than mortal size, and such their power,
As could with ease o'erturn the strongest tower
With saws and axes arm'd they madly stood,
And forc'd a passage through the sacred flood.
A mighty poplar rais'd his head on high
Far o'er the rest, and seem'd to touch the sky

(The nymphs at mid-day sported in the shade).
Here first they struck: on earth the tree was laid,
And told the rest her fate in doleful moans;
Indignant Ceres heard the poplar's groans,
And thus with anger spoke: What impious hand
Has cut my trees, and my bright grove profan'd?
She said, and instant, like Nicippa, rose,
Her well-known priestess, whom the city chose;
Her holy hands the crowns and poppy bore;
And from her shoulder hung the key before.
She came where Erysichton's rage began,
And mildly thus address'd the wretched man.
My son, whoe'er thou art that wounds the trees,
My son, desist, nor break high heaven's decrees:
By thy dear parent's love, recall thy train,
Retire, my son, nor let me plead in vain:
Lest Ceres' wrath come bursting from above,
In vengeance for her violated grove.
She said: but scornful Erysichton burn'd
With fiercer rage, and fiercer frowns return'd,
Than the gaunt lioness (whose eyes they say
Flash keener flames than all the beasts of prey)
Casts on some hunter, when, with anguish torn,
On Tmarus' hills her savage young are born.
Hence, hence, he cried, lest thy weak body feel
The fatal force of my resistless steel:
Above my dome the lofty trees shall shine,
Where my companions the full banquet join,
And sport and revel o'er the sparkling wine.
He said. Fell Nemesis the speech records,
And vengeful Ceres heard th' insulting words;
Her anger burn'd: her power she straight assum'd,
And all the goddess in full beauty bloom'd:
While to the skies her sacred head arose,
She trod the ground, and rush'd amidst her foes.
The giant-woodmen, struck with deadly fear,
That instant saw, that instant disappear,
And left their axes in the groaning trees:
But unconcern'd their headlong flight she sees;
For these t' obey their lord the fences broke,
To whom with dreadful voice the goddess spoke.

Hence, hence, thou dog, and hasten to thy home;
There shape the trees, and roof the lofty dome:
There shalt thou soon unceasing banquets join,
And glut thy soul with feasts and sparkling wine.
Her fatal words inflam'd his impious breast;
He rag'd with hunger like a mountain-beast:
Voracious famine his shrunk entrails tore,
Devouring still, and still desiring more.
Unhappy wretch! full twenty slaves of thine
Must serve the feast, and twelve prepare the wine;
Bright Ceres' vengeance and stern Bacchus' rage
Consum'd the man who durst their power engage:
For these combine against insulting foes,
And fill their hearts with anguish and with woes.
His pious parents still excuses found
To keep their son from banquets given around.
And when th' Ormenides his presence call
To Pallas' games, by sacred Iton's wall,
Th' impatient mother still their suit denied.
The last revolving day she swift replied,
To Cranon's town he went, and there receives
An annual tribute of a hundred beaves.
Polyxo comes, the son and sire invites,
To grace her young Actorion's nuptial rites:
But soon the mournful mother thus replies,
With tears of sorrow streaming from her eyes:
The royal Triopas will join thy feast;
But Erysichton lies with wounds opprest;
Nine days are past, since, with relentless tooth,
A boar on Pindus gor'd the unhappy youth.
What fond excuses mark'd her tender care!
Did one the banquet or the feast prepare?
My son is gone from home, the mother cries:
Was he invited to the nuptial ties?
A discus struck him, from his steed he fell,
Or numbers his white flocks in Othrys' dale.
Meanwhile the wretch, confin'd within the rooms,
In never-ending feasts his time consumes,
Which his insatiate maw devour'd as fast,
As down his throat the nourishment he cast;

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But unrecruited still with strength or blood,
As if in ocean's gulfs had sunk the food.
As snows from Mima's hills dissolving run,
Or waxen puppets melt before the sun,
So fast his flesh consum'd, his vigour gone,
And nervous fibres only cloth'd the bone.
His mother mourn'd; his sisters groans resum'd;
His nurse and twenty handmaids wept around:
The frantic father rent his hoary hairs,
And vainly thus to Neptune pour'd his prayers:
O power divine, believ'd my sire in vain;
Since thou reliev'st not thy descendant's pain:
If I from beauteous Canace may claim
My sacred birth, or Neptune's greater name;
Behold a dire disease my son destroy:
Oh! look with pity on the wretched boy.
Far happier fate, had Phœbus' vengeful dart
Struck, with resistless force, his youthful heart;
For then my hands had funeral honours paid,
And sacred rights to his departed shade.
But haggard famine with pale aspect now
Stares in his eyes, and sits upon his brow.
Avert, O gracious power, the dire disease,
Or feed my wretched son in yonder seas.
No more my hospitable feasts prevail,
My folds are empty, and my cattle fail.
My menial train will scarce the food provide;
The mules no more my rushing chariot guide.
A steer his mother fed within the stall,
At Vesta's sacred altar doom'd to fall,
This he devour'd, and next my warlike horse,
So oft victorious in the dusty course.
Ev'n puss escap'd not, when his fury rose,
Herself so dreadful to domestic foes.
Long as his father's house supplied the feast
Th' attendants only knew the dreadful waste.
But when pale famine fill'd th' imperial dome,
Th' insatiate glutton was expell'd from home,
And, though from kings descended, rueful sat
In public streets, and begg'd at every gate:

Still at the feast his suppliant hands were spread,
And still the wretch on sordid refuse fed.
Immortal Ceres! for thine impious foe
Ne'er let my breast with sacred friendship glow.
Beneath my roof the wretch shall never prove
A neighbour's kindness, or a neighbour's love.
Ye maids and matrons, thus with sacred song,
Salute the pageant as it comes along.
"Hail! Ceres, hail! by thee from fertile ground
Swift springs the corn, and plenty flows around."
As four white coursers to thy hallow'd shrine
The sacred basket bear; so, power divine,
Let Spring and Summer, rob'd in white, appear;
Let fruits in Autumn crown the golden year,
That we may still the sprightly juice consume,
To soothe our cares in Winter's cheerless gloom.
As we, with feet unshod, with hair unbound,
In long procession tread the hallow'd ground;
May thus our lives in safety still be led,
O shower thy blessings on each favour'd head!
As matrons bear the baskets fill'd with gold,
Let boundless wealth in every house be told.
Far as the Prytaneum the power invites
The women uninstructed in the rites;
Then dames of sixty years (a sacred throng)
Shall to the temple lead the pomp along.
Let those who for Lucina's aid extend
Imploring arms, and those in pain attend
Far as their strength permits; to them shall come
Abundant bliss, as if they reach'd the dome.
Hail, sacred power! preserve this happy town
In peace and safety, concord and renown:
Let rich increase o'erspread the yellow plain;
Feed flocks and herds, and fill the ripening grain:
Let wreaths of olive still our brows adorn,
And those who plough'd the field shall reap the corn.
Propitious, hear my prayer, O Queen supreme,
And bless thy poet with immortal fame.

THE

LOCKS OF BERENICE.[1]

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF CATULL .

THE sage who view'd the shining heavens on high,
Explor'd the glories of th' expanded sky;
Whence rise the radiant orbs, where still they bend
Their wandering course, and where at length descend,
Why dim eclipse obscures the blazing sun,
Why stars at certain times to darkness run,
How Trivia nightly stole from realms above
To taste on Latmos' rocks the sweets of love,
Immortal Conon, blest with skill divine,
Amid the sacred skies behold me shine,
Ev'n me, the beauteous hair, that lately shed
Refulgent beams from Berenice's head;
The lock she fondly vow'd with lifted arms,
Imploring all the powers to save from harms
Her dearer lord, when from his bride he flew,
To wreak stern vengeance on th' Assyrian crew;
While yet the monarch bore the pleasing scars
Of softer triumphs and nocturnal wars.
O sacred queen, do virgins still despise
The joys of Venus, and the nuptial ties,
When oft in bridal-rooms their sighs and tears
Disturb the parent's heart with anxious fears?
The tears descend from friendly powers above;
The sighs, ye gods! are only sighs of love.
With tears like these fair Berenice mourn'd,
When, for her virgin-spoils, the monarch burn'd;
With sighs like these she gave him all her charms,
And bless'd the raptur'd bridegroom in her arms.

[1] This poem is but the translation of a translation; the original Greek of Callimachus being long lost, and the Latin version, of which Vossius says, vix elegantius carmen Romano sermone scriptum, being the work of the Roman poet Catullus.

But on the widow'd bed you wept alone,
And mourn'd the brother in the husband gone.
What sorrow then my pensive queen opprest,
What pangs of absence tore her tender breast!
When, lost in woe, no trace remain'd behind
Of all her virgin-mirth, and strength of mind.
Hadst thou forgot the deed thy worth achiev'd,
For which thy brows th' imperial crown receiv'd;
The wondrous deed, that plac'd thee far beyond
Thy fair compeers, and made a monarch fond?
But when for wars he left your tender arms,
What words you spoke, with what endearing charms,
Still breath'd your soft complaints in mournful sighs,
And wip'd, with lifted hands, your streaming eyes.
Didst thou, fair nymph, lament by power divine,
Or for an absent lover only pine?
Then to the gods you vow'd with pious care
A sacred offering, your immortal hair,
With blood of slaughter'd bulls, would heaven restore
Your lord in triumph to his native shore;
Should he, returning soon with high renown,
Add vanquish'd Asia to th' Egyptian crown:
And I, fair lock, from orbs of radiance, now
Diffuse new light to pay thy former vow.
But hear, O Queen, the sacred oath I swear,
By thy bright head, and yet remaining hair,
I join'd unwilling this ethereal sphere;
And well I know what woes the perjur'd feel:
But none can conquer unresisted steel.
Steel hew'd the mightiest mountain to the ground
That Sol beholds in his diurnal round,
Through Athos' rocky sides a passage tore,
When first the Medes arriv'd at Phthia's shore:
Then winds and waves drove their swift ships along,
And through the new-made gulf impell'd the throng,
If these withstood not steel's all-conquering blow,
What could thy hairs against so dire a foe?
O mighty Jove! may still thy wrath divine
Pour fierce destruction on their impious line,
Who dug with hands accurst the hollow mine;

Who first from earth could shining ore produce,
First temper'd steel, and taught its various use.
As thy bright locks bewail'd their sister gone,
Arsinoë's horseman, Memnon's only son,
On fluttering wings descended from on high,
To bear the beauteous hairs above the sky;
Then upward bent his flight, and softly plac'd
Thy radiant lock in chaste Arsinoë's breast,
Whom we Zephyritis and Venus name;
And on Canopus' shores her altars flame:
Where late the winged messenger came down
At her desire, lest Ariadne's crown
Should still unrivall'd glitter in the skies;
And that thy precious hairs, a richer prize,
The spoils devoted to the powers divine,
Might from the fields of light as brightly shine.
Yet bath'd in tears I wing'd my rapid flight,
Swift from her shrine, to this ethereal height,
And, plac'd amidst the fair celestial signs,
Thy lock for ever with new glory shines,
Just by the Virgin in the starry sphere,
The savage Lion, and the Northern Bear;
Full to the west, with sparkling beams, I lead,
And bright Boötes in my course precede.
Who scarcely moves along the ethereal plain,
And late and slowly sinks beneath the main.
Though feet of gods surround my throne by night,
And in the seas I sleep with morning light,
Yet, O Rhamnusian maid, propitious hear
The words of sacred truth unaw'd by fear,
The words of truth I wish not to conceal,
But still the dictates of my breast reveal,
Though these resplendent orbs in wrath should rise,
And hurl me headlong from the flaming skies.
Though placed on high, sad absence I deplore,
Condemn'd to join my lovely queen no more,
On whose fair head, while yet in virgin-bloom,
I drank unmeasur'd sweets and rich perfume.
But now, ye maids, and every beauteous dame,
For whom on nuptial nights the torches flame,

Though fondly wedded to some lovely boy,
Your virgin-choice, and partner of your joy,
Forbear to taste the pleasures of a bride,
Nor from the bosoms draw the veil aside,
Till oils in alabaster ye prepare,
And chastely pour on Berenice's hair:
But I th' impure adulteress still confound,
And dash th' ungrateful offering to the ground.
From her no rich libation I demand,
And scorn the gift of each unhallow'd hand.
But if the virtuous fair invoke my power,
Unbounded bliss shall crown the nuptial hour;
To her shall concord from high heaven descend,
And constant love her soft retreats attend.
And when, bright Queen, on solemn feasts your eyes
Shall hail Arsinoë radiant in the skies;
When she demands, bright opening on your view,
The sacred rights to heavenly Venus due;
If thy lov'd lock appear resplendent there,
Let me with her an equal offering share.
But why should these surrounding stars detain
Thy golden hairs in this ethereal plain?
Oh could I join thy beauteous head once more,
The sacred head on which I grew before,
Though I should ever lose my light divine,
And moist Arcturus next the Virgin shine.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

A YOUTH in haste to Mitylene came,
And anxious, thus reveal'd his amorous flame
To Pittacus the wise: O sacred Sire,
For two fair nymphs I burn with equal fire,
One lovely maid in rank and wealth like me,
But one superior, and of high degree.
Since both return my love, and each invites
To celebrate with her the nuptial rites,
Perplex'd with doubts, for sage advice I come:
Whom shall I wed? 'Tis you must fix my doom.
So spake th' impatient youth; th' attentive sage
Rais'd the support of his declining age,
An ancient staff; and pointing to the ground
Where sportive striplings lash'd their tops around
With eager strokes; Let yonder boys, he cried,
Solve the dispute, and your long doubts decide.
The youth drew nigh, and listen'd with surprise,
Whilst from the laughing crowd these words arise,
Let equal tops with equal tops contend.
The boys prevail'd, and soon the contest end.
The youth departing shunn'd the wealthy dame,
And chose th' inferior maid to quench his flame.
Go thou, my friend, obey the sage, and lead
An equal beauty to thy nuptial bed.

II.

I HEAR, O friend, the fatal news
Of Heraclitus' death.
A sudden tear my cheek bedews,
And sighs suppress my breath.

For I must often call to mind,
How from the crowd we run;
And how, to jesting still inclin'd,
We sported in the sun.

Alas! he 's gone, and part we must,
And repartee 's no more;
But, though my friend be sunk in dust,
His muse shall ever soar.

The dart of death shall never fly
To stop her waving wings;
Like Philomel she mounts on high,
And still, like her, she sings.

III.

I, Timon, hated human race;
Ye passengers, begone,
Curse as ye will, but leave the place,
And let me rest alone.

IV.

Say, Timon, sunk in night, abhorr'st thou now
The light above, or gloomy shades below?
"I hate the shades, since fill'd with human-kind
In greater numbers than I left behind."

V.

A sacred shell, Zephyritis divine,
Fair Selenæa offers at thy shrine,
And thus thy Nautilus is doubly bless'd,
Since given by her, and still by thee possess'd.
Of late small tackling from my body grew;
Thin sails I spread, when winds propitious blew,
But when the seas were calm, to gain the shores
I stretch'd my little feet, like labouring oars,
And, from my busy limbs and painted pride,
Was call'd a Polyp as I stemm'd the tide;
Till driven by winds, on Coan rocks I shone,
And now recline before Arsinoë's throne.

Depriv'd of life, no more in seas I rest,
Or draw young Halcyons from the watery nest;
But be this boon to Clinias' daughter given,
A virtuous maid and favourite of high heaven;
The precious boon let Selenæa gain,
When she from Smyrna ploughs the foaming main.

VI.

A Samian gave me birth, the sacred bard
Whose hospitable feast great Homer shar'd;
For beauteous Iole my sorrows flow,
And royal Eurytus oppress'd with woe:
But mightier names my lasting fame shall crown,
And Homer give Creophilus renown.

VII.

A pious youth approaching where
His stepdame's body lay,
Officious crown'd her statue there
With flow'rets fresh and gay;
Nor thought his father's wife, when dead,
Her malice could retain:
The statue thunder'd on his head
And fix'd him to the plain.
Ye foster-sons, avoid his doom,
Nor hang a flow'ry wreath
Around an envious stepdame's tomb,
Lest ye too sink in death.

VIII.

No wreaths of ivy Theætetus crown,
Who chose the certain path to high renown;
Unskilful judges his great worth despise,
And undeserving bards obtain the prize:
Yet envy not, my friend, their short-liv'd fame;
Admiring Greece shall still resound thy name.

IX.

The fewest words are still exprest
By him who gain'd at Bacchus' feast,

He says in simple phrase, "I've won."
But Phœbus' more unlucky son,
Whose prize is gone, whose hopes are crost,
Should any ask how he had lost,
On fickle fortune throws the blame,
And tells in long harangues his claim:
No judges hence the prize assign;
Oh may the shortest phrase be mine.

X.

Beneath this tomb, in sacred sleep,
The virtuous Saon lies;
Ye passengers, forbear to weep,
A good man never dies.

XI.

Say, dost thou seek Timarchus now,
To talk with him in shades below
Of truths before unknown to thee,
As, Where th' immortal mind must be?
Go, search the fam'd Elysian plain
For ancient Ptolemæus' train,
You 'll find him there (his body 's dust
Amid th' assemblies of the just.

XII.

Here Theris lies in endless rest;
A little spot contains the guest,
Once victor in th' equestrian strife,
And now has reach'd the goal of life.
His body short, his tomb not long,
And short, like them, shall be my song.

XIII.

When you, my friend, to Cyzicus repair,
Good Hippacus and Didyme the fair
Are found with ease, amid th' extended town,
Since both descend from sires of great renown
Then sadly tell their son's untimely doom,
For youthful Critias lies beneath this tomb.

XIV.

Stranger. WHERE's Charidas buried? I speak without fear
Monument. The son of Arimnas lies mouldering here.
Stranger. O tell me, good Charidas, what's in thy tomb?
Charidas. Inquisitive mortal, there's nothing but gloom.
Str. Say, wilt thou return?—*Char.* Wicked trifler, begone.
Str. What's Pluto?—*Char.* A fable, and we are undone.
If there's pleasure in death, and sure I speak true.
Pellæus' fat ox will be happy as you.

XV.

WHO knows if any power will give
Another day for him to live?
Lo! Charmus, late our dearest friend,
To-day shall to the grave descend;
And tears, alas! bring no relief
To soothe his mournful father's grief.

XVI.

BY all the gods, I ne'er had known
Who this Timonoë was,
Had not her father's name been shown
In monumental brass.

Methymne too, the city's name,
Engraven on her tomb
With old Timotheus, gives to fame
Her much-lamented doom.

Though time will some relief impart
To soothe a father's woe,
Deep sorrow rends her husband's heart,
His tears for ever flow.

XVII.

THE Samian virgins us'd often to play
With Crethis the witty, the pleasant, and gay,
But now, when they seek her, she cannot be found;
Their sportive companion sleeps here under ground,
Discharging the debt which to nature we owe;
For all must descend to the regions below.

XVIII.

Had never vessel cross'd the main.
Our present grief had been in vain:
But we for Sopolis must weep,
Now plung'd beneath the whelming deep:
The surges toss his breathless frame;
An empty tomb preserves his name.

XIX.

Not on the land could Lycus die,
Nor in his native Naxos lie,
But on the main by tempests tost,
His life and ship together lost,
When first he left Ægina's shore,
And o'er him now the surges roar:
An empty marble only keeps
His name from the devouring deeps.
Obey my words and shun the seas,
Ye mariners, in times like these,
When to the main the Goat declines,
Nor in the sky with Phœbus shines.

XX.

Nicoteles lies buried here,
Philippus o'er him drops a tear,
And mourns his twelfth and only boy,
The father's hope, his pride and joy.

XXI.

This morning we beheld with streaming eyes
The flames from Melanippus' body rise;
At eve fair Basile resign'd her breath,
Disdaining to survive a brother's death;
With frantic hands she gave the deadly blow
That sent her soul to gloomy shades below.
Two mighty ills the wretched sire must mourn,
And weep around a son and daughter's urn;
Old Aristippus sunk in grief appears,
And old Cyrene melts in briny tears.

XXII.

WHOE'ER with hallow'd feet approaches near,
Behold, Callimachus lies buried here.
I drew my breath from fam'd Cyrene's shore,
And the same name my son and father bore.
My warlike sire in arms much glory won,
But brighter trophies grac'd his favour'd son;
Lov'd by the tuneful nine he sweetly sung,
And stopt the venom of th' invidious tongue:
For whom the muse beholds with favouring eyes
In early youth, she'll ne'er again despise.

XXIII.

O'ER Cretan hills a virgin chanc'd to stray,
And bore the swain Astacides away,
To Dicte's wood his instant flight compels,
Where under rustling oaks a priest he dwells:
Ye shepherds, cease to sing in Daphne's praise;
To fam'd Astacides your voices raise.

XXIV.

CLEOMBROTUS, high on a rock,
Above Ambracia stood,
Bade Sol adieu, and, as he spoke,
Plung'd headlong in the flood.

From no mischance the leap he took,
But sought the realms beneath,
Because he read in Plato's book,
That souls live after death.

XXV.

SMALL is my size, and I must grace
Eëtion's porch, a little place;
A hero's likeness I appear,
And round my sword a serpent bear.
But since Eëtion views with hate
The prancing steed that caus'd my fate,
Resolv'd that we no more should meet,
He plac'd me here upon my feet.

XXVI.

Fond Callignotus sigh'd and swore,
'Tis Violante I adore,
The brightest beauty on the plain,
And she alone my heart shall gain.
He swore; but lovers' vows, they say,
To heaven could never make their way,
Nor penetrate the bless'd abode,
Nor reach the ears of any god.
While for another maid he burns,
Forsaken Violante mourns
Her blasted hopes, her honour gone;
As Megra's race were once undone.

XXVII.

Short was my life, and Micylus my name;
I gain'd with little wealth a poet's fame,
And wisely pass'd without offence my time,
Friend to the good, unconscious of a crime.
If e'er I prais'd the bad, revenge it now,
Thou mother earth, and all ye powers below;
Lie not, O goddess, lightly on my breast,
Nor let th' infernal furies grant me rest.

XXVIII.

This book is sure exactly wrote
In Hesiod's manner, style, and thought,
Of Grecian poets not the least,
And here his powers are all exprest.
I fear, my friend, you say too much;
His verse is soft, his genius such
That Soli's son will find it hard
To emulate so sweet a bard.
Farewell Aratus' empty themes,
His idle thoughts, and heavy dre.ms.

XXIX.

I hate the bard who strolls along,
And sells in streets his borrow'd song;

I seldom walk the public way,
Where here and there the vulgar stray;
Inconstant friends I never court,
Nor to the common spring resort;
I still despise the rabble's rage,
Nor with the noisy crowd engage.
'Tis fine, 'tis fine, a reader cries:
Indignant Echo thus replies,
Though ne'er so good, perhaps divine,
Another bard wrote every line.

XXX.

Pour the wine, and drink it up,
But mix no water in the cup;
The sacred cup we fill with joy
To thee, Diocles, beauteous boy:
O more than beauteous, youth divine,
Should all refuse to drink the wine,
Should all refuse thy charms to see,
Then would the boy be left with me.

XXXI.

Cleonicus, unhappy man,
Say whence thy sorrows first began?
For, by yon blazing orb of light,
I ne'er beheld so sad a sight.
Where hast thou been? thy flesh is gone,
And nothing left but skin and bone.
My dæmon sure, and hapless fate,
Reduc'd thee to this wretched state;
Eusithea stole thy heart, like mine;
When first you saw the nymph divine,
You gaz'd on her with wishful eyes,
And hence, I fear, your woes arise.

XXXII.

The huntsman o'er the hills pursues
The timid hare, and keenly views
The tracks of hinds amid the snow,
Nor heeds the wint'ry winds that blow.

But should a stranger mildly say,
Accept the game I kill'd to-day,—
The proffer'd gift he quickly scorns,
And to th' uncertain chace returns:
Such is my love; I never prize
An easy fair, but her who flies.

XXXIII.

THAT I am poor is known to me,
My good Menippus, as to thee;
Then, by our love, insist no more
On what I knew too well before:
Such truths offend a stranger's ear,
But to a friend are most severe.

XXXIV.

PLAC'D here by Phileratis' hands,
This image of Diana stands;
Accept the gift, attend her prayer,
And still, O goddess, guard the fair.

XXXV.

Club. A STRANGER cut me from a tree
A beechen club, a gift to thee,
Who stopt the roaring lion's breath,
And laid the foaming boar in death.
Herc. Declare his country, and his name.
Club. Archinus he; from Crete he came.
Herc. And, for the pious giver's sake,
The proffer'd gift I freely take.

XXXVI.

APPROACH this tomb with silent feet,
The dead Battiades to greet;
Alive, renown'd for sacred song,
And mirth to charm the festive throng.

XXXVII.

TWICE Erasixen fill'd his cup,
And twice he drank the liquor up;

He drank his wine, but much too deep,
And clos'd his eyes in endless sleep.

XXXVIII.

MENŒTAS, tir'd with war's alarms,
Gave to the gods his shining arms,
And said, this quiver and this bow
On thee, Serapis, I bestow;
This empty quiver; for my darts
Are all infix'd in hostile hearts.

XXXIX.

SILENA, changeful as the sea,
Bright Venus, dedicates to thee
Her image, and the zone that bound
Her swelling breast with beauty crown'd

XL.

ACRISIUS of Pelasgian race
To Ceres rais'd this holy place,
Where Timodemus pays his vow
To her, and Proserpine below:
Triumphant from his naval toil,
He gives the tenth of every spoil.

XLI.

WHOE'ER shall to this tomb draw nigh,
Behold, in death, a priestess lie:
I sacred Ceres first implor'd,
The great Cabiri next ador'd,
Grew old on Dindymene's plains,
And now my dust alone remains.
Alive, I seldom fail'd to lead
The sprightly dance along the mead;
I bore two sons, I ran my race,
And died with joy, in their embrace.
Go, friend; prepare for life's decline;
And may thy death be blest as mine.

XLII.

I BREATHE in sighs; for half my soul
By love or death was lately stole:
Perhaps the fool, too surely gone,
Is now possess'd by love alone,
And to some beauteous boy draws nigh,
From whom I warn'd him oft to fly.
Retire, my soul, lest thou shouldst prove
The pangs of unsuccessful love;
For well I know thou 'lt soon return
In anguish, and dismiss'd with scorn.

XLIII.

IF sober, and inclin'd to sport,
To you, my fair one, I resort;
The still-forbidden bliss to prove,
Accuse me then, and blame my love.
But if to rashness I incline,
Accuse me not, but blame the wine:
When love and wine at once inspire,
What mortal can control his fire?
Of late I came, I know not how,
Embrac'd my fair, and kiss'd her too;
It might be wrong; I feel no shame,
And, for the bliss, will bear the blame.

XLIV.

BEHOLD our host by love depriv'd of rest,
A secret wound deep-rankling in his breast;
He breathes in sighs, oppress'd by power divine,
And thrice the thirsty earth has drank the wine.
Lo! from his neck the rosy garlands fade,
And on the ground the withering leaves are spread:
He burns, he burns; as I too surely know,
That oft have felt a lover's pains and woe.

XLV.

BY mighty Pan and Bacchus' greater name,
Beneath these embers lurks a spreading flame.

Embrace me not; though streams in silence fall.
They sap the basis of the best built wall:
Embrace me not; lest this invading fire
Should be but love, and fiercer flames inspire.

XLVI.

When Archestrata's charms I first survey'd,
By heaven, said he, this is no beauteous maid;
Nor seem'd she fair, when view'd with careless eye:
But vengeful Nemesis stood listening by,
Cut short my speech, and swift within my heart
Infix'd, like fire from Jove, her fatal dart.
I burn, I burn; shall I the power appease,
Or strive with blandishments the fair to please?
Could I, my fair, thy blooming charms enjoy,
The dart of Nemesis would prove a joy.

XLVII.

July the twentieth lately past,
This flying fair must yield at last,
I fondly said; but ere the sun
Had half his course in August run,
She came all bright in blooming charms,
And rush'd spontaneous to my arms,
By Hermes led: O guardian power,
Thy sacred name I still adore,
And since that long-expected day
No more lament the short delay.

XLVIII.

Thus Giant Polyphemus sweetly sung,
While o'er the cliffs his goats untended hung:
The muse to hopeless love is ever kind;
The power of wisdom heals a wounded mind,
And meagre famine brings this only good,
It calms the pulse, and cools the glowing blood.
Mischievous boy, my thoughts no more shall rove;
I'll clip with these the fluttering wings of love.
Despise thy power, swift hasten home, and there
With wisdom and the muse dispel my care.

XLIX.

Loud shouts from th' Acamantian choir proclaim,
At Bacchus' feast, the joyful victor's name;
For him they weave the Dithyrambic crown,
A wreath of roses adds to his renown,
And, more to recompense his toil, they shed
The sacred unguents o'er the poet's head,
Who now victorious gives this lasting sign,
This golden tripod to the power divine.
Antigenes instructs the crowds beneath;
But wise Aristo's ever tuneful breath
Could sweeter sounds in Doric reeds inspire:
Hipponichus was leader of the choir,
Above the rest he shone superior far,
The Graces bore him in their airy car,
Obey'd the Muses, and the bard renown'd
The Muses with unfading violets crown'd.

L.

Escap'd the horrors of a watery grave,
To Samothracian gods Eudemus gave
His little skiff; and said, Ye mighty powers,
Accept my gift; the votive gift is yours.

LI.

As youthful Sinus gave me to the Nine,
He said, Ye Muses, grant me light divine;
And these accepting, like brave Glaucus, soon
For the small gift return'd a greater boon.
But, with dishevell'd locks, I stand and stare
Against the doubtful Samian letter there.
To me the boys address their ardent prayers,
And cry, O Bacchus, sacred be thy hairs;
But I no more attend these idle themes,
Than if they told me last night's empty dreams.

LII.

Stranger, wouldst thou my story know?
Behold, I stand a comic show;

And Pamphilus within this place
Must Ag'ranax's victory grace:
Although I seem not very fine,
Nor is the workmanship divine;
For half like shrivell'd figs appears,
And half to soot resemblance bears.

LIII.

Thus Micus chose to reïmburse
Old Phrygian Æschra, once his nurse:
Alive the dame on dainties fed;
He plac'd an image o'er her dead;
That late posterity may know
What kindness we to nurses owe.

LIV.

Four are the Graces now; and all may see
Another added to the former three,
Yet wet with unguents, and but lately born;
Fair Berenice, blooming as the morn,
So bright with charms, and such her beauteous face,
That, robb'd of her, the Graces lose their grace.

LV.

Theocritus looks black, 'tis true;
But then his face is comely too:
If he hate me, your love is such,
You hate him just four times as much;
But if he love, you love him then
Beyond the love of mortal men.
And such, I swear, O mighty Jove,
By sacred Ganymede above,
The friendship once to him you bore,
And such the love; I speak no more.

LVI.

Lucina, grant thy aid again,
Nor let Lycænis call in vain;
To thee, propitious power, I bow,
And for a daughter thank thee now;

But if, bright Queen, a boy were mine,
A greater gift should grace thy shrine.

LVII.

What for Demodice was ow'd,
On Æsculapius is bestow'd;
Aceson ow'd it for her charms,
Since first he revell'd in her arms.
And, says the picture, should he choose
No more t' approach his lovely spouse,
The fair would still his praise deserve,
Nor from the rules of virtue swerve.

LVIII.

An ever-living lamp I shine
To Canopista, power divine;
With twenty matches I appear,
And Crita's daughter plac'd me here,
To pay what for her son she ow'd,
What, for Appelles, late she vow'd:
And when my light you first espy,
You'd swear the stars had left the sky.

LIX.

Evænetus declar'd that he,
For battles won, devoted me,
A brazen cock, within this place
To Tyndaris' immortal race.
But Phædrus' son I love and fear,
And, as my guardian god, revere.

LX.

Fair Æschylis, from Thale sprung,
In Isis' fane an offering hung;
And thus the vow her mother made,
Irene's vow, is fully paid.

LXI.

Whoe'er thou art in tempests lost,
And driv'n ashore by surges tost,

Leontichus laments thy doom,
And lays thy body in this tomb;
But mourns his own unhappy state,
Expos'd, like thee, to certain fate:
Expos'd to plough the watery plain,
Or, like a sea-mew, skim the main.

THE

FRAGMENTS OF THEOGNIS,

TRANSLATED OR PARAPHRASED,

AND

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED,

WITH A VIEW TO ILLUSTRATE

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE POET

BY J. H. FRERE.

NOTICE

THE following pages are taken from a work by the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, entitled THEOGNIS RESTITUTUS, printed at Malta, 1842.

NUMERICAL REFERENCES

TO ENABLE THE READER OF THE GREEK TEXT OF THEOGNIS, OR OF THE PROSE TRANSLATION, TO FIND THE PARALLEL LINES IN MR. FRERE'S POETIC VERSION.

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THEOGNIS.

THE verses of Theognis which in a regular arrangement of his Fragments appear entitled to stand as the first of the series, are those which represent him as a prosperous young heir just entering into life, and looking forward to the enjoyment of pleasure and happiness. His vows are addressed to Jupiter as the sovereign deity, and to his own immediate patron, Apollo, the founder and protector of Megara.—We shall see, that at a later period (in anticipation of the Persian invasion) his vows are addressed separately to the same two deities.

I.

Gaisford.

Guided and aided by their holy will,
Jove and Apollo, may they guard me still,
My course of youth in safety to fulfil:
Free from all evil, happy with my wealth,
In joyous easy years of peace and health. 1115-18

His amusements and accomplishments at this time, his fondness for the pipe, which he delighted to *accompany*, and the lyre, are expressed in another fragment.

II.

My heart exults the lively call obeying,
When the shrill merry pipes are sweetly playing:
With these to chaunt aloud, or to recite,
To carol and carouse is my delight:
Or in a stedfast tone, bolder and higher,
To temper with a touch the manly lyre. 551-4

Other verses, evidently composed in his early years, terminate in professing his fondness for this kind of music.

III.

To revel with the pipe, to chaunt and sing,
This likewise is a most delightful thing— 1060-4

Give me but ease and pleasure ! What care I
For reputation or for property ?

The eagerness of Theognis in the pursuit of knowledge is strongly marked in a passage which (in whatever period it may have been produced) serves to indicate a feeling, which is always strongest in early youth.

IV.

Learning and wealth the wise and wealthy find
Inadequate to satisfy the mind;
A craving eagerness remains behind;
Something is left for which we cannot rest;
And the last something always seems the best,
Something unknown, or something unpossest. 1153-6

Theognis, after a successful intrigue, determines to extend the range of his gallantries.

V.

My thirst was sated at a secret source, 953-6
I found it clear and limpid; but its course
Is alter'd now; polluted and impure !
I leave it; and where other springs allure
Shall wander forth; or freely quaff my fill
From the loose current of the flowing rill.

We may now proceed to the congenial and equally edifying subject of wine.

Even here Theognis exhibits traces of a peculiar mind, in a tendency to general remark and fixed method.

VI.

To prove our gold or silver coarse or fine, 499-502
Fire is the test; for man the proof is wine:
Wine can unravel secrets, and detect
And bring to shame the proudest intellect,
Hurried and overborne with its effect.

The following lines are curious, as affording a chronological approximation. Onomacritus to whom they are addressed, (but whose name could not easily be brought into an English verse,)

was a favourite of Hipparchus, but afterwards banished by him for a sacrilegious forgery. Being at the time the Curator of a collection of oracles in the possession of the sons of Pisistratus, he had been detected in a wilful interpolation.—If we take the middle of the fourteen years of Hipparchus' reign as the probable date of these lines, they would have been composed by Theognis at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four, which, considering the nature of the subject, seems probable enough.

VII.

My brain grows dizzy, whirl'd and overthrown 503-8
With wine; my senses are no more my own;
The ceiling and the walls are wheeling round.
But, let me try!—perhaps my limbs are sound:
Let me retire, with my remaining sense,
For fear of idle language and offence.

The next fragment is addressed to Simonides; invited to Athens by Hipparchus, and attached to his service by liberal presents. Onomacritus and he were probably joint visitors at Megara, or Theognis might have joined their society at Athens. The lines seem to have been written about the same time, and during the same paroxysm of experimental conviviality, as the preceding. Theognis, who in his own opinion is not more drunk than a man ought to be, remonstrates with Simonides, who, being president of the meeting and further advanced in liquor, had become overbearing and absurd. Theognis, as in the former fragment, takes his leave, being apprehensive of exceeding the precise bounds of inebriety which he had prescribed to himself.

VIII.

Never oblige your company to stay! 467-96
Never detain a man; nor send away,
Nor rouse from his repose, the weary guest,
That sinks upon the couch with wine opprest!
These formal rules enforc'd, against the will,
Are found offensive—let the bearer fill
Just as we please—freely to drink away;
Such merry meetings come not every day.
For me;—since for to-night my stint is finish'd,
Before my common sense is more diminish'd;
I shall retire (the rule, I think, is right)
Not absolutely drunk, nor sober quite.

For he that drinks beyond the proper point
Puts his own sense and judgment out of joint,
Talking outrageous, idle, empty stuff
(The mere effect of wine more than enough);
Telling a thousand things, that on the morrow
He recollects with sober shame and sorrow:
At other times, and in his proper nature,
An easy, quiet, amiable creature.
Now you, Simonides, mind what I say!
You chatter in your cups and prate away,
Like a poor slave, drunk on a holiday.
You never can resolve to leave your liquor,
The faster it comes round, you drink the quicker—
There's some excuse—"The slave has fill'd the cup,
A challenge—or a pledge"—you drink it up!
"'Tis a libation"—and you're so devout,
You can't refuse it!—Manly brains and stout
Might stand the trial, drinking hard and fast,
And keep their sense and judgment to the last.
Farewell! be merry! may your hours be spent
Without a quarrel or an argument,
In inoffensive, easy merriment;
Like a good concert, keeping time and measure,
Such entertainments give the truest pleasure.

We now proceed to his moral and political verses, which (as mankind are usually more ashamed of wisdom than of folly, or from prudential reasons more cautious in concealing it) seem to have been suppressed for a time, and to have been communicated to his most intimate friend under an injunction of secrecy.

IX.

Kurnus, these lines of mine, let them remain 19-28
Conceal'd and secret—verse of such a strain
Betrays its author—all the world would know it!
"This is Theognis, the Megarian poet,
So celebrated and renown'd in Greece!"
Yet some there are, forsooth, I cannot please;
Nor ever could contrive, with all my skill,
To gain the common liking and goodwill
Of these my fellow-citizens.—No wonder!
Not even he, the god that wields the thunder,

(The sovereign all-wise, almighty Jove,)
Can please them with his government above:
Some call for rainy weather, some for dry,
A discontented and discordant cry
Fills all the earth, and reaches to the sky.

In a passage preserved to us by Stobæus, Xenophon, after quoting from the preceding fragment the fourth line of the translation, proceeds to connect it with the fragment which follows; explaining it in his own manner. "*These are the verses of Theognis of Megara.*"—"The subject which the poet seems to me to have had in view appears to have been simply a treatise on the good and bad qualities of mankind. He treats of man in the same manner as a writer would do of any other animal (of horses, for instance); his exordium seems to me a perfectly proper one; for he begins with the subject of breed; considering that neither men nor any other animals are likely to prove good for anything, unless they are produced from a good stock. He illustrates his principle by a reference to those animals in which breed is strictly attended to; these lines, therefore, are not merely an invective against the mercenary spirit of his countrymen, (as the generality of readers imagine,) they seem to me to be directed against the negligence and ignorance of mankind in the management and economy of their own species." Such was the judgment of Xenophon upon this passage; different, as it should seem, from that of his countrymen and contemporaries.

But we must recollect that the maintenance of a physical and personal superiority was considered as a point of paramount importance by all the aristocracies of Doric race. The Spartans, the most perfect type of such an aristocracy, reared no infants who appeared likely to prove defective in form; and condemned their king Archidamus to a fine, for having married a diminutive wife. Xenophon himself speaks of it elsewhere as a well-known fact, that the Spartans were eminently superior in strength and comeliness of person.—As a result of this principle, we can account for what would otherwise appear a very singular circumstance,—that the most eminent of the Olympic champions upon record, Diagoras and Milo, were both of the most distinguished families in their native Doric states, Rhodes and Crotona.—Xenophon, therefore, who considered Theognis as belonging to a Doric aristocracy, and who was himself a Dorian in his habits and partialities, interprets him more in a physical than in a moral sense, and considers misalliances as a cause rather than a consequence of the debasement of the higher orders.

X.

With kine and horses, Kurnus! we proceed 183-96
By reasonable rules, and choose a breed
For profit and increase, at any price;
Of a sound stock, without defect or vice.
But, in the daily matches that we make,
The price is everything; for money's sake
Men marry; women are in marriage given:
The churl or ruffian that in wealth has thriven
May match his offspring with the proudest race:
Thus everything is mix'd, noble and base!
If then in outward manner, form, and mind,
You find us a degraded, motley kind,
Wonder no more, my friend! the cause is plain,
And to lament the consequence is vain.

From birth we proceed to education. Here we find Theognis taking the same side with Pindar and Euripides in a question which seems to have been long agitated in the heathen world,—*Whether Virtue and Vice were innate?* concluding, like them, for the affirmative. This fragment is separated from the preceding. Yet, according to the opinions of those times, there was a connexion between them, and the process of thought is continuous. The existence of the evil had been stated, and the poet proceeds to argue that it is not capable of being remedied by human contrivance.—After which, in two succeeding fragments, we shall see him following the cause into its consequences, as exemplified in the degradation of the higher orders, and the comparative elevation of their former inferiors.

XI.

To rear a child is easy, but to teach 429-38
Morals and manners is beyond our reach;
To make the foolish wise, the wicked good,
That science never yet was understood.
The sons of Esculapius, if their art
Could remedy a perverse and wicked heart,
Might earn enormous wages! But, in fact,
The mind is not compounded and compact
Of precept and example; human art
In human nature has no share or part.

Hatred of vice, the fear of shame and sin,
Are things of native growth, not grafted in:
Else wise and worthy parents might correct
In children's hearts each error and defect:
Whereas we see them disappointed still,
No scheme nor artifice of human skill
Can rectify the passions or the will.

We now come to those fragments which must have occasioned the injunctions of secrecy in fragm. IX., and which mark the peculiarity of the author's mind.

He distinctly prognosticates an approaching revolution, originating in the misrule of the party to which he himself naturally belonged; and of which his friend Kurnus was, if not the actual, the anticipated chief; for we shall see him driven from his country at an early age, after having been for some time at the head of the state.—He warns him of the rising intelligence and spirit of the lower orders; the feebleness, selfishness, and falsehood of the higher; and the discontent which their mode of government was exciting.

XII.

Our commonwealth preserves its former frame, 53-68
Our common people are no more the same:
They that in skins and hides were rudely dress'd,
Nor dreamt of law, nor sought to be redress'd
By rules of right, but in the days of old
Flock'd to the town, like cattle to the fold,
Are now the brave and wise; and we, the rest,
(Their betters nominally, once the best,)
Degenerate, debas'd, timid, and mean!
Who can endure to witness such a scene?
Their easy courtesies, the ready smile,
Prompt to deride, to flatter, and beguile!
Their utter disregard of right or wrong,
Of truth or honour!—Out of such a throng
(For any difficulties, any need,
For any bold design or manly deed)
Never imagine you can choose a just
Or steady friend, or faithful in his trust.
But change your habits! let them go their way!
Be condescending, affable, and gay!

Adopt with every man the style and tone
Most courteous and congenial with his own;
But in your secret counsels keep aloof
From feeble paltry souls; that, at the proof
Of danger or distress, are sure to fail;
For whose salvation nothing can avail.

XIII.

Our state is pregnant; shortly to produce 39-52
A rude avenger of prolong'd abuse.
The commons hitherto seem sober-minded,
But their superiors are corrupt and blinded.
The rule of noble spirits, brave and high,
Never endanger'd peace and harmony.
The supercilious, arrogant pretence
Of feeble minds; weakness and insolence;
Justice and truth and law wrested aside
By crafty shifts of avarice and pride;
These are our ruin, Kurnus!—never dream
(Tranquil and undisturb'd as it may seem)
Of future peace or safety to the state;
Bloodshed and strife will follow soon or late.
Never imagine that a ruin'd land
Will trust her destiny to your command,
To be remodell'd by a single hand.

If expanded into its full dimensions, this passage would stand thus: "The governments by an aristocracy of caste, such as ours, have never been overthrown while they have been directed by men of generous character, and resolute, magnanimous spirits; the danger does not arise till they are succeeded by a poor-spirited, selfish generation, exercising the same arbitrary authority with mean and mercenary views."

The following examples and warnings are adduced from traditional fable and later history.

XIV.

My friend, I fear it! pride, which overthrew 541-2
The mighty Centaurs and their hardy crew,
Our pride will ruin us, your friends, and you.

XV.

Pride and oppressive rule destroy'd the state
Of the Magnesians—Such was Smyrna's fate;
Smyrna the rich, and Colophon the great!
And ours, my friend, will follow, soon or late. 1099-1102

Of the history of those governments we know nothing; they were known to Theognis, probably by the poems of authors like himself; one of whom (in a fragment accidentally preserved) speaks of his "fellow-citizens of Colophon as overbearing and oppressive from the time of their first settlement." But the example of the Magnesians (whatever it may have been) seems to have presented to Theognis the most apposite parallel to the state of Megara; accordingly, as an anxious and earnest adviser, regardless of repetition, he recurs to the conduct and fate of the Magnesian government, with a preface, too, almost in the same words as in fragm. XIII.

XVI.

Kurnus, our state is pregnant to produce 603-4
The avenger of oppression and abuse;
The birth (believe me) will not tarry long:
For the same course of outrage and of wrong
Which ruin'd the Magnesian state of old,
That very same we witness and behold.

In this state of things, the line of conduct which the poet prescribed to himself is explained in the following lines.

XVII.

I walk by rule and measure, and incline
To neither side, but take an even line;
Fix'd in a single purpose and design. 939-42
With learning's happy gifts to celebrate,
To civilize and dignify the state:
Not leaguing with the discontented crew,
Nor with the proud and arbitrary few.

By an unavoidable consequence of his neutrality, he was (as it appears) blamed and abused on all sides, consoling himself, in the mean time, with the consciousness of his intellectual superiority.

XVIII.

That happy man, my friend, was never seen 367-70
Nor born into the world, whom saucy spleen

Forbore to scandalize! I know not, I,
What they would have; but whether I comply
To join with others in pursuit of ill,
Or keep myself aloof,—they blame me still.
Such is my fortune; never understood,
But censur'd by the wicked or the good.
My consolation still remains the same;
Fools cannot imitate the man they blame.

The following fragment is almost entirely a repetition from fragments IX. and XVIII.

XIX.

That happy man, my friend! that has through life 799-802
Pass'd unobnoxious to reproach or strife . . . .
. . . . Never existed yet; nor ever will!
A task there is, which Jove could not fulfil,
Infinite power and wisdom both combin'd
Would not avail to satisfy mankind.

The sensibility to public opinion appears again strongly marked in the following fragment.

XX.

The generous and the brave, in common fame, 795-8
From time to time encounter praise or blame;
The vulgar pass unheeded; none escape
Scandal or insult in some form or shape.
Most fortunate are those, alive or dead,
Of whom the least is thought, the least is said.

The apparent contradiction which is to be found in this passage exists also in the original. That his understanding was undervalued by the practical, busy persons of the time, may be inferred from the following lines.

XXI.

The worldly minded and the worldly wise, 221-6
In ignorance and arrogance despise
All talents and attainments but their own:
Wisdom is theirs, they think, and theirs alone.
But no! the lessons of deceit and wrong,
In point of fact, are neither hard nor long;

And many know them;—but a better will
Prohibits some from practising their skill:
Some have a taste for good, and some for ill.

Of himself, in the mean time, as a practical politician, he speaks in substance rather disqualifyingly.

XXII.

Many true counsels in this breast of mine 419-20
Lie buried; many a just and fair design:
But inefficient, indolent, and weak,
I know my nature, and forbear to speak.

The period of comparative happiness and tranquillity was now drawing to a close, and the poet, whose mind had hitherto been only occasionally saddened by the prospect of approaching evils, was doomed to witness a revolution, to be stript of his property, and some time after forced to abandon his native city, in company with his friend, and to commence a long course of exile and poverty.

The elements of a revolution, already in existence, were called into activity by the example of Athens, where the murder of Hipparchus had been followed, at the end of three years, by the expulsion of Hippias, upon which, after the ancient form of Athenian government had been again established for a short time, the weaker faction of the nobility, joining with the people, effected an abolition of the aristocracy of caste: the very same which was in existence in Megara; but whose existence was threatened (as has been seen in the preceding fragments) by its own misrule, and by the growing discontent of a more intelligent commonalty. A revolution, therefore, at Megara was unavoidable; and we shall see that it took place accordingly.

As a preface to the fragments which belong to this turbulent period, the following lines, referring to the assassination of Hipparchus, and the splendour of his funeral, may properly find their place.

The question of obedience or resistance to a sovereign *de facto*, as it was viewed in Greece, by a man of speculative and original mind, upwards of two thousand three hundred years ago, may be considered as a matter of curiosity.

XXIII.

Court not a tyrant's favour, nor combine 821-2
To further his iniquitous design;

But, if your faith is pledg'd, though late and loth,
If covenants have pass'd between you both,
Never assassinate him! keep your oath! } 1181-4
But should he still misuse his lawless power,
To trample on the people, and devour,
Depose or overturn him; any how!
Your oath permits it, and the gods allow.

The two following fragments are also found separate; but though relating to the same subject of a royal funeral, and appearing to be extracts from the same poem, they have not the same mark of continuity as the two preceding, and are therefore put separately.

XXIV.

I shall not join the funeral train, to go 1203-6
An idle follower in the pomp of woe:
For why—no duty binds me; nor would he,
Their arbitrary chief, have mourn'd for me.

XXV.

I envy not these sumptuous obsequies, 1191-4
The stately car, the purple canopies;
Much better pleas'd am I, remaining here,
With cheaper equipage and better cheer.
A couch of thorns, or an embroider'd bed,
Are matters of indifference to the dead.

Two fragments are found (singularly enough) in immediate juxta-position with each other, and with one of the preceding. The first of the two appears to be descriptive of the character of Hipparchus; and the second to have been suggested by the sudden catastrophe which befell him.

XXVI.

Easy discourse with steady sense combin'd, 1185-6
Are rare endowments in a single mind.

XXVII.

No costly sacrifice nor offerings given 1187-90
Can change the purpose of the powers of heaven;
Whatever fate ordains, danger or hurt,
Or death predestin'd, nothing can avert.

In the following fragment, the phrase ὁ εἷς is evidently used in the same sense as its corresponding term, "*The single person*," which was so frequently employed in England during the ten years from 1650 to 1660 to signify an individual exercising the functions of royalty.

XXVIII.

The sovereign single person—what cares he
For love or hate, for friend or enemy?
—His single purpose is utility. 639-40

The exact order of time and events in the short and confused period between the commencement of the changes which took place at Megara and the emigration or escape of Theognis and his friend, cannot be satisfactorily deduced from the fragments which exist. It appears, however, that Theognis was at a very early period deprived of the greater part of his property; since two events are mentioned subsequent to his ruin and anterior to his flight from Megara. The first is the arrival of his friend Clearistus, and of his old friend and instructor Simonides; moreover, two seasons of the year are mentioned,—ploughing and harvest. That the loss of his property was in some way or other the work of the opposite faction is clear, from the circumstance of his looking to the triumph of his own friends as the means of recovering it, and avenging himself upon those who had despoiled him of it, as he says, "with violence and outrage;" but by what process, or under what pretence, this spoliation was effected, it is by no means easy to conjecture.

Kurnus in the mean time had held the first authority in the state; for his deposition from the highest office will be found distinctly alluded to in the verses occasioned by the visit of Simonides above mentioned. The same verses show that the state of things had become, in consequence, more desperate; and it appears from another passage that, under these circumstances, Theognis himself had become the advocate of bold and violent measures, which, up to that time, he had deprecated.

Finally, the flight of the two friends from Megara was determined by the approach of an auxiliary force, despatched (probably from Corinth) as a reinforcement to their opponents. These events must have succeeded to each other within a short period of time; for when the Athenians invaded Eubœa, Theognis was already an exile.

Having now brought together the few fragments which illustrate the political condition of the community to which he belonged, and the situation and sentiments of the poet himself, during the period anterior to the commencement of civil commotion,—it may

be convenient to place under a single point of view other passages referrible to the same time, and illustrative of the character of the friend to whom these and other poems were addressed; and to whose person and fortunes (in spite of some occasional intervals of aversion and offence) he appears to have been most sincerely attached.

XXIX.

If popular distrust and hate prevail, 219-20
If saucy mutineers insult and rail,
Fret not your eager spirit,—take a line
Just, sober, and discreet, the same as mine.

The natural and undisguised arrogance of Kurnus is noted in the following lines, in which the sense of the original has been adhered to, though the expression has been unavoidably amplified.

XXX.

My friend, the feeling you can not correct 1079-82
Will work at last a ruinous effect,
To disappoint your hopes. You cannot learn
To bear unpleasant things with unconcern;
Nor work without repugnance or disgust
In tasks that ought to be perform'd, and must.

In the choice of his associates and adherents, the conduct of Kurnus seems to have been in contradiction with the advice of his friend. We have seen in fragm. XII. that he warns him against placing any reliance on a particular class of persons, whom he there describes. Admonitions to the same effect are repeated in other instances.

The kind of qualities which Theognis required in a friend may serve to give a notion of the violent character of the times, and of the critical condition of the party to which he belonged.

XXXI.

I care not for a friend that at my board } 973-6
Talks pleasantly; the friend that will afford }
Faithful assistance with his purse and sword }
In need or danger; let that friend be mine! }
Fit for a bold and resolute design,
Not for a conversation over wine. }

The two following fragments are nearly to the same effect.

XXXII.

Let no persuasive art tempt you to place 100-12
Your confidence in crafty minds and base;—
How can it answer? Will their help avail
When danger presses, and your foes assail?
The blessing which the gods in bounty send,
Will they consent to share it with a friend?
No!—To bestrew the waves with scatter'd grain,
To cultivate the surface of the main,
Is not a task more absolutely vain
Than cultivating such allies as these,—
Fickle and unproductive as the seas.
Such are all baser minds, never at rest,
With new demands importunately press'd,
A new pretension or a new request;
Till, foil'd with a refusal of the last,
They disavow their obligations past.
But brave and gallant hearts are cheaply gain'd,
Faithful adherents, easily retain'd;
Men that will never disavow the debt
Of gratitude, or cancel or forget.

XXXIII.

The civil person (he that, to your face 93-100
Professing friendship, in another place
Talks in an alter'd tone) is not the man
For a determin'd hearty partisan.
Give me the comrade eager to defend,
And, in his absence, vindicate a friend;
Whose strong attachment will abide the brunt
Of bitter altercation, and confront
Calumnious outrage with a fierce reproof:
Like brethren bred beneath a father's roof,
Friends such as these may serve for your behoof
—None others—Mark my words! and let them be
Fix'd as a token in your memory,
For after-times, to make you think of me.

That nothing may be omitted, a fourth fragment on the same subject is subjoined.

XXXIV.

Never engage with a poltroon or craven, 113-28
Avoid him, Kurnus, as a treacherous haven.
Those friends and hearty comrades, as you think,
(Ready to join you when you feast and drink,)
Those easy friends, from difficulty shrink.
For a shrewd intellect, the best employ
Is to detect a soul of base alloy;
No task is harder, nor imports so much:
Silver or gold, you prove it by the touch;
You separate the pure, discard the dross,
And disregard the labour and the loss;
But a friend's heart,—base and adulterate,
A friendly surface with a core of hate,—
Of all the frauds with which the Fates have curst
Our simple easy nature, is the worst:
Beyond the rest, ruinous in effect,—
And of all others hardest to detect.
For men's and women's hearts you cannot try
Beforehand, like the cattle that you buy.
Nor human wit nor reason, when you treat
For such a purchase, can escape deceit;
Fancy betrays us, and assists the cheat.

If these fragments were considered separately, we might imagine that Theognis was exciting his friend to some violent measure: this was not the case; he is only warning him (as we have already seen in the last lines of fragm. XII.) against placing a false confidence in inefficient associates, and encumbering himself with the sort of burdensome and unprofitable dependency described in fragm XXXII. The Athenian Alcibiades had been considered the hope and future support of the nobility to which he naturally belonged; till an impatience of the superiority of older men, whose talents and services had placed them at the head of that party, led him to connect himself with the popular faction.—Kurnus, either not meeting with the same obstacles to ascendency in his own party, or from whatever other reason, seems to have adhered to the cause of the aristocracy of Megara with perfect tenacity; upholding and partaking in, their worst abuses;—as may be inferred from the remonstrances of his friend.

XXXV.

Waste not your efforts, struggle not, my friend, 461-2(?)
Idle and old abuses to defend;
Take heed! the very measures that you press
May bring repentance with their own success.

We have seen in fragm. XIII. that iniquitous and partial decisions formed one of the main grievances which endangered the public tranquillity; and the following fragment expresses, though less distinctly than in the original, that Kurnus himself was a principal in iniquities of this kind.

XXXVI.

Kurnus, proceed like me! Walk not awry! 331-2
Nor trample on the bounds of property!

The commission of some other offence, (an offence against the gods,) probably something in the nature of sacrilege or perjury, is obscurely, as if unwillingly, intimated, and attributed to the bad associates with whom he was engaged.

XXXVII.

"Bad company breeds mischief;" Kurnus, you 1171-2
Can prove that ancient proverb to be true
In your own instance: you yourself were driven
To an unrighteous act; offending Heaven!

Of the prudential and practical defects in Kurnus's character we have seen an instance in fragm. XXX.; the following is probably of a much earlier date; it seems to be the sort of advice suited to a young man just entering the world, but marks a degree of rashness and irritability in the character to which such admonitions were addressed.

XXXVIII.

At entertainments show yourself discreet: 309-12
Remember, that amongst the guests you meet
The absent have their friends; and may be told
Of rash or idle language which you hold.
Learn to endure a jest—you may display
Your courage elsewhere, in a better way.

The last line of the original is left untranslated; it has no connexion with the preceding, and seems to mark another chasm, which it would not be easy to supply. The above have the appearance of being part of a series of maxims; but a propensity to anger and intemperate language seems to be indicated in another fragment, apparently of later date than the former, though they are both probably earlier than any of the admonitory ones.

XXXIX.

Rash angry words, and spoken out of season, 1221-2
When passion has usurp'd the throne of reason,
Have ruin'd many.—Passion is unjust,
And, for an idle transitory gust
Of gratified revenge, dooms us to pay
With long repentance at a later day.

A sort of Coriolanus-like insolence and contempt of the commonalty is marked in the following.

XL.

The gods send Insolence to lead astray } 151-58
The man whom Fortune and the Fates betray; }
Predestin'd to precipitate decay.
Wealth nurses Insolence, and wealth, we find, }
When coupled with a poor and paltry mind, }
Is evermore with insolence combin'd. }
Never in anger with the meaner sort
Be mov'd to a contemptuous harsh retort,
Deriding their distresses; nor despise
In hasty speech their wants and miseries.
Jove holds the balance, and the gods dispense
For all mankind riches and indigence.

Among the defects of Kurnus's character, one, not uncommonly incident to men of genius, but peculiarly unfortunate in a public man, seems to have been a morbid fastidiousness, producing a sort of premature misanthropy; such, at least, is the inference deducible from the following lines. Observe, too, that the last lines of fragm. X. refer to Kurnus's contemptuous estimate of his contemporaries.

XLI.

Learn, Kurnus, learn to bear an easy mind; } 893-8
Accommodate your humour to mankind }
And human nature;—take it as you find! }

A mixture of ingredients, good or bad,
Such are we all, the best that can be had:
The best are found defective; and the rest,
For common use, are equal to the best.
Suppose it had been otherwise decreed—
How could the business of the world proceed?
Fairly examin'd, truly understood,
No man is wholly bad nor wholly good,
Nor uniformly wise. In every case,
Habit and accident, and time and place,
Affect us. 'Tis the nature of the race.

Theognis's admonitions and suggestions, in counteraction of this defect, are not very magnanimous; they resemble the concluding lines of fragm. XII.

XLII.

Join with the world; adopt with every man 213-19
His party views, his temper, and his plan;
Strive to avoid offence, study to please,
Like the sagacious inmate of the seas,
That an accommodating colour brings,
Conforming to the rock to which he clings;
With every change of place changing his hue;
The model for a statesman such as you.

The quarrels between Kurnus and his friend must be necessarily classed together; though probably they range from the time of their first entrance into the world to the date of their expatriation. That these quarrels took place in more instances than one seems evident from the different position in which Theognis is placed. In one he intimates that he has been deceived, and his confidence abused; in another he deprecates unrelenting resentment for a slight offence; in another he speaks as a person unjustly calumniated; another I should be inclined to assign to the time when Kurnus was at the head of affairs, and when Theognis's fortunes were ruined; the others were probably anterior.

XLIII.

Let not a base calumnious pretence, 323-8
Exaggerating a minute offence,
Move you to wrong a friend; if, every time,
Faults in a friend were treated as a crime,

Here upon earth no friendship could have place.
But we, the creatures of a faulty race
Amongst ourselves, offend and are forgiven:
Vengeance is the prerogative of Heaven.

The following must have arisen out of some other ground of difference; though indirectly expressed, it is evidently intended to bear a personal application.

XLIV.

A rival or antagonist is hard
To be deceiv'd; they stand upon their guard:
But an old friend, Kurnus, is unprepar'd. 1219-20

In the following, a feeling of coldness and distrust is marked on the part of the poet; he is rejecting some proposal made to him by his friend, as tending to engage and compromise him.

XLV.

That smith, dear Kurnus, shows but little wit, 539-40
Who forges fetters his own feet to fit.
Excuse me, Kurnus! I can not comply
Thus to be yok'd in harness—never try
To bind me strictly, with too close a tie.

With respect to the next fragment there can be no doubt; it is sufficiently decided, and angry enough.

XLVI.

No more with empty phrase and speeches fine 87-92
Seek to delude me, let your heart be mine:
Your friendship or your enmity declare
In a decided form, open and fair:
An enemy disguis'd, a friend in show,
—I like him better, Kurnus, as a foe.

The next expresses a consciousness of innocence, and a defiance of unjust calumny. It is observable, that we find here the same singular association of ideas (water and gold) as in the first lines of Pindar.

XLVII.

Yes! Drench me with invective! not a stain 446-52
From all that angry deluge will remain!

Fair harmless water, dripping from my skin,
Will mark no foulness or defect within.
As the pure standard gold of ruddy hue,
Prov'd by the touchstone, unalloy'd and true;
Unstain'd by rust, untarnish'd to the sight;
Such will you find me;—solid, pure, and bright.

This image of the trial of gold seems from some reason or other to have been peculiarly familiar to the poet's mind. It occurs in fragm. VI. and XXXIV., and will be found again in verses composed during his exile, fragm. LXXVIII. See the extraordinary work of Mr. Whiter on the association of ideas, considered as an instrument of criticism, and his application of it to the peculiar turns of transition observable in Shakspeare.

The two next relate apparently to minor differences; in the first, the poet is out of humour at being in his turn advised and admonished.

XLVIII.

Change for the worse is sooner understood, 577-8
And sooner practis'd, than from bad to good.
Do not advise and school me! good, my friend!
I 'm past the time to learn—I cannot mend.

The next treats of that useless and interminable question, "Whose fault it was?"

XLIX.

You blame me for an error not my own, 407-8
Dear friend! the fault was yours, and yours alone.

The two following look more like a decided rupture than any of the foregoing; they seem both to belong to the same time, and the tone is similar.

L.

My mind is in a strange distracted state; 1087-98
Love you I cannot!—and I cannot hate!
'Tis hard to change habitual goodwill,
Hard to renounce our better thoughts for ill,
To love without return is harder still.
But mark my resolution and protest!
Those services, for which you once profess'd

A sense of obligation due to me,
On my part were gratuitous and free;
No task had I, no duty to fulfil;
No motive, but a kind and friendly will.—
Now, like a liberated bird, I fly,
That, having snapt the noose, ranges on high,
Proud of his flight, and viewing in disdain
The broken fetter and the baffled swain,
And his old haunt, the lowly marshy plain!
For you! the secret interested end
Of him, your new pretended party friend,
Whose instigation mov'd you to forego
Your friendship, time will shortly show;
Time will unravel all the close design,
And mark his merits, as compar'd with mine.

The second of these fragments has been injudiciously subdivided by Mr. Brunck; but, whether perfect or not, it is evidently one and indivisible, the argument throughout being continuous.

The argument of the second fragment, if coarsely stated, would stand thus, "I have conferred upon you a celebrity similar to that which would have resulted to you from a victory at the Olympic Games. Moreover, the celebrity which I have thus gratuitously conferred upon you, is much more lasting, more brilliant, and more extensive; but instead of any suitable return for such a service, you are so destitute of those first blessings, common sense and common justice, that you treat me with neglect; and when, like everybody else, I have an object which I am anxious to obtain, you disregard my application to you. I am like one of those horses at the Olympic Games, which has acquired a celebrity for his master; but, being ill treated, longs to escape."

LI.

You soar aloft, and over land and wave 231-54
Are borne triumphant on the wings I gave
(The swift and mighty wings, Music and Verse).
Your name in easy numbers smooth and terse
Is wafted o'er the world; and heard among
The banquetings and feasts, chaunted and sung,
Heard and admir'd: the modulated air
Of flutes and voices of the young and fair
Recite it, and to future times shall tell;
When, clos'd within the dark sepulchral cell,

Your form shall moulder, and your empty ghost
Wander along the dreary Stygian coast.
Yet shall your memory flourish fresh and young,
Recorded and reviv'd on every tongue,
In continents and islands, every place
That owns the language of the Grecian race.
No purchas'd prowess of a racing steed,
But the triumphant muse, with airy speed,
Shall bear it wide and far, o'er land and main,
A glorious and unperishable strain;
A mighty prize, gratuitously won,
Fix'd as the earth, immortal as the sun.
But for all this no kindness in return!
No token of attention or concern!
Baffled and scorn'd, you treat me like a child,
From day to day, with empty words beguil'd.
Remember! common justice, common sense, 255-8
Are the best blessings which the gods dispense:
And each man has his object; all aspire
To something which they covet and desire.
Like a fair courser, conqueror in the race, 257-60
Bound to a charioteer sordid and base,
I feel it with disdain; and many a day
Have long'd to break the curb and burst away.

We now come to the period of the poet's misfortunes, which may have been connected with a sea-voyage; but which, we are told by him, were to be ascribed to the malice of his enemies, exerted perhaps, as the following fragments may imply, by undue partiality in the law courts, and the crying grievance of judicial iniquity.

If from any other source we could obtain a knowledge of Theognis's life and history, we might be able to account for some singularities: one of which (his familiarity with the language of the Assay Office) has been already pointed out, in the note to fragment XLVII.; but there is another, not a little remarkable, namely, his strong objections and remonstrance against the rule of Providence, by which the sins of the father were visited upon his descendants!—Can we suppose that he is remonstrating with respect to his own case? that, as we have seen in fragm. XII., that judicial iniquity was the most crying grievance of the state, so (as was the case in Rome, after the death of Sylla) it might have been among the first remedied, and in a similar manner, namely, by transferring the judicature to another order of citizens: a measure which

might give rise to a course of equal partiality in an opposite direction. Such a supposition would afford the best explanation of the state of alarm and confusion, short of actual violence, which filled the period antecedent to the poet's emigration. Can we suppose, that while things were in this state, an old family law-suit (arising out of commercial matters, and unjustly decided in favour of his father or ancestor) had been revived under this new tribunal; and that the sentence so ruinous to his fortune was at the same time so arbitrary and excessive, as to excite the resentment and eagerness for revenge, which he expresses elsewhere?

The following lines (fragment LII.) might seem to relate to some confidential deposit; which perhaps, in expectation of an unfavourable judicial decision, he would have set apart as a contingent resource; but which was either treacherously detained or surrendered to his adversary.

Since writing the above, the following lines, which had not been noticed before, have appeared to bear a meaning referrible to the suppositions above stated.

Where on the father's and the mother's side
Justice is found, no treasure you can hide,
Is a resource more certain to abide. 131-2

They certainly have the appearance of a general maxim, assumed for the sake of a particular application, and are such as might well have been written by a person who conceived himself suffering under a retribution for the injustice of his predecessors; and whose mind was occupied at the same time with the notion of providing some concealed resource, as a security against misfortune. The association of ideas is so singular, that some such supposition seems necessary to account for it.

The result of his precaution appears as follows.

LII.

Bad faith hath ruin'd me; distrust alone
Has sav'd a remnant; all the rest is gone
To ruin and the dogs!—The powers divine,
I murmur not against them, nor repine:
—Mere human violence, rapine, and stealth,
Have brought me down to poverty, from wealth. 829-34

The following is a soliloquy, in which he is endeavouring to bring his mind into a more composed state.

LIII.

Learn patience, O my soul! though rack'd and torn 1023-30
With deep distress—bear it!—it must be borne!
Your unavailing hopes and vain regret,
Forget them, or endeavour to forget
Those womanish repinings, unrepress'd,
(Which gratify your foes,) serve to molest
Your sympathizing friends—learn to endure!
And bear calamities you cannot cure!
Nor hope to change the laws of destiny
By mortal efforts!—Vainly would you fly
To the remotest margin of the sky,
Where ocean meets the firmament; in vain
Would you descend beneath, and dive amain
Down to the dreary subterraneous reign.

The following lines, in a more composed and manly strain, seem to belong to the same period.

LIV.

Entire and perfect happiness is never 1157-64
Vouchsaf'd to man; but nobler minds endeavour
To keep their inward sorrows unreveal'd.
With meaner spirits nothing is conceal'd:
Weak, and unable to conform to fortune,
With rude rejoicing or complaint importune,
They vent their exultation or distress.
Whate'er betides us, grief or happiness,
The brave and wise will bear with steady mind.
Th' allotment unforeseen and undefin'd
Of good or evil, which the gods bestow
Promiscuously dealt to man below.

What has been said a little while ago, of Theognis's remonstrances against the rules of Providence, requires to be illustrated; and the illustration may not improperly be placed here, as it is by no means improbable that the verses might have been composed about this time.

LV.

O mighty Jove! I wish the powers of heaven 729-50
Would change their method! that a rule were given

Henceforward, for the wicked and profane,
To check their high presumption, and restrain
Their insolences and their cruelties ;
Who mock your ordinances, and despise
Justice and right :—henceforth should every man,
In his own instance, justify the plan
Of Providence ; and suffer for his crime
During his life ; or at the very time,
With punishment inflicted on the spot :
For now, so long retarded or forgot,
The retribution ultimately falls
Wide of the mark—the vilest criminals
Escape uninjur'd ; and the sad decree
Affects their innocent posterity,
(As oftentimes it happens,) worthy men
Blameless and inoffensive—here again
The case is hard ! where a good citizen,
A person of an honourable mind,
Religiously devout, faithful and kind,
Is doom'd to pay the lamentable score
Of guilt accumulated long before—
Some wicked ancestor's unholy deed.
—I wish that it were otherwise decreed !
For now we witness wealth and power enjoy'd
By wicked doers ; and the good destroy'd
Quite undeservedly ; doom'd to atone,
In other times, for actions not their own.

The same notion of a posthumous hereditary retribution overtaking the descendants of wicked men, appears in another fragment, but without that tone of querulous expostulation which marks the preceding and other fragments.

LVI.

Lawful and honest gain, the gift of Heaven, 197-208
Is lasting ; and abides where it is given.
But where a man, by perjury or by wrong,
Rises in riches ; though secure and strong
In common estimation, (though he deem
Himself a happy man, and so may seem,)
Yet the just sentence on his wicked gains
Already stands recorded, and remains

For execution.—Hence we judge amiss;
And the true cause of our mistake is this:
The punishment ordain'd by Heaven's decree
Attaches to the sin, but (as we see
In many cases) leaves the sinner free.—
—Death follows, and is faster in his rate,
While vengeance travels slowly; speedy fate
Arrests the offender at a shorter date.

The same tone of querulousness which was before noticed, and the same singular style of respectful but confident and familiar expostulation with the Deity, which the reader will have observed in a preceding fragment, is marked in another, which is placed here; though, in the order of time, it should seem to be contemporary with fragm. LXXVIII. and LXXIX.

LVII.

Blessed, almighty Jove! with deep amaze, 373-98
I view the world;—and marvel at thy ways!
All our devices, every subtle plan,
Each secret act, and all the thoughts of man,
Your boundless intellect can comprehend!
—On your award our destinies depend.
How can you reconcile it to your sense
Of right and wrong, thus loosely to dispense
Your bounties on the wicked and the good?
How can your laws be known or understood?
When we behold a man faithful and just,
Humbly devout, true to his word and trust,
Dejected and oppress'd;—whilst the profane,
And wicked, and unjust, in glory reign;
Proudly triumphant, flush'd with power and gain;
What inference can human reason draw?
How can we guess the secret of thy law,
Or choose the path approv'd by power divine?
—We take, alas, perforce, the crooked line,
And act unwillingly the baser part,
Though loving truth and justice at our heart;
For very need, reluctantly compell'd
To falsify the principles we held;
With party factions basely to comply;
To flatter, and dissemble, and to lie!

Yet he—the truly brave—tried by the test
Of sharp misfortune, is approv'd the best:
While the soul-searching power of indigence
Confounds the weak, and banishes pretence.
Fixt in an honourable purpose still,
The brave preserve the same unconquer'd will,
Indifferent to fortune, good or ill.

LVIII.

Kurnus, believe it! fortune good or ill
No mortal effort, intellect, or skill
Determine it, but Heaven's superior will: 133-42
We struggle onward, ignorant and blind,
For a result unknown and undesign'd,
Avoiding seeming ills, misunderstood,
Embracing evil as a seeming good;
In our own plans, unable to detect
Their final unavoidable effect.
Tormented with unsatisfied desire,
The fortunate to further aims aspire,
Beyond the bounds of mortal happiness;
Restless and wretched in their own success!
We strive like children, and th' almighty plan
Controls the froward, weak children of man!

We may now return from his metaphysical and moral speculations, to a view of the poet's personal situation; described in a few lines of welcome to a friend, connected with him by those relations of hospitality, which were most carefully maintained by the first families of Greece, as a resource against utter destitution in reverses of fortune.—Clearistus, being ruined or distressed at home, comes by sea to Megara; probably on a trading voyage; but reckoning at the same time on the hospitality of the poet as his hereditary ally.

LIX.

In a frail bark across the seas you come, 511-22
Poor Clearistus, to my poorer home!
Yet shall your needy vessel be supplied
With what the gods in clemency provide:
And if a friend be with you, bring him here,
With a fair welcome to my simple cheer.

I am not yet a niggard, nor by stealth
Dissemble the poor remnant of my wealth:
Still shall you find a hospitable board,
And share in common what my means afford.
Then, should inquirers ask my present state,
You may reply,—my ruin has been great:
Yet, with my means reduc'd, a ruin'd man,
I live contented on an humbler plan;
Unable now to welcome every guest;
But greeting gladly and freely, though distress'd,
Hereditary friends, of all the best.

A natural incident brings back to his mind the recollection of his misfortunes; this fragment concludes with the obscure line before-mentioned, relative to a sea-voyage.

LX.

The yearly summons of the creaking crane,
That warns the ploughman to his task again,
Strikes to my heart a melancholy strain. 1197-1202
When all is lost, and my paternal lands
Are till'd for other lords, with other hands:
Since that disastrous wretched voyage brought
Riches and lands and everything to nought.

The following is an incident relative to another season of the year. Theognis's passion for singing to the music of the pipe has been already noticed (fragm. II.); the scene of this fragment is in the market-place of Megara, and the lines represent the poet's sudden exclamation, at a sight which puts an end to the amusement in which he was indulging. The text is apparently mutilated, and (to the translator at least) hardly intelligible; he has endeavoured, however, to restore the original picture from the traces which are still distinguishable.

LXI.

How could I bear it? In the public place 823-8
To chaunt and revel! when before my face,
Seen in the distance, I discern the train
Of harvest-triumph; and the loaded wain
And happy labourers with garlands crown'd,
Returning from the hereditary ground

No more my own! My faithful Scythian slave!
Break off this strain of idle mirth; and shave
Your flowing locks; and breathe another tone
Of sorrow for my fair possessions gone!

Independent of the unbecoming contrast between the levity of his amusements and the serious nature of his misfortunes, the reflection could not but occur to the mind of the poet, that he was now arrived at a time of life when the privileges and pretensions of early youth could no longer be pleaded in justification of similar frolics.

LXII.

Elate with wine, my losses I despise, 1125-8
And rude attacks of railing enemies.
But youth departing, and remember'd years
Of early mirth and joy, move me to tears;
While, in the dreary future, I behold
The dark approach of age, cheerless and cold.

These lines may be reckoned as among the very last which were written at Megara, before his expatriation. His feelings upon Simonides' arrival might be supposed to have been aggravated by the comparative change which had taken place in their circumstances; for at that time, to which we are now arrived, Theognis was ruined, and Simonides (whose attachment to the main chance was proverbial) was probably by this time a rich man; for he appears to be giving an entertainment to which Theognis was invited.

It is not unlikely that this visit of Simonides (to Athens probably in the first place, but, as in former instances, extended to Megara) may be the same which is mentioned as having left a singular mark of meanness upon his character, when, revisiting Athens, after the expulsion of Hippias, he engaged to compose a panegyrical poem in honour of the assassins of his old friend and benefactor Hipparchus. Arriving at Megara, the same man would undoubtedly pay his court to the faction then in power in that city; but he could not omit sending an invitation to Theognis. And what sort of invitation would such a man, under such circumstances, have contrived to send? something, it may be supposed, to this effect—"*The company and conversation to be wholly literary*," *&c. &c.*, "*persons of distinguished talents, all anxious for an opportunity*," *&c. &c.*, "*a person so eminent for his genius and acquirements*." Now the lines of Theognis are (as we shall see) an answer, distinctly replying to and declining an invitation of this description. "The sense of his own misfortunes and the dis-

acted state of public affairs had rendered him unfit for company, nd incapable of joining in any literary conversation."

The answer to Simonides' "very obliging invitation" is as ollows.

LXIII.

Simonides! If with my learning's store 667-82
I still retain'd my riches as before,
I should not shrink from joining as a guest
In converse with the wisest and the best.
But now, with idle shame opprest and weak,
I sit dejected, and forbear to speak:
Feeble, forgetful, melancholy, slow,
My former pride of learning I forego,
My former knowledge I no longer know.
Such is our state! in a tempestuous sea,
With all the crew raging in mutiny!
No duty follow'd, none to reef a sail,
To work the vessel, or to pump or bale;
All is abandon'd, and without a check
The mighty sea comes sweeping o'er the deck.
Our steersman, hitherto so bold and steady,
Active and able, is deposed already.
No discipline, no sense of order felt;
The daily messes are unduly dealt.
The goods are plunder'd, those that ought to keep
Strict watch are idly skulking or asleep;
All that is left of order or command,
Committed wholly to the basest hand.
In such a case, my friend! I needs must think,
It were no marvel though the vessel sink.
This riddle to my worthy friends I tell,
But a shrewd knave will understand it well.

This long simile of a ship is not original in Theognis; it was to be found in an ode of Alcæus, an older poet, from whom Horace has copied it.

The last fragment has already anticipated the greater part of what can be learned from the few remaining fragments relative to the revolution;—the deposition of Kurnus;—the low character of his successor;—and the general confusion and disorder of the community.

No lines can be found of which it can be decidedly said, that they relate to Kurnus's appointment to the highest authority of the state. The following may have related to some earlier and inferior object of ambition.

LXIV.

Schemes unadvisable and out of reason 401-6
Are best adjourn'd—wait for a proper season!
Time and a fair conjuncture govern all.
Hasty ambition hurries to a fall;
A fall predestin'd and ordain'd by heaven:
By a judicial blindness madly driven,
Mistaking and confounding good and evil,
Men lose their senses, as they leave their level.

If the conjecture was right, which assigned the two fragments L. and LI. to the period of Kurnus's elevation, they would account sufficiently for the non-appearance of any admonitory or political lines directly referring to it. If again, (as is probable,) a reconciliation took place after his deposition, the next lines may have been intended to obviate the influence of rash or treacherous advisers upon a proud spirit recently mortified by the loss of power.

LXV.

Stir not a step! risk nothing! but believe 283-92
That vows and oaths are snares, meant to deceive!
Jove is no warrant for a promise given,
Not Jove himself, nor all the gods in heaven.
Nothing is safe; no character secure,
No conduct, the most innocent and pure:
All are corrupt, the commons and the great,
Alike incapable to save the state.
The ruin of the noblest and the best
Serves for an idle ballad or a jest.
Shame is abolish'd, and, in high command,
Rage, Impudence, and Rapine rule the land.

It should seem that Kurnus was now disposed to follow the advice which his friend had before given him, respecting the choice of followers and adherents; see fragm. XXXII., XXXIII., XXXIV. Theognis thinks such a party could not be formed of assured fidelity, and in sufficient force for the purposes which were in contemplation.

LXVI.

A trusty partisan, faithful and bold, 77-86
Is worth his weight in silver or in gold,
For times of trouble.—But the race is rare;
Steady determin'd men, ready to share
Good or ill fortune!—Such, if such there are,
Could you survey the world, and search it round,
And bring together all that could be found;
The largest company you could enroll,
A single vessel could embark the whole!
—So few there are! the noble manly minds
Faithful and firm, the men that honour binds;
Impregnable to danger and to pain
And low seduction in the shape of gain.

The next fragment serves to mark more distinctly that Kurnu was no longer in office; it is an ironical exhortation to his successor, the chief of the opposite party; who, it should seem, was ruling away with a vengeance!

LXVII.

Lash your obedient rabble! lash and load 845-48
The burden on their backs! Spurn them and goad!
They'll bear it all; by patience and by birth,
The most submissive, humble slaves on earth!

Another fragment seems to have been addressed to some person possessed at one time of influence, which he had misemployed; and whom the progress of the revolution had reduced to insignificance.

LXVIII.

Friend! if your sense and judgment had been wholly 453-6
Or nearly equal to your pride and folly,
You might have seen yourself approv'd and priz'd,
As much precisely as you're now despis'd.

But the time was come when it was no longer safe to speak so openly,—the time, probably, of the visit of Simonides. See the concluding note subjoined to the verses addressed to him, fragm. LXIII.

LXIX.

Scarce can I venture plainly to declare 813-18
Our present state, or what the dangers are.—
—Let the worst happen! I shall bear, I trust,
Whatever fate determines—bear we must!
Inextricable difficulties rise,
And death and danger are before our eyes.

We now find Theognis no longer averse to the desperate measures suited to a desperate situation—but still, as before, distrustful of the firmness and fidelity of the majority of the persons upon whom his friend relied.

LXX.

From many a friend you must withhold your plans, 73-6
No man is safe with many partisans,
No secret!—With a party, sure but small,
Of bold adherents, trusty men withal,
You may succeed: else ruin must ensue,
Inevitable, for your friends and you.

This advice seems to have been followed: for we now come to a passage of singular interest—the speech of Theognis at a secret meeting of Kurnus's party friends. The exordium and the conclusion of this speech are found in separate fragments; but the character of each is clearly marked. The exordium addresses Kurnus in the presence of his assembled partisans, on the necessity of efficacious remedies for the maladies of the state. It is evidently the prelude to a speech addressed to a council of conspirators; and the conclusion is marked by a conspirator's oath, (a very curious and remarkable one,) by which he binds himself to the assistance of his comrades, and to the execution of utter vengeance upon his enemies. Some other fragments which are found separate, and which are not likely to have been composed at any other time by a man who had hitherto been averse to all violent and hazardous measures, are arranged in the only order which can be assigned to them.

LXXI.

Kurnus! since here we meet friends and allies, 1129-30
We must consult in common to devise
A speedy remedy with brief debate,
To meet the new disorders of the state.

More practice is requir'd, and deeper skill,
To cure a patient than to make him ill.
The wise, in easy times, will gladly rest;
When things are at the worst, a change is best.

* * * * * *

Kurnus! in power and honour, heretofore, 355-8
Your former fortunes you discreetly bore.
Fortune has alter'd! bear it calmly still!
Endeavouring, with a firm and steady will,
With other changes, our affairs to mend,
With a bold effort, and with heaven to friend.

* * * * * *

If Kurnus (our support) has been displac'd, 232-6
Our main defence dismantled and defac'd;
Must we, like cowards, of all hope forsaken,
Lament and howl as if the town were taken?
Though now reduc'd, no more a numerous host, 635-40
Courage and sense and honour are our boast.
Danger and hope are over-ruling powers
Of equal influence; and both are ours.
Where counsel and deliberation fail,
Action and strenuous effort may prevail.

* * * * * *

My spirit they shall never bend nor check, 1017-20
Though mountain-heaps were loaded on my neck:
Let feeble, coward souls crouch with affright,
The brave are ever firm; firm and upright.

* * * * * *

Then let the brazen fiery vault of heaven 867-70
Crush me with instant ruin, rent and riven,
(The fear and horror of a former age,)
If from the friends and comrades that engage
In common enterprise I shrink, or spare
Myself or any soul! If I forbear
Full vengeance and requital on my foes!
All our antagonists! all that oppose!

Whether this conspiracy succeeded to the extent of obtaining a temporary superiority within the town, or whether it was baffled by their opponents, or abandoned in despair by the party who projected it, we have no means of forming any conjecture: in any

one of these cases, the incident which appears next in order might equally have taken place.

The march of an armed force from some neighbouring state (whose politics were opposed to those of the party of Kurnus and Theognis) is indicated by a fire signal, and determines them to abandon their country and escape without delay.

LXXII.

A speechless messenger, the beacon's light, 549-56
Announces danger from the mountain's height!
Bridle your horses, and prepare to fly;
The final crisis of our fate is nigh.
A momentary pause, a narrow space,
Detains them; but the foes approach apace!
—We must abide what fortune has decreed,
And hope that heaven will help us at our need.
Make your resolve! at home your means are great; 557-60
Abroad you will retain a poor estate.
Unostentatious, indigent, and scant,
Yet live secure, at least from utter want.

Whoever examines the political character of Corinth at this time, and remarks the evident bias of that government in favour of the democratic party at Athens, will feel no hesitation in concluding that they must have been equally disposed to protect a party of similar principles in their own immediate neighbourhood; and that the armed force above mentioned must have been despatched from Corinth. This conclusion will be confirmed by the next fragment. Of the other two powerful neighbouring states, Thebes was of opposite politics, hostile in the extreme to the Athenian revolution, and (as we shall see afterwards) became a place of refuge for the Megarian exiles: Athens, an Ionian state, would not at that period have presumed to interpose in the internal disputes of a Doric city; and least of all at that particular crisis, when, with the whole weight of the Doric confederacy opposed to her, under the ascendency of Sparta, and directed by the ability and inveteracy of Cleomenes, she was reduced to the then unheard-of expedient of soliciting assistance from the king of Persia. Placed in such a precarious situation, it would have been an act of madness on the part of the Athenians to have risked an offensive proceeding, which could have added nothing to their military security; which would have disgusted Corinth; and which at any rate would have prevented the success of those intrigues, by which the Corinthians (themselves nominally and formally members

of the confederacy) succeeded in disbanding the combined army, at a time when it was already advanced into the plain of Eleusis, and on the eve of a battle, likely to have been the most bloodily decided of any that ever occurred in the internal wars of Greece. Availing themselves of the dissolution of the main army, the Athenians lost no time in advancing against the Thebans and Chalcidians, who, in the meanwhile, had been making inroads upon the points bordering upon their own territory; encountering them severally in rapid succession, they overthrew the Thebans, and immediately (the historian says on the same day) passing over into Eubœa, attacked and defeated the Chalcidians, seizing upon the territory and expelling the proprietors.

It should seem that Theognis, in escaping from Megara, had taken up his residence in Eubœa, where the politics of the leading party were congenial to his own. Upon this occasion, then, he was a witness of the calamity which overwhelmed his friends and hospitable partisans.—The following lines are descriptive of what occurred.

LXXIII.

Alas, for our disgrace! Cerinthus lost! 887-90
The fair Lelantian plain! a plundering host
Invade it—all the brave banish'd or fled!
Within the town, lewd ruffians in their stead
Rule it at random.—Such is our disgrace!
May Jove confound the Cypselizing race!

The term of the "Cypselizing race" could not possibly apply to any other people than the Corinthians; but it may be a question, upon what grounds, and with what particular intention, the term is applied to them in this instance? Cypselus was entirely out of date; and his son Periander, who succeeded him as tyrant of Corinth, had died after a long reign, in the last year of the 48th Olympiad (see Fasti Hellenici). But Cypselus was the first underminer and destroyer of the Dorian aristocracy; having supplanted the oligarchy of the Bacchiadæ, he had continued banishing and destroying without intermission during the whole of his life; and his son (after the usual interval of milder government in a new reign) had resumed his father's policy, and pushed it to a more severe extreme.

Cypselus was a tyrant and a usurper, but the system of which he was the personification was persevered in after his death. The principle upon which his usurpation had been founded (a hatred of the hereditary oligarchies) still continued to influence the policy of Corinth, and manifested itself in their support of the democratic revolution of Athens and Megara. This was the point which

Theognis (doubly a sufferer from the effects of this policy) meant to mark; and if this view of the subject is admissible, his intention in characterizing the Corinthians as a *Cypselizing race* may be capable of explanation.

Expelled from Eubœa, Theognis seems to have retired to Thebes, a state whose politics were congenial to his own; fellow-sufferers also, like his friends in Eubœa, from the unexpected vigour of the Athenians, who up to that time, when they became animated (as Herodotus observes) by the new excitement of liberty, had never been accounted very formidable antagonists; while the Thebans, considering themselves, as they were, a superior race of men, distinguished by a peculiar system of tactics and singular personal prowess in the field, upon which the success of their tactical system depended, were wholly unable to digest the disgrace of a defeat. It should seem, both from local situation and the temper and spirit of the people, that Thebes must have been the scene of those projects and hopes which Theognis and his friends at one time entertained, of recovering possession of their native city, either by force or stratagem, and executing a severe vengeance upon their opponents.

It so happened, that in the house of a Theban nobleman a favourite facetious female slave, Argyris by name, was admitted to enliven the party. The music of the pipes was introduced after dinner; this was a temptation which Theognis could not resist, and which overset all the σεμνοτης (grave good breeding) befitting his condition as an exiled noble. He offered to accompany the music, and performed so well as to excite general admiration and applause; and probably, at the same time, to lower himself to a certain degree in the estimation of the company; which Argyris perceiving joined in the general expression of admiration,—"It was very extraordinary—very extraordinary indeed—the gentleman must have had a great deal of practice—he must have practised very young—perhaps his mother might have been a flute-player," to which we may suppose the poet to have answered, "No! that his acquirements were not so limited; that, like all other persons of tolerable education in Megara, he had also learned to accompany himself upon the lyre;" thereupon, the lyre being handed to him, he sung to it some extempore verses; acknowledging that passion for accompanying the music of the pipe, which had subjected him to so severe an insinuation; replying to it at the same time by an assertion of the nobility of his birth, and a severe retaliation upon the condition and origin of the person who had offended him. These lines, originally produced extempore, formed a short poem, of which the lines already given in illustration of his early pursuits (and which are here repeated, in what appears to be their proper place) would have been the conclusion, at least as far as regarded the affront received, and the person who had offered it.

LXXIV.

My heart exults, the lively call obeying, 531-4
When the shrill merry pipes are sweetly playing;
With these to chaunt aloud or to recite,
To carol and carouse, is my delight:
Or in a stedfast tone, bolder and higher,
To temper with a touch the manly lyre.

* * * * *

The slavish visage never is erect; 535-8
But looks oblique and language indirect
Betray their origin—no lovely rose,
Or hyacinth, from the rude bramble grows;
Nor from a slavish and degraded breed
Can gentle words or courteous acts proceed.

* * * * *

From noble Æthon my descent I trace, 1209-16
Thebes grants me refuge and a resting-place;
Forbear then, Argyris, with empty mirth,
Yourself a slave, to scandalize my birth:
Woman! I tell thee, wandering and forlorn,
In exile and distress, much have I borne,
Sorrows and wrongs and evils manifold;
But to be purchas'd as a slave and sold
Has never been my fate, and never will:
And I retain a town and country still,
Along the banks of the Lethæan river,
In a fair land, where I shall live for ever.
For a firm friend, a steady partisan,
A faithful and an honourable man,
Disdaining every sordid act, and mean,
No slave am I, nor slavish have I been.

At no great distance from two of the preceding, a fragment is found, separated into two in Brunck's edition; but which, though two or more intermediate lines may possibly be wanting, appear connected by the particle δὲ and by the infinitive form of the verb, which runs through both. These lines belong clearly to the same period as the preceding, when he was hospitably entertained at Thebes, and while he still cherished hopes of a triumphant return to Megara. Now, if we figure to ourselves the preceding scene, and do not suppose Theognis to be utterly destitute of civility and

common sense, we may fairly take it for granted that the extempore effusion, in which he retaliated the offence given by the slave, would not have terminated without some marked expression of respect and deference to the master of the house; who was wholly guiltless of the offence which had been given him. In the translation which follows, the fragment last mentioned is understood and interpreted in this sense.

LXXV.

To seize my lost possessions and bestow 561-6
Among my friends the spoils of many a foe,
Such is my trust and hope; meanwhile I rest
Content and cheerful an admitted guest,
Conversing with a wise and worthy mind,
Profound in learning, and in taste refin'd.
Watching his words and thoughts to bear away
Improvement and instruction, day by day.

The hopes and projects of an exile, briefly alluded to in the preceding fragment, are more distinctly marked in a passage alluding to the story of Ulysses; he anticipates like him a safe return from hell (in his own case, the hell of banishment) and a similar triumphant reëstablishment in his native country; with an equally full revenge upon his antagonists, and a joyful meeting with his Penelope and his Telemachus, his wife and son; whom it should seem that he had left behind. The same allusion to his state of banishment as a kind of hell will be found in another passage, (composed long after, under the influence of very different views and expectations,) where the example which he takes as a parallel to his own is that of Sisyphus.

LXXVI.

Talk not of evils past! Ulysses bore 1119-24
Severer hardships than my own, and more;
Doom'd to descend to Pluto's dreary reign,—
Yet he return'd, and view'd his home again,
And wreak'd his vengeance on the plundering crew,
The factious haughty suitors, whom he slew:
Whilst all the while, with steady faith unfeign'd,
The prudent, chaste Penelope remain'd,
With her fair son; waiting a future hour,
For his arrival and return to power.

The above allusion to the good conduct of his wife is confirmed by lines addressed to Kurnus; who, it should seem, was equally fortunate.

LXXVII.

Kurnus, of all good things in human life, 1223-24
Nothing can equal goodness in a wife.
In our own case we prove the proverb true;
You vouch for me, my friend, and I for you.

A mixture of hope and despondency accompanied by a vehement passion for revenge are marked in the following lines. It must be observed, however, that in the concluding lines a proverb contracted from a simile is expanded into the simile from which it originated, no equivalent proverb being found in the English language.

The word *χαράδρα* in the original may perhaps have been intended to convey a local meaning: it signified a gully, the bed of a wintry torrent—a ravine of this kind called the Charadra was one of the boundaries of the Megarian territory. Theognis, therefore, may have meant to allude to the direction in which he had passed the frontier.

LXXVIII.

May Jove assist me to discharge the debt 337-50
Of kindness to my friends, and grant me yet
A further boon—revenge upon my foes!
With these accomplish'd, I could gladly close
My term of life—a fair requital made;
My friends rewarded, and my wrongs repaid,
Gratitude and revenge, before I die,
Might make me deem'd almost a deity!
Yet hear, O mighty Jove, and grant my prayer,
Relieve me from affliction and despair!
O take my life, or grant me some redress,
Some foretaste of returning happiness!
Such is my state—I cannot yet descry
A chance of vengeance on mine enemy,
The rude despoilers of my property.
Whilst I, like to a scar'd and hunted hound,
That scarce escaping, trembling and half drown'd,
Crosses a gully swell'd with wintry rain,
Have crept ashore, in feebleness and pain.

Yet my full wish—to drink their very blood—
Some power divine, that watches for my good,
May yet accomplish.—Soon may he fulfil
My righteous hope, my just and hearty will.

The pleasures of hope (the proverbial consolation of a banished man) are the subject of the next fragment.

LXXIX.

For human nature Hope remains alone 1131-46
Of all the deities—the rest are flown.
Faith is departed; Truth and Honour dead;
And all the Graces too, my friend, are fled.
The scanty specimens of living worth,
Dwindled to nothing, and extinct on earth.
Yet, whilst I live and view the light of heaven,
(Since Hope remains, and never has been driven
From the distracted world,) the single scope
Of my devotion is to worship Hope:
When hecatombs are slain, and altars burn,
With all the deities ador'd in turn,
Let Hope be present; and with Hope, my friend,
Let every sacrifice commence and end.
Yes! insolence, injustice, every crime,
Rapine and wrong, may prosper for a time;
Yet shall they travel on to swift decay
That tread the crooked path and hollow way.

The fourth line is characteristic; the victim of a popular revolution lamenting that democracy had destroyed the Graces; like the Commandeur in that admirable Proverbe of Monsr. Le Clercq's—Les Soupers.

It should seem that the hopes entertained by the poet and the emigrant party to which he belonged, were never realized; and that (as was naturally to be expected) a spirit of impatience and discontent must have begun to be prevalent amongst them. The following lines seem to belong to this period, and to be descriptive of the altered temper of his associates in misfortune.

LXXX.

I search among my friends—none can I find, 415-18
No sterling, unadulterated mind;

None that abides the crucible like mine;
Rising above the standard—superfine!

In these lines the sense which is assigned to the word *ὑπερτερίη*, "above the standard," is assumed from the context: the lexicons do not give it, nor is it to be expected that lexicographers should find in ancient authors the technical terms of the assay office; but we have seen already that it was an object familiar to the mind of the poet.

Theognis, it should seem, must have been among the poorest of the party,—having escaped from Megara *πάντ' ἀποσεισάμενος*, "stript of everything," a circumstance necessarily omitted in the translation of fragm. LXXVIII., as it would have appeared somewhat absurd if combined with the simile of the dog. The following lines seem to have been occasioned by the illiberality of some of his companions who were less destitute than himself.

LXXXI.

An exile has no friends! no partisan 209-10
Is firm or faithful to the banish'd man;
A disappointment and a punishment,
Harder to bear, and worse than banishment!

The reader is here requested to turn back to the fragment marked LVII., beginning "Blessed Almighty Jove;" (which from the singularity of its tone had been placed in juxtaposition with others of a like character;) he will probably be of opinion that in chronological order it ought to stand here, as it marks a time when the notion of abandoning his party, and endeavouring to conciliate the victorious faction, (though not admitted or approved,) has distinctly presented itself to his mind.

The next fragment marks his resolution upon this subject as already taken. In consequence of the neglect of his associates, he declares his intention of negotiating for himself, and endeavouring to conciliate the faction by which he had been expelled.

LXXXII.

The last and worst of ills, save death alone! 809-12
The worst of human miseries is my own!
—Those friends of mine have cast me off, and I
Must seek perforce a last resource, to try
To treat and tamper with the enemy.

The English reader is desired to interpret the words "cast me off" as an expression, indirectly implying a refusal of pecuniary assistance; the word in the original (*προυδώκαν*) is used in this sense in another passage of the poet, (not here translated,) in which a poor courtesan is describing her own condition, ver. 859.

The same tone of complete despondency, the same complaint of abandonment on the part of his friends, and the consequent necessity of endeavouring to conciliate his enemies, are apparent in the following fragment.

LXXXIII.

Happy the man, with worldly wealth and ease, 1007-10
Who, dying in good time, departs in peace.
Nor yet reduc'd to wander as a stranger
In exile and distress and daily danger;
To fawn upon his foes, to risk the trial
Of a friend's faith, and suffer a denial!

A short fragment is to be found, of little merit in itself; bu which (as it evidently marks a particular turn in the views and feelings of the poet) cannot, according to the strict rules of criticism, be overlooked, in any attempt to ascertain and arrange the incidents of his life. The original of this singular and perplexing passage, if expanded into the dimension which is necessary to render its intention and meaning discernible to an English reader, might stand thus:

LXXXIV.

No mean or coward heart will I commend 1077-78
In an old comrade or a party friend:
Nor with ungenerous, hasty zeal decry
A noble-minded gallant enemy.

The original couplet (for it is a couplet in the original) appears, like others of the detached couplets, which are found in our present copies, to have been the exordium of a separate poem; a poem of which, as of many others, only the initial lines have been preserved. In this poem (as is apparent from the supposed introductory lines) the poet's intention must have been to pass in review the characters of his own partisans, and also those of his adversaries, with professed impartiality, but with a *candid* bias in favour of his opponents.

It was clearly not written before his banishment from Megara, nor when many years after, he had gained permission to return

thither; but it appears to be the preface to an oration made by our poet to the dominant party at Megara.

It is clear from fragms. LXXXIII. and LXXXIV. that Theognis must have been in negotiation, or at least attempting to negotiate, with the party in possession of the city,—the party by whom he had been expelled. With a view, then, to conciliate his adversaries, and to prepare the way for his own recall, what method would be most likely to be employed by a man who was in the habit of employing poetry upon all occasions; who replies in verse to the impertinence of a female slave; and whom we have seen composing in metre the speech which he delivered at a party meeting, assembled at a critical time, and deliberating upon the adoption of the most dangerous measures? There should seem to be little difficulty in supposing that the habitual and natural language of the poet must have been employed upon this occasion; that verse would have been the vehicle of his first overtures; and that a poem of affected candour, in which, as he says himself, his friends (the bad ones at least) were not to be praised, and his enemies (the good ones at least) were not to be blamed, must have been the first overture to the treaty which he was endeavouring to open with the victorious party.

The failure of this negotiation will in the mean while serve to account for the tone of utter dejection and despondency which is marked in the next fragment.

LXXXV.

Not to be born—never to see the sun— 425-28
No worldly blessing is a greater one!
And the next best is speedily to die,
And lapt beneath a load of earth to lie!

We are now approaching to a very different period of the poet's existence—his long residence in Sicily. That island and the country of Magna Græcia, as it was called, (the maritime portion of the continental territory of Naples,) stood at that time in the same relation to the older states of Greece as the coasts of Asia Minor had done at an early period: nearly the same as that of the States of America with respect to the present European world. The western colonies of the little world of Greece were the common refuge of unemployed talent. Abounding in wealth to a degree that was become proverbial, and profuse in their encouragement of all the arts by which their customary forms of life could be polished or adorned, they afforded an asylum and the means of employment and maintenance to talents and ingenuity of every kind.

Among the many persons who sought refuge in this new world, there could have been hardly any one who was determined to such

a measure, by circumstances of more complete destitution than those in which Theognis must have found himself. This resolution is announced in the following lines; the last, as it should seem, in which the name of Kurnus occurs. In the original, there is a point of character and feeling, which is imperfectly represented in the translation.—In taking leave of his friend, he repeats his name several times.

LXXXVI.

For noble minds, the worst of miseries, 173-82
Worse than old age or wearisome disease,
Is poverty—from poverty to flee,
From some tall precipice prone to the sea
It were a fair escape to leap below!
In poverty, dear Kurnus! we forego
Freedom in word and deed—body and mind,
Action and thought, are fetter'd and confin'd.
Let me then fly, dear Kurnus, once again!
Wide as the limits of the land and main,
From these entanglements; with these in view,
Death is the lighter evil of the two.

We now come to the period of his long residence in Sicily, where the following lines were composed under the pressure of distress and difficulty; probably soon after his arrival, and while the impressions of a sea-voyage were uppermost in his mind.

LXXXVII.

Wearied and sick at heart, in seas of trouble, 619-20
I work against the wind, and strive to double
The dark disastrous cape of poverty.

The following lines seem to have been composed about the same time and under the same circumstances; it is curious that the habit of generalization should follow him, even when reflecting upon his own situation; his mind expands itself naturally into a comprehensive observation.

LXXXVIII.

All kinds of shabby shifts are understood, } 623-24
All kinds of arts are practis'd, bad and good; }
All kinds of ways to gain a livelihood. }

His personal talents and acquirements seem at this time to have been his sole resource; amongst them, the proficiency which he had attained to as a vocal performer, accompanying the music of the pipe.

In this character we find him assisting at a musical festival, and apologizing for his voice, which is likely, he says, to be affected by "having accompanied a party of revellers and serenaders the night before; moreover the other performer, who ought to have borne a part with him, has failed in his engagement. But he has no objection to the piper whom they have provided, and will proceed with his engagement."

LXXXIX.

I cannot warble like a nightingale; 933-8
This voice of mine, I fear, is like to fail,
With rambling on a revel late at night.
I shall not make a poor excuse, to slight
Your piper's art and practice; but the friend
That ought to bear his part here, and attend,
In fact is absent. I must do my best;
And put my talent fairly to the test.
So, praying to the gods for help and grace,
Close to the piper's side I take my place.

In the original there is an ambiguity which could not be represented in English; (δεξιὸς) in one sense implies his skill as a musician; in the other it describes his position at the side of the piper.

Exhibitions such as this must have been felt as mortifying by a man of birth, and one who had been originally a person of rank and consequence in his native city; accordingly, we find feelings such as might be expected from him expressed in the following fragment, written probably about the same time.

XC.

O poverty! how sorely do you press, 649-52
Debasing soul and body with distress:
To such degrading offices you bind
A manly form, an elevated mind,
Once elegantly fashion'd and refin'd.

It is but too natural to suppose, that the attempts of a poor gentleman to obtain a living by the exercise of talents, which had

formerly served for his amusement, would be exposed to the censure of professional performers; one of them, it should seem, (Academus by name,) had spoken of him as not being a *thorough-bred* musician, but a kind of *mule* between an artist and amateur. To this taunt he replies in the first of the two following fragments: the second, though separated in the present text, seems to belong to it, as an easy conciliatory conclusion to the previous reprimand.

XCI.

I wish that a fair trial were prepar'd, 987-90
Friend Academus! with the prize declar'd,
A comely slave, the conqueror's reward;
For a full proof, betwixt myself and you,
Which is the better minstrel of the two.
Then would I show you that a *mule* surpasses
In his performance all the breed of *asses*.

* * * * * *

Enough of such discourse; now let us try 1051-4
To join our best endeavours, you and I,
With voice and music; since the Muse has bless'd
Us both with her endowments; and possess'd
With the fair science of harmonious sound
The neighbouring people, and the cities round.

The last lines mark his position as a foreign artist; he is complimenting the natives.

We now find that he was beginning to get together a little money; and the next fragment will show that he was become very careful of it.

XCII.

You boast of wealth, and scornfully deplore 1111-12
My poverty—something I have in store;
And with God's blessing I shall make it more.

Being now under the necessity of vindicating himself from a charge of meanness and parsimony, his defence is made in the same spirit of generalization which has been already noticed as a peculiar feature of his mind.

XCIII.

Though gifted with a shrewd and subtle ken, 1055-8
Timagoras! the secret hearts of men

(You'll find it) are a point hard to be guess'd;
For poor and shabby souls in riches dress'd,
Make a fair show; while indigence and care
Give to the noble mind a meaner air.

Theognis might have been enabled to maintain himself at first, and possibly to make a little money, in the way above described; and perhaps by teaching music and poetry; but his most important occupation, (like that of his instructor Simonides,) and that from which the chief source of his gains would have arisen, was the direction of the choral entertainments, which were exhibited in competition by the different tribes, at the expense of the wealthiest citizens of each, who were called choregi. Theognis on one occasion seems to have met with one of these who was insensible to the advantages of some proposed improvement; and he is led to the conclusion expressed in the following verses—that the rarity of the union of wealth and good taste in the same individual is highly unfavourable to the progress of the fine arts!

XCIV.

Dunces are often rich, while indigence 683-6
Thwarts the designs of elegance and sense.
Nor wealth alone, nor judgment can avail;
In either case art and improvement fail.

Finding himself become an active person, the reflection seems to have occurred to him that he had formerly been equally active in pursuits of a very different kind. This reflection, according to his usual habit, is generalized in the following lines.

XCV.

The passions and the wants of nature breed } 1227-8
Winged desires, that with an airy speed }
Hurry abroad, for pleasure or for need;
On various errands, various as their hue,
A fluttering, eager, ever busy crew.

As his circumstances improved his spirits seem to have risen, and he rejoices in the success of his exertions, though conscious of their derogatory character.

XCVI.

Plutus! of all the gods the first and best, 1113-14
My wrongs with your assistance are redrest.

Now, reinstated in respectability,
In spite of all my baseness and humility.

Though now relieved from poverty, he was unable, or did not deem it advisable, to indulge his wishes and fancies, as he had been in the habit of doing formerly. This change seemed to require an apology, which he addressed to them, as follows.

XCVII.

My old companions, Fancy and Desire! 695-6
To treat you both, as each of you require,
My means are insufficient—never mind!
Ours is the common case of human-kind.

At length he finds himself in a situation in which he is led to consider the question of greater indulgence and a larger expenditure. This question, after viewing it on both sides, he seems disposed to determine in favour of continued economy.

The perplexity of which Theognis complains is one which in our times would be easily solved by sinking a portion of capital or the whole of it in a life-annuity: but he was fearful of infringing upon his capital, apprehending that he might live more than long enough to consume the whole.

XCVIII.

Current expenditure—to bring it all } 899-926
Within the compass of our capital, }
Is a wise plan, but difficult withal. }
Could we beforehand ascertain the date
Of our existence, we might fix a rate
For our expense, and make it more or less;
But as it is, we must proceed by guess.
The road divides! which path am I to choose?
Perplex'd with opposite diverging views.
Say, shall I struggle on, to save and spare,
Or lead an easy life and banish care?
Some have I seen, with competence of wealth,
Indifferent to friendship, pleasure, health,
Struggling and saving; till the final call,
Death sends his summons, and confiscates all!
Allotting to the thankless, heedless heir
The produce of his economic care!

Yet others have I seen reckless of pelf;
"I take my pastime, and I please myself,"—
Such was the jolly phrase; the same gallant
Have I beheld an utter mendicant;
In sad dependence, at his latter end,
Watching and importuning every friend.
Our wiser course then, Damocles, I deem,
Is that which steers aloof from each extreme:
Not to consume my life with care and pain,
Economizing for another's gain;
And, least of all, to risk the future fears
Of indigence in my declining years.
With this reflection, therefore, I incline 927-8
To lean a little to the saving line:
For something should be left when life is fled
To purchase decent duty to the dead;
Those easy tears, the customary debt
Of kindly recollection and regret.
Besides, the saving of superfluous cost
Is a sure profit, never wholly lost;
Not altogether lost, though left behind,
Bequeath'd in kindness to a friendly mind.
And for the present, can a lot be found 929-32
Fairer and happier than a name renown'd,
And easy competence, with honour crown'd;
The just approval of the good and wise,
Public applauses, friendly courtesies;
Where all combine a single name to grace
With honour and preëeminence of place,
Coëvals, elders, and the rising race!

This last passage is separated from the preceding in Brunck's edition. It is possible that some intermediate lines may have been lost, but the train of thought seems to be continuous: he feels that the estimation which he has acquired in society is such as to supersede any temptation to increase it, by living at an increased expense.

It is difficult to assign a place to the following fragment; that it was written in exile is evident.

It is placed here rather for the sake of marking the time of the battle of Elorus, than in any confidence that it actually related to it.—The tone of carelessness and indifference in which he speaks

of going to battle, as upon a mere point of honour, forbids us to assign this fragment to the time of the action between the Chalcidians and Athenians, in which he must have felt a strong interest.

XCIX.

Peace is my wish, may peace and plenty crown 881-6
This happy land, the people and the town!
May peace remain! and may we never miss
Good cheer and merry meetings such as this!
Whether at home or here, all wars I hate,
All battle I detest and execrate.
Then never hurry forward! for we fight
Not for ourselves nor for our country's right.
But with the bawling herald, loud and clear,
Shouting a noisy summons in my ear,
And with my own good horse, for very shame,
We must engage and join the bloody game.

The battle of Elorus, in which the Syracusans were totally defeated, was followed by the siege of Syracuse; which appears to have been long protracted, since it afforded time for a singular combination—that of the Corinthians and Corcyreans, habitually enemies, but each of them interested in behalf of the Syracusans as a kindred race. The joint assistance and interposition of these two states effected the deliverance of the Syracusans, under a compromise, by which they surrendered to Gelo the sovereignty of Camarina. Suidas says that during the siege Theognis wrote a poem to "those who had escaped," meaning, probably, those who, having escaped from the battle, were afterwards the defenders of the besieged town.

C.

The gods have granted mighty stores of pelf 863-6
To many a sluggard, useless to himself
And his own partisans: but high renown
Awaits the warrior who defends the town.

The events above-mentioned seem to have led to Theognis' return from his long exile. The state of Corinth was democratic. The Corinthians had promoted the revolution at Megara and favoured that of Athens; they were "the Cypselizing race" whom Theognis had execrated as the authors of his misfortunes and disappointments. The Corinthian deputies and commanders, how-

ever, on their arrival at Syracuse, must have found their old aristocratic victim transformed by circumstances into a very passable democrat, engaged in the defence of the city against a besieging force, commanded by the patron of the exiled aristocracy. Theognis having no doubt introduced himself to the acquaintance of the Corinthian commander, (an influential person in a state which possessed a great ascendency over Megara,) conscious moreover of a literary reputation which would do honour to his country, and sufficiently provided with certificates of civism, seems to have thought that nothing more was wanting to procure his erasure from the "List of Emigrants:" his Corinthian friend, however, whose political sagacity seems to have suggested the story of Sisyphus and Proserpine, was unable to extricate him from the "Hell of Banishment" upon the simple consideration of his late political conduct. Drachmas, it should seem, he had accumulated, and a certain sacrifice of drachmas was necessary to the success of the negotiation. Under these circumstances the following characteristic lines were produced.

The story of Sisyphus and Proserpine appears, at first sight, not only foreign to the main subject and purpose, (an expression of devout gratitude to the god of wealth,) but is moreover unaccountably tedious; this very tediousness, however, is an artifice of the poet, by which he directs the attention of the reader to a meaning which he could not venture more distinctly to express.

CI.

O Plutus! justly to your gifts and you 523-6
Mankind attribute praise and honour due.
With your assistance we securely face
Defeat and disappointment and disgrace.
Thus to reward the virtuous, and to slight
Wicked and dirty knaves, is surely right!
For with the world at large no merit tells, 697-718
But Plutus and his bounty,—nothing else!
No! not the sense of Rhadamanthus old,
Nor all the shrewd devices manifold,
Which Sisyphus, the keen Corinthian, knew;
That wily chief, that, if old tales are true,
Made a most strange escape, so poets tell,
By dint of rhetoric, he return'd from hell!
For she, (that kind oblivion can dispense,
But takes away the judgment and the sense,)
The goddess Proserpine, by strong persuasion,
Consented to connive at his evasion:

A thing unheard of and unknown before;
That, having pass'd the dark infernal door,
And visited those dreary realms below,
From that disastrous prison-house of woe,
A man by policy should work his way,
Emerging into light and upper day!
Sisyphus gain'd a point which none beside
(Of all that ever liv'd or ever died)
Could have achiev'd—yet Sisyphus would fail,
Nor would Ulysses with his arts prevail,
Nor aged Nestor with his eloquence—
No merit would avail you—no pretence;
Though you possess'd the vigour and the speed
Of the swift Harpies, or the winged breed
Of Boreas, in the proud Olympic game
A conqueror; your native place and name
Recorded and announc'd with loud acclaim;
Still would you find the common saying hold,
"Fame is a jest; favour is bought and sold;
No power on earth is like the power of gold."

Whether the preceding lines were composed at Syracuse, or afterwards in Greece, (Lacedæmon,) where, it should seem, he waited the result of his negotiation, cannot be determined.—They are placed here as forming a natural sequel to the fragments referrible to Syracuse, and as an introduction to those which from their internal marks must be assigned to Lacedæmon. The first of these bear a strong indication of having been composed at the time when the poet had passed the meridian of life. The "black fear of death which saddens all" is strongly marked in the first lines.

CII.

Enjoy your time, my soul! another race 1067-8
Will shortly fill the world, and take your place;
With their own hopes and fears, sorrow and mirth:
I shall be dust the while, and crumbled earth.
But think not of it! Drink the racy wine 875-80
Of rich Taygetus, press'd from the vine
Which Theotimus, in the sunny glen,
(Old Theotimus, lov'd by gods and men,)
Planted, and water'd from a plenteous source,
Teaching the wayward stream a better course.

Drink it, and cheer your heart, and banish care;
A *load* of wine will *lighten* our despair.

I should be inclined to think that Theognis must have been connected by the ties of hospitality with some Spartan or Laconian families; that of Theotimus, for instance, here mentioned, or that Clearistus (before mentioned as so connected with him) may have been a Laconian.

The following lines appear also to have been written in Lacedæmon, and evidently relate to some matter of important trust—probably to the friendly and confidential agency through which he was enabled to purchase a remission of his exile.

CIII.

Ye twins of Jove! an undivided twain, } 1083-6
That on Eurotas' shore and happy plain }
In endless harmony preside and reign! }
Punish our guilt! If ever by design }
I wrong my friend, let all the loss be mine; }
But if the fault is his, double the fine! }

The next lines, though referrible to Lacedæmon, may have been composed there at an earlier period of the poet's life. Though in both instances the conclusion points to hard drinking, they seem much too juvenile for the author of fragm. CII. The four concluding verses have been subjoined as a natural sequel. In the original they are separated, and stand as a distinct fragment in Brunck's edition.

CIV.

Now that in mid-career, checking his course, 991-6
The bright sun pauses in his pride and force,—
Let us prepare to dine, and eat and drink
The best of everything that heart can think;
And let the shapely Spartan damsel fair }
Bring, with a rounded arm and graceful air, }
Water to wash, and garlands for our hair. }
In spite of all the systems and the rules 1035-6
Invented and observ'd by sickly fools—
Let us be brave, and resolutely drink,
Not minding if the dog-star rise or sink.

The two first lines of the original are hardly intelligible. It seems probable that two lines may have been lost between the first and the second.

The next fragments bring us back to Megara, and represent Theognis as a returned emigrant, studiously and anxiously patriotic and popular, giving an indirect pledge in the first fragment, and a more decided one in the second, of his resolution to abstain from party politics, and to confine himself to the cultivation of poetry and of the sister arts with which it was immediately connected—music and the management of the chorus.

The last lines of the first fragment serve to confirm Mr. Clinton's suggestion, that he was born in the 59th Olympiad; in which, according to some accounts, he is said to have flourished;—but, as he justly observes, these computations would suppose Theognis to have been near eighty in 490—the time of the battle of Marathon. The concluding lines certainly give a decided negative to such a supposition. The character of mature age (as has been already observed) is marked in a preceding fragment (the last but two). The same association of ideas is also observable in this, which must have been written a very short time after: in both of them the pleasures of conviviality are connected with the fear of death (the evil with its remedy); but in extreme age such remedies are not resorted to; moreover, old age itself is here spoken of as a distant evil.

CV.

May Jove, the almighty, with his own right hand 755-66
Guard and uphold this happy town and land,
With all the glorious blessed gods above!
And may the bright Apollo guide and move
My voice and fancy, cunningly to carp
In songs accordant to the pipe and harp!
When, after solemn rites of sacrifice,
At feasts and banquets, freely we devise
Of mirth and pastime; banishing afar
All fears of Persia and her threaten'd war;
With joyous airy songs of merry verse,
Quaffing and chaunting, "May we ne'er be worse,"
But better; if a better thing can be,
Than thus to live at ease, cheerful and free;
While far remote, no fears our thoughts engage,
Of death approaching, or disastrous age.

The next fragment is of the same time, as appears not only from the tone and character, but from the same mention of an apprehended invasion from Persia.—It may be considered as a kind of sequel to the preceding; the invocation to the inferior protecting deity of the town naturally following the preceding address to the

supreme ruler of the world. This fragment is of considerable importance, as Mr. Bruneck, by comparing the lines in which Alcathous is mentioned with an inscription discovered at Megara, has shown that Theognis must have been a native of Megara in Greece, and not, as Plato (undoubtedly from a mere supercilious affectation of ignorance) has asserted, a Sicilian. Moreover, it appears that Sicily is mentioned as one of the foreign countries visited by him during his long absence from his native land.

CVI.

You, great Apollo, with its walls and towers 771-86
Fenc'd and adorn'd of old this town of ours!
Such favour in thy sight Alcathous won,
Of Pelops old the fair and manly son.
Now, therefore, in thy clemency divine,
Protect these very walls, our own and thine!
Guide and assist us, turn aside the boast
Of the destroying haughty Persian host!
So shall thy people each returning spring
Slay fatted hecatombs, and gladly bring
Fair gifts, with chaunted hymns and lively song,
Dances and feasts, and happy shouts among:
Before thy altar, glorifying thee,
In peace and health and wealth, cheerful and free.
Yet much I fear the faction and the strife,
Throughout our Grecian cities, raging rife;
And their wild councils. But do thou defend
This town of ours, our founder and our friend!
Wide have I wander'd, far beyond the sea,
Even to the distant shores of Sicily,
To broad Eubœa's plentiful domain,
With the rich vineyards in its planted plain;
And to the sunny wave and winding edge
Of fair Eurotas, with its reedy sedge;
Where Sparta stands in simple majesty,
Among her manly rulers, there was I!
Greeted and welcom'd (there and everywhere)
With courteous entertainment, kind and fair;
Yet still my weary spirit would repine,
Longing again to view this land of mine.
Henceforward no design nor interest 787-90
Shall ever move me, but the first and best,

With learning's happy gift to celebrate,
To adorn and dignify my native state.
The song, the dance, music and verse agreeing,
Will occupy my life, and fill my being:
Pursuits of elegance and learned skill 791-4
(With good repute and kindness and good will,
Among the wiser sort) will pass my time
Without an enemy, without a crime;
Harmless and just with every rank of men,
Both the free native and the denizen.

The following lines show that his return was embittered by the undutiful behaviour of his family, who had grown up in his absence.

CVII.

The gods in just allotment have assign'd 271-8
Youth and old age, the portion of mankind,
Alike for all; impartially we share
Youth's early pleasures; equally we bear
The latter ills of life, sickness and care.
One single evil, more severe and rude
Than age or sickness or decrepitude,
Is dealt unequally, for him that rears
A thankless offspring; in his latter years,
Ungratefully requited for his pains,
A parsimonious life and thrifty gains,
With toil and care acquir'd for their behoof;
And no return! but insolent reproof;
Such as might scare a beggar from the gate,
A wretch unknown, poor and importunate!
—To be revil'd, avoided, hated, curst;
This is the last of evils, and the worst!

Theognis had left his wife, and at least one son, behind him, when he quitted Megara; some verses written in the early part of his banishment, serve to show that she was behaving well in his absence. There are no further notices to be found respecting her —but a family of children, growing up under the tuition and protection of the ruling party, would probably become connected with them, and would be liable to be extremely disgusted and annoyed at the return of so near a connexion, who, abjuring rank and pretensions of every kind, had subsisted for many years as a mere

artist, and who now reäppeared with a fixed determination to confine himself scrupulously to those pursuits by which he had before obtained a livelihood; all the money which he had made in Sicily would not compensate for such a mortification.

The following lines would be wholly out of place in the earlier years of his exile, (at Thebes or Eubœa,) or in the tumultuous times which immediately preceded; and if we go back to a still earlier period, we find that the system of secrecy and reserve which he then practised (see fragm. IX.) is that which (in allusion perhaps to his former habit) he now condemns.

CVIII.

The servant of the Muse, gifted and grac'd 767-70
With high preëminence of art and taste,
Has an allotted duty to fulfil;
Bound to dispense the treasure of his skill,
Without a selfish or invidious view;
Bound to recite and to compose anew.
Not to reserve his talent for himself
In secret, like a miser with his pelf.

THE END.

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